

The Works of
Sir GEORGE
ETHEREGE

PLAYS

VOL. I

Edited by
H. F. B. BRETT-SMITH

THE PERCY REPRINTS
No. 6



2 vols. 257.-

The Percy Reprints, No. 6

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE

VOL. I

The Percy Reprints

General Editor :

H. F. B. BRETT-SMITH, M.A.

- I NASHE'S VNFORVNATE
TRAVELLER
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SIONS
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BY PAUL HENTZNER

Stockholm 1880

THE
Dramatic
WORKS
OF
Sir George Etherege

Edited with Introduction and Notes by
H. F. B. BRETT-SMITH

VOL. I

O X F O R D
Basil Blackwell

1927

printed in Great Britain
by Hazell, Watson & Viney Ltd.

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27-18809
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Made and Printed in Great Britain
by Hazell, Watson & Viney Ltd.
London and
Aylesbury

TO

G. THORN-DRURY, ESQ., K.C.

PREFACE

ETHEREGE, said Mr. Verity in the announcement of his edition of 1888, "is a very important writer, and is recognized by all competent critics as the forerunner of Wycherley, Congreve and Sheridan. Such a writer ought to be accessible, and that his works have not been reprinted during the century appears to be an anomaly." But as Mr. Verity's edition—the first since 1735—consisted of no more than 500 copies, it has long been unobtainable, though the need is greater than ever. Moreover, the trend of scholarship has altered, and the modernisation of text, and omission of vulgar words, which were allowable in 1888, are no longer expected by the public.

It is only within the last half century that Etherege has emerged from his long obscurity. Sir Edmund Gosse, in a lively but most inaccurate article in his *Seventeenth Century Studies* of 1883, praised him as a dramatist and was the first to call attention to the Letter Book. Mr. Verity's welcome edition of the plays and poems followed five years later; his introduction contained some additions to the known facts about Etherege, and he added a few valuable illustrative footnotes to his text. In 1901 a doctorate thesis of the usual German type—*Sir George Etherege, sein Leben, seine Zeit und seine Dramen, von Vincenz Meindl. (Wien.)*—was published at Vienna. In 1913 Mr. John Palmer, in the second and third chapters of *The Comedy of Manners*, produced by far the best account of Etherege's work and outlook that has yet been written; and the *Restoration Comedy* of Mr. Bonamy Dobrée, in 1924, contained a discerning chapter on the plays, much more valuable than the somewhat journalistic account of Etherege at Ratisbon included in his *Essays in Biography* of the following year.

The present edition has been in hand—and a large part of it in proof—since 1920, but its completion has been exasperatingly delayed by one obstacle after another; in particular, the number of the 1664 quartos of *The Comical*

*Revenge*¹ took long to determine, and various other editions proved difficult to trace or obtain.

The incalculable debt of all students to the British Museum and the Bodleian too often goes without saying. Among more personal obligations I am most of all indebted to my friend Mr. G. Thorn-Drury, not only for the loan of his copy of the second quarto of 1664 and of other scarce books, but for his kindness in reading my introduction and notes, both of which have had the benefit of his extraordinary knowledge of the seventeenth century. Mr. W. J. Lawrence was kind enough to send me several manuscript references which he had jotted down about Etherege, whose connection with Purcell would otherwise have escaped me; and Mr. P. J. Dobell lent me, from his private library, several seventeenth-century books which are not in the Bodleian. To the notes and introduction of Mr. Verity's edition I owe various hints and references.

The treatment of the text in the present edition, in which the lines of Etherege's plays are numbered for the first time, is fully explained elsewhere²; the original quartos of the three plays—the only valid authorities—have been followed throughout, and no pains have been spared to secure faithfulness to the original text. Corrections have indeed been made—with a sparing hand—where they seemed necessary or advisable, but changes, whether

¹ See p. xciii. As late as 1924 the British Museum possessed neither of these quartos; the Bodleian still has one only—that in the Malone collection. Sir Edmund Gosse stated in 1883 that "according to all the bibliographers, old and new, Etheredge's first play was *She Would if She Could*, 1668, immediately followed by *The Comical Revenge*, first printed in 1669," and claimed to be the discoverer of "this mythical quarto of 1664"—a claim which he repeated in 1924 in *The Library of Edmund Gosse*. But the existence of a quarto of 1664 had been known to Malone (who possessed the earlier one), to Isaac Reed (*Biographia Dramatica*, 1782), to Joseph Haslewood (*Gentleman's Magazine*, November 1824), and to the compiler of Allibone's *Critical Dictionary of English Literature* (1877); and Malone's copy had been in the Bodleian since 1821.

² See *Text of the Plays*, pp. lxxxv–xcii.

in text or punctuation, have been so catalogued that the reader who wishes to do so can restore the original reading of the play at any point. Quotations from the Letter Book have been modernised to some extent in punctuation, in which the original transcripts are sometimes inadequate; and where a full stop has been supplied, a capital has been assigned to the next word; otherwise the text follows that of the Letter Book, except for an occasional addition within square brackets. The editor's references to dates are to New Style; Etherege, however, usually dated a letter in both Old and New, and his dates are given as they are found.

Brevity of reference by page and line ("113. 119" indicating page 113, line 119) has been secured by continuous pagination throughout both volumes, as in Dennis's *Original Letters* of 1721, a book frequently bound as a unit.

The present volumes contain the material for a verdict upon Etherege's plays, but it is desirable that his verse,¹ and the more finished specimens of his prose, should also be available, and I have in preparation a collection of these, and of certain critical passages concerning him which might with advantage be brought together. Etherege was no great poet, but his lines are as easy and graceful as we should expect of him, and certainly deserve to be accessible. And as for his prose, it is only necessary to quote the magnificent compliment paid him by Dryden: "for I will never enter the lists in Prose with the undoubted best author of it w^{ch} our nation has produc'd." Dryden's compliments are always excessive, but in the prose style of Etherege he had, for once, a worthy subject for encomium.

H. F. B. B.-S.

OXFORD, January 1927.

¹ Mr. Verity's gathering of the poems—the fullest yet available—is not complete, and he follows Sir Edmund Gosse in printing as Etherege's a poem from the Letter Book which is definitely ascribed there to Colonel Ashton, and is entirely unlike Etherege's known verse.

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INTRODUCTION

IN March 1711 Mr. Spectator, in the second number of his journal, wrote that Sir Roger de Coverley in his youth "was what you call a Fine Gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster." The examples were nicely adjusted to suggest the manners of the preceding age, for a new generation had arisen, less tolerant of wild escapades, and acquainted with Bully Dawson only from the *Letters* of Mr. Tom Brown, of facetious memory. Nor was it any longer necessary for the newcomer in fashionable society to satisfy the Town of his courage by the old-fashioned method once recommended by Dorimant,¹ and more recently decried by Captain Steele in the pages of the *Tatler*.

It was natural enough to name Rochester and Etherege as the companions of Sir Roger's prodigal youth, for though they had died within living memory, they were part of a bygone day, and stood for the wild wit and uncontrollable licence of the Restoration court. Already they had become legendary figures ; and Etherege, though by far the more important writer, remained, for the best part of two centuries, little more than a name. No portrait of him has survived ; the dates and places of his birth and death are not definitely known ; even his parentage was in doubt until the present decade, for Oldys² was only

¹ Page 231, ll. 237-8.

² Oldys contributed a valuable article on Etherege to the third volume of *Biographia Britannica*, 1750 ; he also wrote manuscript notes on Etherege in his annotated copy of Langbaine, Brit. Mus. c. 28. g.1.

able to conjecture, on Coxeter's authority, that he was descended of or allied to that ancient family in Oxfordshire which had produced his learned namesake, Dr. George Etherege, Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth.

The immediate ancestry of the dramatist has now been discovered from certain Chancery Proceedings in the Record Office.¹ From these it appears that his grandfather, George Etherege,² gentleman, of Maidenhead,³ Berks, was still alive in 1657, though about 80 years of age. This George Etherege (senior) had two sons; George (junior), the dramatist's father, who in 1628 had been a young man, unmarried, about the age of 21 years, and resident beyond the seas in the Bermudas; and John, who was some six or seven years younger. George subsequently married Mary Powney, daughter of Richard Powney, who brought him a marriage portion of £500; by her he had six children, the eldest being the dramatist. By an indenture drawn up about October, 1634, George (senior) undertook to leave, at his death, land in fee simple of the clear value of 100 marks a year to George (junior) and his children by Mary Powney. And as, ultimately, George (junior) at his death left no maintenance for his six children, their care was undertaken by his father.⁴

¹ Hamilton, C. 7/428/43 and Collins, 133/83. An article, summarising the contents of these papers, was published by Miss D. Foster in the *Times Literary Supplement* of Feb. 16, 1922.

² The spelling *Etherege* is correct; it is consistently used by the dramatist in his correspondence, and is found on the title-pages of his separate plays and of the collected editions of his works (until that of 1888).

³ The local parish registers might have settled the date of Etherege's birth, but those of Bray before 1650, and Cookham before 1662, have been lost.

⁴ The proceedings of 1656-7 which yield this information arose in regard to certain landed property in Kent, of the value of about £40 a year, which George Etherege (senior) purchased in 1628, in the names of his two sons in trust for him, that of John being

These papers, then, confirm the fairly evident fact that Etherege was of gentle birth, and increase the probability that he was born about 1634-5¹; a period which had previously been conjectured from other evidence. The second of Etherege's verse epistles to Lord Middleton was dated from Ratisbon 19/29 April 1686; Middleton, it seems, asked Dryden to write a reply for him in the same vein, and sent it to Ratisbon, where Etherege's secretary copied it into his letter-book²; it was addressed

To you who live in chill degree
(As map informs) of fifty three³
And do not much for cold attone
By bringing thether fifty one.

Dryden probably wrote in the summer of 1686, and is more likely to have given his correspondent's age at that time, than at the date of his departure for Ratisbon in the previous September.

From Etherege's birth until the production of his first play in 1664, we have still no certain knowledge of him.

included (according to his father) only because of the uncertainty whether George (junior), then in the Bermudas, were still living. But when, in 1656, George (senior) wished this property to be transferred to the children of George (junior), John refused to sign the deeds, and claimed that after his brother's death the property had become solely his. John alleged that his father had been unduly influenced in favour of his brother's children; his father, on the other hand, gave a damaging account of the "unsettled and improvident courses" of John, who, after being placed in turn with a glass-seller, a proctor in the Arches Court, an attorney, and a silk-man, and having failed to settle down to any of these occupations, had finally married a woman without a dowry, and had been a source of great expense to his father. The result of the proceedings is not known.

¹ Oldys says "about the year 1636."

² folio 174. Dryden's verses have frequently been printed.

³ A mistake; Ratisbon is in latitude 49. It is a curious coincidence that the latitude of Hamburgh, to which town Gildon says that Etherege was sent as Envoy by James II, is 53.

Oldys fills in the gap with a single sentence : “ ‘Tis thought he had some education at the university of Cambridge, but it seems he travelled into France, and perhaps Flanders also, in his younger years ; and at his return, studied, for a while, the Municipal Laws, at one of the Inns of Court in London.”¹ He can hardly however, have been at Cambridge if Dennis, in his *Defence of Sir Fopling Flutter*, is correct in observing that “ to my certain Knowledge he understood neither Greek nor Latin ”² ; and if he was ever an Inns of Court man, it must have been more with a view to London life than municipal laws ; Oldys has here elaborated a more general statement by Gildon, that “ his first Applications were to the Law.”³ But an early period of residence abroad is likely enough, and the suggestion gets some support from *The Comical Revenge*, though it was not till 1676 that Etherege showed the intimate acquaintance with French literature and society which distinguishes *The Man of Mode*. Such a period would also account for the fact that until the appearance of his first play, there is no evidence that he made any figure in literature or society in London. In dedicating it to Dorset⁴ (then Lord Buckhurst) he says, of the success of the piece, that “ the Writing of it was a means to make

¹ *Biog. Brit.*, Vol. III, 1750, p. 1841.

² Etherege's library list contains many French translations from the classics, but no originals. There is also the witness of his secretary (Letter Book, f. 172) :—

He play'd oft the Philosopher,
Altho' he was no strict liver
And if his latin had held out,
He wou'd have baffled all y^e rout.

On the other hand, he quotes lines from the Latin poets not infrequently, and with great appositeness, in his letters.

³ Gildon, *Lives and Characters of the English Dramatick Poets* [circa 1699].

⁴ To whom, thirty-one years later, Congreve was to dedicate *Love for Love*.

me known to your Lordship ; the Acting of it has lost me no reputation."

The Comical Revenge ; or, Love in a Tub was licensed for the press on July 8, 1664, and printed in that year, having been first presented at the Duke's Theatre, Lincolns Inn Fields, in March. The cast was a brilliant one ; Lord Beaufort and Graciana were played by Betterton and his wife, Aurelia and the Widow by Mrs. Davies and Mrs. Long, and Sir Frederick Frollick and Dufoy by Harris and Price. The part of Sir Nicholas Cully was created by that great comedian Nokes, who was admirably fitted for it ; Rochester, writing eleven years later, described an ungainly visitor to Tunbridge Wells as " a meer Sir *Nicholas Cully* ; A Bawling Fop, a *Natural Nokes*."¹ John Downes, the prompter at Lincolns Inn Fields, even broke into a rough couplet in his enthusiasm :—

*Sir Nich'las, Sir Fred'rick ; Widow and Dufoy,
Were not by any so well done, Mafoy.*

Downes added that " the clean and well performance of this Comedy, got the Company more Reputation and Profit than any preceding Comedy ; the Company taking in a Months time at it 1000l."² Evelyn saw it on April 27, and found it " a facetious comedy " ; Pepys, on Jan. 4, 1664/5, thought it " very merry, but only so by gesture, not wit at all, which methinks is beneath the House."³

¹ *State-Poems Continued*, 1697, p. 218. This shows the popularity of the part, though " *Natural Nokes* " (" congenital idiot ") may be a mere coincidence : e.g. " *Nokes*, a Ninny or Fool ; also a noted Droll but lately Dead." *A New Dictionary of the Terms Ancient and Modern of the Canting Crew*. By B. E. Gent. (No date ; *circa* 1690-1700.)

² *Roscius Anglicanus*, 1708, p. 25.

³ No doubt the comment is partly due to the appearances of Dufoy in his tub, and to Cully's duel. But Pepys disliked the piece ; he thought it " a silly play " at a performance (which suffered from the absence of the Bettertons) before the whole Court, on Oct. 29, 1666.

But its popularity was enduring ; performances at Court, and at the Theatre Royal before the king, were frequent,¹ and Langbaine in 1691 observed that it had “ always been acted with general approbation.”²

Good as *The Comical Revenge* is, its excellence is without unity, for Etherege was attempting to combine the serious rhymed heroic play with prose comedy and broad farce. His friend Sedley imitated the unnatural mixture of heroic couplets and witty prose in his *Mulberry Garden* (1668), but Etherege did not repeat the experiment, and his next play, *She wou'd if she cou'd*, is a true comedy and a far stronger piece. On the stage it was not so successful, but that seems to have been the fault of an opening performance from which its reputation never entirely recovered. It was produced at the Duke's Theatre on Feb. 6, 1667/8 with a cast which ought to have ensured success, for Sir Joslin and Sir Oliver were acted by Harris and Nokes, Ariana, Gatty and Lady Cockwood by Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Davies and Mrs. Shadwell (wife of the dramatist), and Courtall and Freeman by Smith and Young. Downes observes that “ it took well, but Inferior to *Love in a Tub*, ” and it is possible that the audience expected rather too much of an author whose first play had given him a footing among the most brilliant rakes and literary amateurs of the Town. All fashionable London, including the Court, crowded to the Duke's House, and Pepys, who had some difficulty in getting in, has given a lively picture of the scene :—“ my wife being gone before, I to the Duke of York's playhouse ; where a new play of Etherige's, called 'She Would if she Could' ; and though I was there by two o'clock, there was 1000 people put back that could not have room in the pit : and I at last, because my wife was there, made shift to get into the 18d. box, and there saw ;

¹ See Nicoll's *History of Restoration Drama*, pp. 308-12, for such performances of Etherege's three plays.

² *An Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, p. 187.

but, Lord ! how full was the house, and how silly the play, there being nothing in the world good in it, and few people pleased in it. The King was there ; but I sat mightily behind, and could see but little, and hear not all. The play being done, I into the pit to look my wife, and it being dark and raining, I to look my wife out, but could not find her ; and so staid going between the two doors and through the pit an hour and half, I think, after the play was done ; the people staying there till the rain was over, and to talk with one another. And, among the rest, here was the Duke of Buckingham to-day openly sat in the pit ; and there I found him with my Lord Buckhurst, and Sidly, and Etherige, the poet ; the last of whom I did hear mightily find fault with the actors, that they were out of humour, and had not their parts perfect, and that Harris did do nothing, nor could so much as sing a ketch in it ; and so was mightily concerned : while all the rest did, through the whole pit, blame the play as a silly, dull thing, though there was something very roguish and witty ; but the design of the play, and end, mighty insipid.”¹

The initial disappointment, however, was not serious enough either to ruin the theatrical success of a piece which was frequently acted before the king, or to endanger its reputation among good critics, and three years later Shadwell paid it a striking tribute in his Preface to *The Humorists*, a piece which had itself suffered on its first production because the actors were “extreamly imperfect in the action of it.” This cause, “imperfect Action, had like to have destroy’d *She would if she could*, which I think (and I have the Authority of some of the best Judges in *England* for’t) is the best Comedy that has been written since the Restauration of the Stage : And even that, for the imperfect representation of it at first, received such prejudice, that, had it not been for the favour of the

¹ Wheatley’s *Pepys*, VII. 307-8.

Court, in all probability it had never got up again ; and it suffers for it, in a great measure, to this very day.” Dennis, in 1702, uses the same example in defending his unfortunate version of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and reminds Granville that “ the only Play that ever Mr. Cowley writ, was barbarously treated the first night,” and that “ *She wou’d if she cou’d* met with no better usage from the People at first, tho at the same time it was esteem’d by the Men of Sense, for the trueness of some of its Characters, and the purity and freeness and easie grace of its Dialogue. I need not say, that both those Plays have been since acted with a general applause.”¹

Throughout Etherege’s life, his pleasure in turning a witty sentence was kept in check by the habit of laziness which Charles himself had made fashionable, and the example of Congreve, at the close of the century, shows the danger of irritating an author who is more concerned to be a fine gentleman than a man of letters. Etherege did not renounce the stage, but he took a long holiday from it ; moreover, anticipating the rewards of literature under Queen Anne, he accepted a government post, and went to Constantinople, in August of the same year, as secretary to Sir Daniel Harvey, the successor of the Earl of Winchilsea as “ Ambassador Extraordinary from his Majesty into Turky.”²

The Turkish Embassy was at this time the highest,

¹ Epistle Dedicatory to *The Comical Gallant : or the Amours of Sir John Falstaffe*, 1702.

² *Mercurius Politicus Redivivus*, a manuscript “ Collection of the most materiall occurrences and Transactions in Publick affaires ” from 1659 to 1672, by Thomas Rugge ; Vol. II, f. 224b (Add. MS. 10117). A free transcript of the sentence concerning the departure of Harvey and Etherege was printed by Peter Cunningham in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, May, 1852, and attention was subsequently called to it by W. F. Prideaux in *Notes and Queries*, May 7, 1898 ; but the date of Etherege’s return in 1671 has not hitherto been known.

both in rank and salary, of all the foreign diplomatic appointments of the English Crown, and the successful handling of its various interests, commercial and political, required extraordinary tact and astuteness. Unfortunately only one of Etherege's letters from Turkey is known to have been preserved,¹ but it is enough to show a trained observation and insight into character which may well have justified his appointment.² Harvey and his secretary had landed in Constantinople on Dec. 23, 1668 ; the letter, which is without date, was addressed to Joseph Williamson Esq^r,³ and received on May 8, 1670. Etherege excuses himself for not having sent his correspondent " before this time any account of y^e affaires of Turky " on various grounds, chiefly the recent absence of the Court and the uncertainty of news, but he proceeds to give a full and valuable description of the Grand Signor's person, character, household and Privy Council. Naturally he is chiefly concerned with the dispositions of the Sultan and his ministers, but the letter is not wanting in characteristic touches ; " the Sultana," says the dramatist, " is a Candiot, and though women here are not so polite & refin'd as in Christendome, yet shee wants not her little arts to secure her Sultan's affections ; shee can dissemble fondnes & jealousy, and can swoone at pleasure."

The next news of Etherege is found in a letter from

¹ In *S. P. Turkey*, 19. An almost complete text of it was printed by Mr. J. Isaacs in the *Times Literary Supplement* of Nov. 10, 1921.

² " The one letter from him on Turkish affairs and personalities preserved at the Public Record Office makes us wish for more : a better informed or better written document does not exist in all the Turkey State Papers." *Under the Turk in Constantinople*, by G. F. Abbott, 1920, p. 385. Earlier in his book (p. 194) Mr. Abbott points out how much truer was Etherege's judgement of the Vizir Kara Mustafa, " well spoken, subtil, corrupt & a great dissembler," than the superficial estimate sent home by our experienced Consul at Smyrna, the historian Paul Rycart.

³ Then secretary to the Secretary of State ; he was knighted in 1672, and himself became Secretary of State in 1674.

Harvey, who writes to Williamson on July 1, 1670:—"I have severall times spoken to Mr. Etherege to give you a particular account of this place, w^{ch} I suppose he has not bin wanting in, tho his present sicknes may in part excuse him."¹ This sickness may have lasted long enough to cause his recall from Turkey, but it can hardly have been serious, for on May day, 1671, W. Perwich² wrote from Paris to William Blathwayt at the Hague:—"If Mr. Woseley³ be there I pray administer my humble service to him & tell him that Etheridge that made Love in a Tub is here & contributes extremely to our divertisement." By the autumn he had returned to London, and was again racketing about the town; in September John Muddyman wrote to Lord Rochester:—"This side [of the page] shall carry you within the rayles of Covent Garden where you shall behold the furious combat of Ashton and Etheridg, which ended hapily in a fall on Ashton's part—company interposing and not suffering um to renew fight."⁴

Etherege soon showed that his diplomatic experiences had not lessened his interest in the stage. Towards the close of 1671, Davenant's company were removing to their new theatre in Dorset Garden, which was opened with a performance of Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-all* on November 9, and on this occasion Etherege wrote a special prologue for the players, soliciting popular favour for their new house. It may have been in acknowledgement of this

¹ *S.P. Turkey*, 19.

² The original letter, now in the possession of Mr. G. Thorn-Drury, is signed "W. P." It is a private letter, and will not be found among the *Despatches of William Perwich, English Agent in Paris, 1669-1677*, edited for the Royal Historical Society, from letters among the Foreign State Papers in the Record Office, in 1903.

³ Robert Wolsey, friend of Rochester and Etherege (the "Bob Woosley" of Etherege's letters), a minor poet who appears in many anthologies of the period. He is best known for his long Preface to Rochester's *Valentinian*, 1685.

⁴ Hist. MSS. Com., Calendar of the MSS. of the Marquis of Bath, Vol. II, pp. 152-3.

courtesy that *Sir Martin Mar-all* was followed, after three days, by *Love in a Tub*, which was performed, says Downes, "2 Days together to a full Audience."¹

By this time Etherege had a number of songs and occasional poems to his credit, and in the following year nine of them² were printed, along with others by his friends Sedley and Buckhurst, in the first part of Hobart Kemp's *Collection of Poems*. They include, besides the Dorset Garden prologue, some complimentary verses addressed *To her Excellency the Marchioness of New-Castle, After the Reading of Her incomparable Poems*.³ Kemp's *Collection* enjoyed a good deal of popularity, being reprinted in the following year, and being also used as the basis of later anthologies; and from this time onward, occasional pieces by Etherege may be found here and there among the poetical miscellanies of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.

Buckingham and Rochester took occasion to rally him on these trifles, as well as on his first two comedies, in their joint satire *Timon*, in which four Hectors, Halfwit, Haffe, Kickum and Dingboy, subject the authors of the day to summary criticism after a tavern dinner:—

Damme (says Dingboy) in my mind, *Gods-wounds*,
E—— writes *Airy Songs*, and soft *Lampoons*,
The best of any *Man*; as for your *Nouns*,
Grammar, and *Rules of Art*, he knows 'em not,
Yet writ two *Talking Plays* without one *Plot*.⁴

¹ *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 32.

² Inferior or imperfect versions of three of these had already appeared in *The New Academy of Complements*, 1671, together with texts of four songs from *The Comical Revenge* and two from *She wou'd if she cou'd*. See also p. 314, note to 169. 312-23.

³ This title suggests that the piece was written before March 1665, when the Marquis received his Patent for Duke.

⁴ *Poems on Several Occasions: By the Right Honourable, the E. of R——, Printed at Antwerpen*, n.d. [probably 1680], p. 100. Etherege's name is printed in full in the text of this poem given in Buckingham's *Works*, 1704, which also has the inferior reading "taking" for "Talking."

This, of course, was friendly banter ; the general verdict on both plays may be found in the *Theatrum Poeticum* of Edward Phillips. Milton's nephew, who says that the two comedies " for pleasant Wit, and no bad Oeconomy, are judg'd not unworthy the Applause they have met with." :

Now that Etherege was again in town and unoccupied, a third piece might well have been expected, but it did not appear until 1670, and the writer's indolence was gently rebuked by the author of *A Session of the Poets*,² where Apollo considers the claims of various pretenders to the Bays : Dryden came first before the god, who dismissed him, and

This Reverend Author was no sooner set by,
But *Apollo* had got gentle *George* in his Eye.
And frankly confess, of all Men that writ,
There's none had more Fancy, Sense, Judgment, and Wit ;
But i' th' crying Sin *Idleness*, he was so harden'd.
That his long Seven Years silence was not to be pardon'd.³

The interval, however, had enabled Etherege's powers to mature, and *The Man of Mode, or, Sir Fopling Flutter*, produced before the King at the Duke's House in Dorset Garden on March 11, 1670,⁴ is the ripe fruit of his knowledge of the world and of the stage.

¹ *Theatrum Poeticum*, 1675, p. 53. Winstanley, in his *Lives of the most Famous English Poets*, 1687, merely plagiarises from Phillips.

² This piece is printed as Buckingham's in his *Works*, 1704, p. 41, with the title *A Tryal of the Poets for the Bays, in Imitation of a Satyr in Belknap* ; but Oldys states definitely that it is by Rochester and not Buckingham. Otway, however, thought Settle wrote it, and described the author in insulting terms in his *Poet's Complaint*.

³ Rochester's *Poems*, Antwerpen, p. 103. It has been supposed by Sir Edmund Gosse and others (following an assumption by Oldys) that these lines were written in 1675, and that Etherege wrote *The Man of Mode* in compliance with the hint. But *A Session of the Poets* contains also a reference to the success of Otway's *Don Carlos*, a play first acted in June 1670 ; so that its allusion to Etherege's idleness must have followed, and not preceded, the appearance of *Sir Fopling* on the stage.

⁴ Nicoll, *History of Restoration Drama*, p. 310.

He must have been conscious of its excellence, and have taken precautions against any repetition of the first night's failure of *She wou'd if she cou'd*. Fashion, literature and rank were all enlisted in the play's behalf ; Sir Car Scroope contributed the prologue and Busy's song in the Fifth Act, Dryden wrote a neat and complimentary epilogue, and the dedication of the play, which was licensed for the press on June 3, was accepted by the Duchess of York, Mary of Modena. Dorimant was played by Betterton himself, Medley and Sir Fopling by Harris and Smith, Old Bellair and his son by Leigh and Jevon. It is not known to whom Harriet was entrusted, but Loveit and Bellinda were given to Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Betterton, and Lady Woodvil and Emilia to Mrs. Leigh and Mrs. Twiford. The play, says Gildon, "met with extraordinary Success ; all agreeing it to be true Comedy, and the Characters drawn to the Life" ¹ ; and Downes, who puts the professional point of view, observes succinctly that "this Comedy being well Cloath'd and well *Acted*, got a great deal of Money." ²

Perhaps the best evidence in support of Gildon's praise is the fact that everyone was concerned to identify the chief characters with their supposed originals in society. "I remember very well," says Dennis, "that upon the first acting this Comedy, it was generally believed to be an agreeable Representation of the Persons of Condition of both Sexes, both in Court and Town ; and that all the World was charm'd with *Dorimont* [sic] ; and that it was unanimously agreed, that he had in him several of the Qualities of *Wilmot Earl of Rochester*, as, his Wit, his Spirit, his amorous Temper, the Charms that he had for the fair Sex, his Falshood, and his Inconstancy ; the agreeable

¹ Langbaine had praised it in much the same terms :—" This Play is written with great Art and Judgment, and is acknowledg'd by all, to be as true Comedy, and the Characters as well drawn to the Life, as any Play that has been Acted since the Restauration of the English Stage."

² *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 36.

Manner of his chiding his Servants, which the late Bishop of *Salisbury* takes Notice of in his Life¹; and lastly, his repeating, on every Occasion, the Verses of *Waller*, for whom that noble Lord had a very particular Esteem."² This is corroborated by St. Evremont, who wrote to the Duchess of *Mazarine* that Rochester "was generally fickle in his Amours, and made no great Scruple of his Oaths of Fidelity. Sir *George Etherege* wrote *Dorimant* in *Sir Fopling*, in Compliment to him, as drawing his Lordship's Character, and burnishing all the Foibles of it, to make them shine like Perfections."³

There is no reason to doubt contemporary evidence so strongly based, but it is to Etherege's credit that he made his characters no mere copies of personal idiosyncrasies, but true representations of manners.⁴ Thus the second Duke of *Dorset*, in conversation with *Thomas Sheridan*, was able to claim that his grandfather⁵ had been one of the two originals from whom *Dorimant* was formed (Rochester being the other),⁶ while *Dean Lockier* thought that the dramatist was portraying himself; "Sir *George*

¹ *Some Passages of the Life and Death of the Right Honourable John Earl of Rochester*, by *Gilbert Burnet*, 1680. *Dennis* probably refers to Rochester's irritation at the delay of "That damned Fellow" who "he thought made not haste enough with somewhat he called for" (p. 153).

² *A Defence of Sir Fopling Flutter*, 1722, p. 18.

³ *Memoirs of the Life of Rochester*, prefixed to *The Miscellaneous Works of the Right Honourable the late Earls of Rochester and Roscommon*, 1707.

⁴ *Horace Walpole* thought it "almost the best comedy we have. . . The Man of Mode shines as our first genteel comedy; the touches are natural and delicate, and never overcharged. Unfortunately the tone of the most fashionable people was extremely indelicate. . . Less licentious conversation would not have painted the age." *Thoughts on Comedy*; Written in 1775 and 1776. (*Works*, 1798, II. 315.)

⁵ *Lord Buckhurst*. *Davies* inadvertently says "his father, the witty Earl of *Dorset*."

⁶ *T. Davies, Dramatic Miscellanies*, Dublin, 1784, Vol. III, p. 101.

Etherege," he told Spence, was as thorough a fop as ever I saw ; he was exactly his own Sir Fopling Flutter. And yet he designed Dorimant, the genteel rake of wit, for his own portrait."¹

Rumour was also busy with the other figures of the comedy, and Oldys jotted down in his notes on Langbaine that " the Characters in this Play were all from Real Persons, or most of them, as Sir Fopling Beau Hewit,² Dorimant Ld. Rochester, and even the shoemaker, that got vast Trade by this Representation of him : Himself he has also set forth therein under the Character of young Bellair or Medley."³ In Oldys's more formal account of Etherege, in *Biographia Britannica*, he is said to have sketched himself in Medley (not Bellair), and the ascriptions are given on the authority of the late John Bowman, the veteran actor, from whom Oldys had received them. Such witness, even though second-hand, deserves consideration ; but if resemblances must needs be traced, Medley's very name suggests Sir Charles Sedley, as do his charm of conversation and his tendency to be " rhetorically drunk." There is no need, however, to consider the matter too curiously, and Dryden himself warned the audience not to attempt to identify the title part, since

none Sir Fopling him, or him can call ;
He's Knight o' th' Shire, and represents ye all.⁴

On the publication of *The Man of Mode* in July,⁵

¹ Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, 1820, p. 62.

² Sir George Hewett, the well-known fop.

³ Oldys's MS. notes on Langbaine, Brit. Mus. c. 28. g. 1. By a slip of the pen (in confusion with Steele's *Conscious Lovers*) " Bevil " is written for " Bellair," but Haslewood's copy (c. 45. d. 14) corrects the mistake.

⁴ Epilogue to *The Man of Mode*.

⁵ The play was licensed for the press on June 3, and was advertised by Herringman, along with Shadwell's *Virtuoso*, in the *London Gazette* of July 3-6..

Etherege's literary reputation reached its height; the name of Sir Fopling even intruded into the theological disputes of the year,¹ and long remained proverbial.² But the dramatist had returned to his old courses. On June 29 Charles Hatton writes to his brother:—"M^r Downs is dead. Y^e L^d Rochester doth abscond, and soe doth Etheridge, and Cap^t Bridges who occasioned y^e riot Sunday sennight. They were tossing some fiddlers in a blanket for refusing to play, and a barber, upon y^e noise, going to see what y^e matter, they seized upon him, and, to free himself from them, he offered to carry them to y^e handsomest woman in Epsom, and directed them to the constables house, who demanding what they came for, they told him a wh . . . , and, he refusing to let them in, they broke open his doores and broke his head, and beate him very severely. At last, he made his escape, called his watch, and Etheridge made a submissive oration to them and soe far appeased them that y^e constable dismissed his watch. But presently after, y^e L^d Rochester drew upon y^e constable. M^r Downs, to prevent his pass, seized on him, y^e constable cryed out

¹ In 1675 Herbert Croft had published *The Naked Truth. Or, the True State of the Primitive Church. By an Humble Moderator.* This was answered in 1676 by the *Animadversions on . . . the Naked Truth* of Francis Turner, then Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, who was violently attacked the same year in Andrew Marvell's *Mr. Smirke: or, the Divine in Mode: being Certain Annotations, upon the Animadversions on the Naked Truth.* All three pamphlets were anonymous. Marvell compares Turner to the Chaplain in *The Man of Mode*, and charges him with being "huff'd up in all his Ecclesiastical fluster" to "out-boniface an Humble Moderator. So that there was more to do in equipping of Mr. Smirke then there is about Doriman [sic], and the *Divine in Mode* might have vyd with Sir Fopling Flutter." Later in the tract he attacks Turner with quotations from Dryden's Epilogue to the play.

² The *Familiar Epistle to Sir Frivolous Insipid*, which opens Part III of *Poems on Affairs of State* (1698), addresses him as "Right Heir to Flutter Fop of the last Edition."

murther, and, the watch returning, one came behind M^r Downs and with a spritle staff cleft his scull. Y^e L^d Rochester and y^e rest run away, and Downs, having noe sword, snatched up a sticke and striking at them, they run him into y^e side wth a half pike, and soe bruised his arme y^t he wase never able to stirr it after.”¹ A letter written on the same day, by John Verney,² adds another name to the party:—“Mr. Downes, who (with Lord Rochester, Mr. William Jepson,³ and Geo. Etheridge) skirmisht the watch at Epsom 12 days since, died last Tuesday of his hurts received from the rustics.”

Presumably the affair blew over; certainly it brought no change in Etherege's habit of life. He is next heard of, eighteen months later, in a letter which passed between two of his friends; Henry Savile⁴ writes to Lord Rochester from Whitehall, on Dec. 17, 1677, to say that “there is not one sinner in England now out of London but your selfe; . . . Shepheard⁵ has been overturned in a coach att Matt Clifford's⁶ funerall and broake his head, and a little

¹ *Hatton Correspondence*, 1878, I. 133-4.

² To Edmund Verney: Hist. MSS. Com., Appendix to Seventh Report, p. 457 b.

³ Etherege subsequently maintained a correspondence with Jephson from Ratisbon; he was one of the Treasury officials at home with whom the Resident was careful to keep his memory green. Luttrell (II. 242) records in June 1691, “The 7th, William Jephson, esq., secretary to the lords of the treasury, died.” Jephson was also intimate with Shadwell, who left by will “to the Earl of Dorset, Sir Charles Sedley, William Jephson Esq., and Col. Edmund Ashton my most dear ffriends to each a ring of gold.” Sedley and Jephson were trustees for Mrs. Shadwell. (*N. & Q.*, 8th S., iv. 109.) Shadwell, however, survived till November 1692.

⁴ Courtier and diplomatist (1642-87), a friend of Rochester, Dorset and Sheppard.

⁵ Fleetwood Sheppard (1634-98), knighted in 1694, courtier and patron of poets; a close friend of Savile and Buckhurst.

⁶ Martin Clifford, Master of the Charterhouse and part author of *The Rehearsal*, was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Dec. 13, 1677.

before was runn with a sword under the eye endeavouring to part Buckley and Etheridge squabbling in a taverne."¹

There is no further news of Etherege until some two years later, when he had the ill luck to be amusing himself, with Sedley and other friends, in the tennis court by Clare-market on the day of its collapse. It is Charles Hatton, again, who gives the news; he writes to his brother on Jan. 15, 1679/80:—"Yesterday y^e roof of y^e Tennis Cote in y^e Haymarket fell down. S^r Charles Sidley being ther had his skull broke, and it is thought it will be mortall. S^r George Etheridge and severall others were very dangerously hurt."² The accident made some stir, but the accounts of the damage were probably exaggerated, and the *True Domestic Intelligencer*, which reported Sedley's death in its issue of the 16th, had to confess on the 20th that he was "in a probable way of recovery."³ Etherege, no doubt, escaped more lightly, but Charles Hatton's reference to him has another interest, for it is the earliest yet discovered to give him his title, and his title and his marriage are known to have been connected. Gildon's brief statement, that "for Marrying a Fortune he was Knighted," is given a slightly different turn by a contemporary satire, *The present State of Matrimony*,⁴ which contains venomous attacks on Etherege and other well-known men of the day:—

Merit with Honour joyn'ds a Crown to Life
But he got Honour, for to get a Wife.
Prepost'rous Knighthood ! in y^e gift Severe,
For never was a Knighthood bought so dear.

¹ Hist. MSS. Com., Calendar of the MSS. of the Marquis of Bath, Vol. II, p. 160.

² *Hatton Correspondence*, 1878, I. 216. "Haymarket" is an error.

³ Sedley lived till 1701.

⁴ More than one MS. copy of this poem had been seen by Oldys. It is here quoted from MS. Harl. 7319, f. 154; but it is also found, with some different readings, in Add. MS. 29497, f. 4, and there is another version, without the lines on Etherege, in MS. Harl. 7317 f. 4 b. The poem was printed in the third (1730) and subsequent editions of the so-called *Posthumous Works of Mr. Samuel Butler*.

Nothing but want of sense, the author surmises, could account for his choice of his "old Spouse," and the passage concludes in a *crescendo*, leaving the unfortunate poet "curs'd wth loss of Mony, Pox,¹ & Wife."

Oldys assumed that "to make some reparation of his circumstances" Etherege had "courted a rich old widow; but her ambition was such, that she would not marry him unless he could make her a Lady; which he was forced by the purchase of knighthood to do." There certainly seems to have been some financial stress behind the match, for the *Consolatory Epistle to Julian in his Confinement* states that

Ev'n gentle George, with flux in Tongue and Purse,
In shunning one snare run into a worse.
Want once may be reliev'd in a Mans Life,
But who can be reliev'd that has a Wife ?²

And from all the evidence it seems probable that the marriage and the knighthood were both new in 1680.³

¹ Similar charges occur in other satires, and in his secretary's letters home from Ratisbon, whither, says Oldys, he "went Ambassador to Rothisbone as the Punsters called it" (MS. notes on Langbaine). Etherege himself speaks of a misadventure there in a letter of 12/22 Sept. 1687, and the allusion in *Julian's Farewell to ye Muses*, 1685 (MS. Harl. 7319, f. 196), to "fluxing George his sharp Mercureal Wit" is a pretty clear reference to Dufoy's *double entendre* in *The Comical Revenge*, 82. 40-1.

² Robert Gould's *Poems*, 1689, p. 280. An almost identical text is printed in *Poems on Affairs of State*, Vol. II, 1703, p. 132. A version of this poem, with certain verbal differences, is found attributed to Buckingham in his *Works*, 1704, p. 20.

³ This date follows the titles of two poems found in MS. Harl. 7319, ff. 45-8, *A Satyr on the Court Ladies*, 1680, and *An Answer to the Satyr on the Court Ladies*, 1680. The *Answer* contains the lines:—

Yet there's S^r George, that honest Man ne're fails ;
Always of Women writes, & always Rails ;
For which, the Gods have plagu'd him to the height,
And for his Comfort sent him such a Wife :
A Wife that represents all Forms ; a Bitch,
A Wizard, wrinckled Woman, & a Witch.

It can hardly be doubted that these lines refer to Etherege's marriage; the title, the date, and the description of the bride are

From this time until his final departure from England, little is heard of Etherege. Oldys was informed by John Bowman, "the oldest actor of his time, who knew Sir George, as well as Mrs. Barry," that 'he cohabited . . . for some time with Mrs. Barry the Actress, and had a daughter by her; that he settled five or six thousand pounds upon her; but that she died young.'¹ If Bowman's memory may be trusted, this was presumably after Rochester's death in 1680; for it is a curious coincidence that Rochester also cohabited with Mrs. Barry, and had a daughter by her for whom he is supposed to have provided in his will. Nor does the munificence of the settlement accord with Etherege's usual shortness of funds. But, all in accordance with the other evidence, and Sir George is mentioned between Dryden and Mordant, two authors with whom Etherege is frequently linked in the pasquils of the period. At the same time, though "gentle George" is never found of any other writer, caution is necessary in identifying contemporary satirical references to "George," or even "Sir George," with Etherege; there were many Georges in the late seventeenth century. The same MS. contains two poems which have been wrongly supposed to refer to the dramatist's marriage. Miss D. Foster, in the *Times Literary Supplement* of Feb. 16, 1922, quotes from the poem entitled *A Westminster Wedding* on f. 72 of this MS.; she says "Here Etherege's last name is not used, but he is obviously meant." (Mr. Bonamy Dobrée also, in his *Essays in Biography*, p. 49, adopts four of the lines quoted by Miss Foster, as an allusion to Etherege.) But the person obviously meant is George Jeffreys, who was then Recorder of the City of London (the sub-title of the poem is *The Town Mouth*), and the subject of the satire is his notorious second marriage in 1679. The poem is printed at p. 193 of *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1704, Vol. III, with unmistakable references.

Miss Foster has been led even further astray by the assumption that any George mentioned in this MS. is likely to be George Etherege, for she continues:—" 'The Welcome. A Translation of a Dialogue between G. and A.' (p. 320) pictures 'the Princess' as welcoming 'Prince George' on his return from Copenhagen" [etc., with a quotation]. *The Welcome*, however, is a very obvious skit on the marriage of the Princess Anne with Prince George of Denmark in 1683, and is quite unconnected with Dame Mary Etherege.

¹ *Biog. Brit.*, Vol. III, 1750, p. 1844.

however he occupied himself from his marriage until 1685, little of his time can have been spent upon literature ; he retained an interest in the drama, but practised the opinion of Sir Fopling, that writing is “ a Mechanick part of Witt,” and “ a Gentleman should never go beyond a Song or a Billet.”¹ In 1684 he gave a pretty little lyric to Southerne for his comedy *The Disappointment*, and another to Nahum Tate for *A Duke and No Duke* ; and after these he wrote no more for the stage, though two further songs were set to music by Purcell and published in 1687.²

The spring of 1685 brought the accession of James II, and the beginning of the final chapter of Etherege’s career. The new queen, Mary of Modena, may have remembered the dedication of *The Man of Mode*, whose author, according to Gildon, was “ in particular esteem ” with her ; he had already some official experience of foreign affairs to his credit, and was “ a man of mighty courtesy and delicate address.”³ The whole town was a witness to the politeness of “ easy Etherege,”⁴ and his discriminating knowledge

¹ 251. 245–6. The opinion was stolen by Crowne’s Sir Courtly Nice (III. ii.).

² *The Theater of Music*, Book IV, 1687, pp. 60 and 69.

³ Oldys, MS. notes on Langbaine. Oldys records in *Biographia Britannica*, on the authority of John Bowman, “ that Sir George was, in his person, a fair, slender, genteel man ; but spoiled his countenance with drinking, and other habits of intemperance ; and in his deportment, very affable and courteous, of a sprightly and generous temper.” Birch relates a story, told him by Otway, of a dispute at Locket’s when “ some Company there, who were highly incensd at some ill manage of their Entertainment or attendance, were all in violent Passion with the waiters, so that M^rs Locket came up ; when S^r Geo. told her they were so provokd that he could find in his Heart to pull the Nosegay out of her Bosom and throw the flowers in her Face, w^{ch} turned all their anger to a Jest.” MS. Birch 4221, f. 207b.

⁴ While Fathers are severe, and Servants cheat,
Till Bawds and Whores can live without deceit,
Sydney, and easie *Etheridge* shall be great.

John Evelyn (the younger), in Tate’s collection of *Poems by Several Hands*, 1685, p. 92.

of humanity was shown not only by his plays, but by the Turkey State Papers. Accordingly, on August 30, 1685, Sir George Etherege formally "took leave of his Majesty, before he went as his Majesty's Minister to Ratisbonne."¹ The post of Resident there was not one of the most onerous in the diplomatic service, but it carried a salary of £3 a day "ordinary," apart from any "extraordinaries"; and as Etherege still retained the pension which the king (as Duke of York) had granted him in 1682,² his prospects were not uncomfortable. The first three months of his ordinary, to November 28, had been paid him in advance,³ and he set out upon a somewhat leisurely journey to Ratisbon by way of the Hague.⁴

From this point until the spring of 1689 we have perhaps a more valuable source of information for the life of Etherege

¹ *Calendar of Treasury Books*, Vol. VIII, pp. 876-7. He must have been appointed immediately on James's accession, for the entry of his first quarter's advance of ordinary (p. 71) is dated March 23, 1684/5.

² The *Book of the Establishment of H.R.H. the Duke of York* (Hist. MSS. Com., Appendix to Fifteenth Report, Part II, p. 18) shows that Etherege received £100 under the "Establishment of the Wages, Fees, Pensions, and Allowances yearly made and allowed by mee unto my Officers and Servants of my Chamber, of my Household, and of my Revenue, and unto others, beginning at Michaelmas, 1682, and to continue during my Pleasure."

³ Moreover in September 1685 he was paid a bounty of £200 out of the King's secret service money (*Moneys received and paid for Secret Services of Charles II and James II*, Camden Society, 1851, p. 112).

⁴ His stay at the Hague (in the company of Bevil Skelton, then residing there as Envoy Extraordinary to the States General of the United Provinces) on this journey is in all probability responsible for Sir Edmund Gosse's curious statement that "from *The Letterbook* it appears that he was for some time envoy of Charles II at the Hague" (*Seventeenth Century Studies*, 1883, p. 254). Mr. A. E. H. Swaen, in a letter to the *Times Literary Supplement* (Jan. 5, 1922), says that his efforts to discover, in the records at the Hague, any evidence of Etherege's residence there had been unsuccessful.

than for that of any other poet or dramatist of the century, since the Letter Book¹ not only gives plentiful detail, but presents two opposing points of view—the minister's and his secretary's. Before leaving England Etherege had engaged, in that capacity, a person whose name is not known, though his initials were probably H. H.² He was a writer of some ability, but entirely without sympathy for the manners of Sedley and Rochester; and a natural incompatibility of temper between himself and his employer was aggravated by other causes, for he claims that “S^r George having promised me in England threescore pound a year, with my own, & my man's Diet, wou'd have flincht from his bargain when he came to Ratisbonne.”³ In consequence either of this, or perhaps of an undertaking to do so, he sends home full and hostile reports of Etherege's doings to a person usually addressed as “Hon^d S^r”; the task is methodically performed even in his first letter from Ratisbon,⁴ which begins:—

“ S^r

I suppose you have been already inform'd (& therefore there is no need I shou'd tell you) of what past at the Hague: either as to his loosing 250^l by play, his haunting pittifull, & mean houses contrary to Mr. Skelton's advice, or as to his making Love for w^{ch} he was sufficiently laugh'd at.

And not to mention his caressing every dirty Drab y^t came in his way from Holland to this place, I shall onely

¹ Bought by the British Museum from the bookseller Wilkes on Dec. 3, 1838, and now Add. MS. 11513. Macaulay used it for his *History of England*, and it has been liberally quoted by writers on Etherege. The extracts printed in this Introduction are to some extent modernised in punctuation.

² On f. 100 b. is copied a letter to Mr. Petit, written by H. H. on behalf of Sir George.

³ f. 200.

⁴ If all the letters are addressed to the same person, which seems probable, he must have visited Ratisbon, for one of them speaks “ of what past on Monday the 2^d day after your departure.”

begin with y^e manner of his life and conversation after his arrivall.”¹

The secretary not only disapproved, but was severely snubbed when he ventured to expostulate ; in a subsequent letter, the only one which he has dated,² he explains that on Etherege’s “ first coming hither I thôt I cou’d do no less than inform him of such stories, as I had heard reported of him ; but finding he was far from taking it in good part, by asking how I was concerned ; If I was sent with him for his governour, &c., I resolv’d to say nothing ; and being lett to follow his own Course, he did all his endeavours to keep things from my hearing, least It shou’d be told him again, y^t such a night he had been visiting all the alehouses of the Towne accompanied with his servants, his valets de Chambre his hoffmaster & his dancing & fighting M^r all with their Coats turn’d inside outwards.”³

Divergent opinions on conduct, a disputed salary, and a subordinate position lend a touch of gall to the secretary’s pen, and the Letter Book is full of evidence, stored up, no doubt, against a day of reckoning, of everything that might be used against his employer. The greater part of the book⁴ is occupied by transcripts or summaries of letters

¹ f. 192 b.

² “ Ratisb. 6. Feb. 87.”

³ f. 199 b.

⁴ On the flyleaf (f. 1 b) opposite the first letter transcribed the secretary has written “ begun Saturday. 5/15 Mar. 86/7,” and below he has added a rough version of lines 47–8 of *Absalom and Achitophel* :—

—They are a people pamper’d up in ease
That no King can govern nor no god can please.

The date is surprising, as the transcripts begin on the opposite page with a letter of 19/29 Nov. '85, and more than sixty leaves are covered on both sides before they reach the date 5/15 Mar. 86/7. If the latter represents the date at which the Letter Book was begun, the earlier letters were presumably copied into it from existing (?) official transcripts.

written by Etherege from November 1685 to March 1688, diversified at times by the secretary's satirical comments. At the end are a savage Hudibrastic satire of 110 lines against "Knight S^r George," a selection of the more important "Letters Rec^d." (for the secretary enjoyed gossip and literature, and would copy down a new manuscript poem, or a letter from Dryden or Lord Middleton), "A Catalogue of S^r George's Bookes,"¹ a note of several bills of Etherege's official expenses sent home for payment, and "An acc^t of S^r G.'s life, & manner of Living, writt in severall Letters, from Ratisbonne." It is easy to see how completely the two men were out of sympathy; the years had passed lightly over the knight, who recalled his old amusements in London with envy, and wished for nothing better than to re-create the mad world of Buckhurst² and Rochester in the prim streets of Ratisbon; but to the secretary—anticipator of Jeremy Collier—such a way of life, unseemly in itself, was intolerable in an official of the Crown: "You see, S^r," he tells his correspondent, "I cannot forbear to write to you for fear of neglecting my promise, wth you may call duty; for tho' I be but one of the meanest of his Sacred Maj^{ts} subjects, yet I can frame to myself such an Idea of his Honor, as will not suffer me with^t grief & shame to see it abused."³ The secretary had not enjoyed the advantage—and the Resident had—of intimacy with his Sacred Majesty's predecessor.

Etherege reached Ratisbon in November 1685, and on the 19/29 of that month he writes to tell "Monsieur Germain a la Haye" of his arrival. "Je ne fai que d'arriver ici, et J'ay estimé si embarrassé pour m'establir,

¹ f. 192. They include Shakespeare and Molière; there were 49 French books, 13 English and 2 Italian.

² He reminds Buckhurst—now Earl of Dorset—in a letter of July 25, 1687, how they "carried the two dragle'd tayl'd Nymphs one bitter frosty night over the Thames to Lambeth." f. 113 b.

³ This passage, at the end of a letter (f. 199), is crossed out in ink; perhaps, on a second reading, it appeared too smug.

que Je n'ay pas eu le Loisir de vaquer ni pour moy même ny pour mes amis. . . . J'ay déjà une fort jolie maison,¹ une Carosse, et des bons cheveaux, des valets, et un Cuisinier, mais Je ne me puis pas venter d'estre bien servi dans ma cuisine—tout le reste est passable.”² Four days later he writes home to one of the ministers; he has taken the house Mr. Pooley³ lived in, and is very well settled already; moreover, “I can assure yo^r Lo^r that I find I can live wthout play, a thing my best ffriends will hardly beleive; I have really no more concerne for Basset than I us'd to have for an old Mistris in her absence.”⁴ The secretary tells a different tale; that “instead of making his visits, and getting acquaintance with the Ministers he presently fell to gaming, for there were in Town at that time severall french sharpers, who hearing of his laudable desseins, were not a little glad of such a Guest.” There was also, in league with the Frenchmen, a gamester from Vienna named Count Purpurat; this rook, having won over 10,000 florins, would have left off playing till the money was paid, but Sir George “quarrelling with him upon it forced him to play till it came onely to 1500f., in part whereof S^r G. pay'd 800f., & towards the other seaven, gave him a pair of Pistolls, & a fusil,” made for him just before he left London, and bearing his coat of arms, which Purpurat afterwards exhibited boastfully at the Emperor's Court. The accomplices bragged of their winnings—“Nous le deplumerons”—and Etherege grew more cautious, though he could not refrain from

¹ He found it “the most convenient in *Ratisbonne*” for entertaining, “by reason of the largeness and number of Apartments, and its being scituated in the great place of *St. James*.” (*An Account of the Rejoycing at the Dyt at Ratisbonne. 1688.*) See page *Ixiv*, note 3.

² f. 2.

³ His official predecessor.

⁴ Holograph letter, *State Papers: Foreign, German States (1683-92)*, Vol. 86.

play. "A shabby Count, fled from justice at Augsbourg," borrowed 100 florins from him, "with which he won from S^r G. 600f. more," and sneaked out of the town with both; and the Resident and his gamesters used "to drink till 2 or 3 a clock in the morning, & (if they were able) to go & walk about the streets with clubs in their hands to guard themselves & their Musick."¹

The secretary's malice is obvious, and Etherege's own letters give a very different account of his amusements. Barillon, the French Ambassador in London, had written him a letter of introduction to the Count de Crécy, Plenipotentiary of France at Ratisbon, which the Resident delivered within two or three days of his arrival; among the dull formalities of a German diplomatic circle the household of the Count and Countess proved a congenial oasis, and Etherege thanked Barillon in a lively letter on December 14/24. "Monsieur, Je vous dois tout ce qui m'est agreable ici, la faveur, et la bonne opinion de Monsieur de Crecy; et le privilege d'estre chez lui sans Cеремонie est un meuble qui ne se trouve pas dans aucune autre maison de la Ville. Car les Messieurs de la Diète sont toujours vêtus de leur Caractere, et à peine s'en dépouillent ils à ce que je crois quand ils s'approchent de leurs femmes, ou de leurs maistresses. On ne rend jamais des visites qu'a une heure assignée, et si vous manquez un peu de vostre temps vous courez risque de morfondre un pauvre ministre qui se tient en sentinelle pour vous recevoir à la portiere de vostre Carrosse. Il est vray que la Bassette nous manquent, mais nous nous consolons d'un peu de l'Hombre, et la Comette commence à s'établir. Le divertissement le plus galant du Pais cet hyver c'est le traineau, ou l'on se met en croupe de quelque belle Alemande, en manier que vous ne pouvez ni la voir, ni luy parler à cause d'un Diable de tintamarre des sonnets dont les harnois sont tous garnis. Le Droit neantmois du

¹ f. 193 b.

Traineau est quelque chose de considerable ; vous pouvez pretendre un baiser dans tous les Carrefours de la belle que vous menez, et la faveur n'est pas meprisable, puisque le baiser ne se donne pas en ceremonie comme chez nous. Si par bonheur vous renversez la belle, vous lui pouvez faire present d'une nouvelle jupe, et Elle ne la peut refuser. Je ne veux pas plus dire sur cet Chapitre de peur de ne vous degoûter des plaisirs de Londres.”¹

But on the same day he writes in a different tone to Lord Sunderland, upon the dulness of his exile. “ Since my coming hither I have had a little fever, which has been the reason I have not payd my Duty soe regularly as I ought to doe to y^r Lo^p. I am now pretty well recover'd, and hope I am quitt at a reasonable price for what I was to pay on the change of Climats, and a greater change in my manner of living. Is it not enough to breed an ill habit of body in a man who was us'd to sit up 'till morning to be forc'd, for want of knowing what to doe with hims: to goe to bed in the evening; one who has been us'd to see his friends with all freedom, never to approach any body but with ceremony; instead of ratling about the Streets to seeke variety of Comp^a to sit at home & entertain hims: with Solitude and Silence? The pleasures of Play and Women are not soe much as talk of, and one would think the Diet had made a *Reichsgutachten* to Banish them the City; here was the Countess of Nostitz, but malice that always persecutes the good has made her lately remove to Prague. Company met nightly at her house, & had a little Ombre to entertain them; an abler woman by what I hear never kept a Basset in London. If I doe well after all this, you must allow me to be a Philosopher, & I dare affirm Cato left not the world with more firmeness of Soul than I did England.”²

With all his firmness, it is clear that Etherege thought

¹ f. 2 b.

² f. 3 b.

regretfully of home; his well-known verse letters to Lord Middleton, written in January and April, show the longing for London through all their gaiety, and he writes in prose to the same correspondent "pray continue me always in your favour, and when you are in any of those leisure places where idle fellows are admitted, let me intrud sometimes into your memory."¹ In June, the failure of any English mail for a whole week touches him "as near as ever a disappointment did in London with the woman I lov'd most tenderly"²; but again the secretary is at hand to suggest that consolation was not lacking. "About the begining of summer one Mons^r le Febure, forced to fly from Vienna for severall extravagances, was kindly entertain'd and receiv'd by S^r G.," and "became so predominant in a short time, that the whole house was at his command."³ The subsequent events bring out the truth of Milton's famous lines on the noise of riot in the streets of Restoration London, haunted at night by

the Sons
Of *Belial*, flown with insolence and wine,

for le Febure brought Etherege "acquainted with all the Cracks of the Town, with whom they wou'd pass whole nights at one scandalous alehouse or another; when this trade fail'd, their manner was to torment the whole Town with Coaching, fidling, piping, & dancing till 2, 3 & 4 a clock in the morning. The whole Town complain'd of the noise & stirr they made night after night; of all others

¹ 22 Feb./4 March 1685/6: f. 7 b.

² Letter to Wynne, 7/17 June '86: f. 18 b.

³ f. 194. Here, in justice to the secretary, Etherege himself may be quoted; he ends a letter to le Febure, on 10/20 Sept. '86, "Si ce n'estoit pour la Maison de Monsieur le Comte de Crecy, Ratisbonne seroit un triste sejour. Je n'ay pas vue la Dindonelle depuis vostre depart, et je suis plus sensiblement touché de la perte de vous, que vous ne le devez estre pour tous les beautez d'ici." (f. 28.)

the Countess de Walewaghe was most anxious to be
seen by her visitors. Her son is a soldier, she has no
other children & had an audience of such visitors to
watch for them, whose characters they could not
see right & so saved trouble. The same day, as no
ventures there was made the 100 best of the Year &
never to be had again, the countess de Walewaghe
at home." 1

The lady who so much liked the manners of Charles II's capital is descended along with the rest of the race of the best of Merege's despotic & tyrannical house. The Count de Waddington, her son & Lord St. Helier is about 50 years of age, tall & thin, with a pale & gaunt, which adds to his natural thinness. He has children by a former wife which he rejected & now has of some he has by a Lady to whom he has been married a few years. She was once at Rouen to the Princess Dowager & esteemed a great beauty by the Queen. She is very like & tall as her son as he is very tall.

but more affected than M^{rs} Middleton.¹ The Count is of a temper soe jealous, that he tormented her before her time, when he was her Lover: if he observ'd her speaking to any man in the Drawing Room, he wou'd get her into a Corner, & pinch her black, & blew; & she was resolv'd not to have him, had not his tears to the Emperess soften'd her to impose her Comands to marry him. He is hott and imperious, & uses those of y^e Dyet who have some dependance of him as scurvily as he does his Domesticks. He has had experience in affaires, and understands his Masters Interest, but will sacrifice any thing to his Pride, and ambition; and indeed all his passions are soe violent, that he does him little service for want of Conduct. These qualities (some of his Countrey men say) got him this Employment, the Ministers at Vienna for their own quiet favouring him in this hon^{ble} occasion of his absence. He has been formerly employ'd in the French Court, and has twenty times told me how he was receiv'd there, with as much heat, as an old Lady tells some pleasant passage of her youth, which warms her. His conversation is soe loud he is vehement even in trifles, and he speaks french as well as my Lord Peterborough. If you flatter him, the Lyon becomes a Lamb, and without examining any thing you advance, will (like the Lord Chamberlain in Hamlet) cry Oh, very like a Weesel! ”²

¹ A lady of fashion, and “ one of the handsomest women in town ” according to Anthony Hamilton, who says she was “ well made, fair, and delicate; but had in her behaviour and discourse something precise and affected.” *Memoirs of Count Grammont*, Ch. VI.

² 9/19 Sept. '86 : f. 27. De Windischgratz caused Etherege much trouble, and appears frequently in his correspondence; he was the moving spirit in the Imperial Commission at Ratisbon, though its nominal head, by virtue of his superior rank, was the Prince of Passau. However, as Etherege reported to Sunderland at the end of this letter, “ The Bishop of Passau is a good old man who loves his quiet, without either genius, or experience, defers generally in all things to the Count, and looks as meekly as the chief of your Commission Ecclesiastick of Contraventions &

It would be hard to imagine a livelier sketch, and the reference to Polonius gives it finish ; Charles II's courtiers did not neglect the one English dramatist whose works are to be found in the list of Etherege's library,¹ and Shakespeare was quoted without apology in semi-official correspondence. The Secretary of State ends his reply to the Resident's first report from Ratisbon :—“ Every weeke there are plays at Court ; the last time S^r Fopling appear'd with the usuall applause, and the King was pleas'd to tell me, that he expected you shou'd put on your Socks, w^{ch} putts me in minde of Denham on Killigrew,

He has plott'd, and penn'd
Six plays, to attend
The Farce of his negotiation.²

This you are to consider as an Instruction, and as for advice, Iagos is the best y^t can be given you by, S^r, Y^r most faithfull Servant, Middleton.”³ There was no need to be more precise ; Etherege's purse was light enough to recall those instructions to Roderigo, even had his wit been less nimble.

But Ratisbon was no suitable scene for the only kind

Alliances.” In December, 1685, Etherege had written to Lord Middleton “ The Count de Windisgratz pretends a Commission to be of equal power in y^e Diet with the Prince of Passau, and chief Commissioner for all forrein affaires here and all over y^e Empire.” (f. 4 b). In May, 1687, the Prince obtained the Imperial leave “ to retire for some time to his Bishoprick to endeavor to recover his understanding, w^{ch} has always been infirm, & is now in a deep consumption ” (letter to Wynne, 19/29 May '87 : f. 92 b), and the Count represented the Imperial Commission in his absence (letter to Middleton, 12/22 May '87 : f. 88 b).

¹ Rochester and Sedley, as well as Etherege, show an acquaintance with Falstaff.

² Middleton is quoting from Denham's stanzas “ On Mr. Tho. Killigrew's Return from his Embassie from Venice.” It is a fact that “ Our Resident Tom ” wrote six of his plays abroad, each of them in a different city.

³ From “ Whitehall Dec: y^e 7th, 1685.” (f. 173.)

of comedy that his Excellency cared to write ; its formality was too portentous for realism, and he wrote to Wynne, ten months later, to say " that grave Fops abound here ; that Nature who is the best Poet, and in all her works shews the inclination she has for a Comedy, wou'd be though[t] degenerated into a Farce to give a true description of them."¹ There was, however, a theatre (though " not onely our plays but our actors wou'd be hiss'd in a Countrey-faire—St Barthelmews is too hon^{ble}"²), and from it arose perhaps the greatest of the scandals of Etherege's residence at Ratisbon. In a letter to Middleton in November, 1686, about " a Company of Strolers, who are lately come from Nurenberg to divert us here," he continues " Here is a Comedian in the Troop as handsom at least as the faire made of the West, w^{ch} you have seen at New-market, and makes as much noise in this little Town, & gives as much jealousies to y^e Ladys as ever Mrs. Wright, or Mrs. Johnson³ did in London."⁴ And on New Year's Day he tells Mr. Guy (who dispensed the king's secret service money)⁵ that " here is at present a Lady, who

¹ 4/14 October '86 : f. 31.

² Letter to Corbet, 10/20 October '87 : f. 137 b.

³ The actress ; see also p. lxiii, note 6. Mrs. Johnson joined Betterton's company about 1670, and Downes, after his account of Shadwell's *Epsom Wells* (1672), adds :—" Note, Mrs. Johnson in this Comedy, *Dancing a Jigg so Charming well, Loves power in a little time after Coerc'd her to Dance more Charming, else-where.*" *Roscius Anglicanus*, 1708, p. 33.

⁴ 11/21 Nov. '86 : f. 35. Even the secretary had to admit that the comedian, whose name was Julia, " seem'd to have something of grace in her face, tho' none in her manners." (f. 196 b.)

⁵ " Henry Guy esq; sometime of Ch. Ch. now cupbearer to the queen . . . became secretary to the commissioners of his majesty's treasury 26 Mar. 1679, and in the same year one of the grooms of his majesty's bedchamber." *Wood's Fasti*. He was appointed a commissioner of the customs in March 1689, but resigned the post on succeeding Will Jephson as secretary to the lords of the treasury in June 1691. He died, reputed to be worth over £100,000, in February 1710.

lives comonly near Nurenberg ; she is soe very handsom y^t it may be sayd she has robb'd the whole Countrey, for the rest of the women look as if nature had spar'd from them what she has bestow'd on this. She is as fière as she is fair, which may be allow'd to a beauty that has noe Rivall. I send you french song which she has been the occasion of.”¹

But to these discreet references the secretary supplies a profane and liberal commentary. Etherege either did not know, or did not care, that the profession of an actress in Ratisbon was in no such esteem and under no such protection as it had enjoyed in London, where the company of Mrs. Barry had been sought by men of the highest rank, where Nell Gwyn and Moll Davis had successfully rivalled Lady Castlemaine, and where (at the other extreme) the dignity of the stage was upheld by the Bettertons, and the career of Mrs. Bracegirdle had already begun. So he courted Julia openly ; “ for either he sent his Coach to fetch her, or went himself to her lodgings, where he wou'd make his Coach wait on him for whole nights & most part of the Day, for fear (as it were) that the Town shou'd not come to the knowledge of the scandall.”² He even pawned his watch to buy her a new suit, and “ was so far from being concern'd at what any one said, that sometimes after the play was ended, he has putt her into his coach before all the Company, notwithstanding all the giggling & hissing of the Au[s]trian Ladys & of the Ministers wives & Daughters, himself humbly walking home on foot.” Neither the Germans nor the secretary could understand this courtesy to a mere player, and perhaps the lady herself was equally perplexed, for in the end she put it about that his Excellency had a design to marry her, had not the Magistrates hindered the match by turning her out of town.

The business came to a head on the afternoon of November 15, when Etherege's coach brought Julia, soon after

¹ f. 43 b.

² f. 196 b.

3 o'clock, to "dine with him in private according to his Custome. Several young fellows hearing of this entertainment (tho' it was no news to them) resolv'd to shew some feats for the honor of their Countrey ; & like so many London-prentices (that now and then use to shew their displeasure agst Whets[t]ones Park¹) they muster'd up a good handsome Company." They invested the house and garden, and at nine they loudly demanded that the comedian should be delivered into their hands. With some difficulty Etherege obtained an hour's truce, and much about eleven he made a successful reconnaissance in force at the head of his domestics ("the secretary", however, "not thinking fit to concern himself at all with their broils"). This disclosed the fact that the opposition was more noisy than formidable ; "the Ring-leader seem'd to be the Baron de Sensheim disguis'd in a footmans habit ; his Janizaries were his valet de Chambre, his two footmen, too or three Laquays belonging to the Count de Lamberg &c." Etherege retired, having gained his information, but some blows had passed, and the rabble took the retreat for a sign of victory, and used language "so opprobrious & scurrilous, as none but those who have been at Billingsgate ever h[e]ard the like." Julia, however, not unnaturally wished to go home, and was escorted thither in the Resident's coach with such show of determination that Baron de Sensheim and his company, who pursued them closely, feared to attack, and "were forced to content themselves with hooting and hollowing . . . some crying one thing & some an other ; but all with one voice agreed in this : *that great was the Diana of the English Envoye.*"²

This was too public an affair to be ignored by the authorities, for the procession had passed through "three of the principall streets, & two of the most public places of

¹ Between Lincolns Inn Fields and Holborn, a low neighbourhood frequented by women of the town.

² f. 198.

the Town," while the English Resident was known to have written a letter to Baron de Sensheim "en termes piquants." Accordingly the Chamberlain of Ratisbon imprisoned one of Etherege's assailants, and the Magistrates gave Julia private warning to leave the city. She went to Nuremberg, where the Council at once clapped her into "the Zuchthause or Bridewell," but on his Excellency's threatening to pay them a visit, they released her, and she returned to the neighbourhood of Ratisbon, settling herself "in the suburbs of Bayrischenhoff," for she was not allowed to come within the gates. Etherege asserted his dignity by making her a few formal visits, and once she entered the city (in spite of a doubled guard) in a soldier's habit, but the secretary closes with the fact which probably ended the episode: "she finds after all that S: G. is run out of all his money, & therefore trading is like to be broke." The Resident had not come so badly out of the affair; his courage, if not his wisdom, was vindicated, and the letter to Sensheim is a model of what such a letter ought to be. "J'estoïs surpris d'apprendre que ce joly gentil-homme travesty en Italien hier au soir estoit le Baron de Sensheim. Je ne savoïs pas que les honnestes gens se méloient avec des Laquais ramassez pour faire les Fanfarons, et les Batteurs de Pavéz. Si vous avez quelque chose à me dire, faites le moy savoir comme vous devez, et ne vous amusez plus à venir insulter mes Domestiques ni ma maison. Soyez content que vous l'avez échapé belle, et ne retournez plus chercher les récompences de telles follies. Pour vos beaux Compagnons, J'ay des autres mesures à prendre avec eux."¹

The contrast between Ratisbon and London is nowhere

¹ There are two texts of this letter, one (which is here printed) at f. 37, among Etherege's correspondence, and one at f. 198 b, among the secretary's letters home. The latter version (which begins "Monsieur", and is signed) reads "garder" for "prendre" in the last sentence.

better brought out than in this matter of the stage. The Austrian and German notables stood much upon their ancestry, and a lady of birth who visited the playhouse did so in form, wearing the collected family jewels hung about her as

The badges of her nobleness,
For evry stone as well as she
Can boast an ancient Pedegree ;

yet for all this,

she that bears this glitt'ring Pomp
Is but a Tawdry ill bred Rampe
Whose brawny Limbs & martiall face
Proclame her of the Gothick Race
More than the painted Pagentrie
Of all her father's Heraldry.¹

Such a person was, in her own esteem, of another clay than the daughters of Eve upon the stage, and when Etherege, after the episode of Julia, offered to salute the Countess of Schalemburg on a sledging expedition, she spoke for her class when she "gave him this reprimande in the hearing of all, Monsieur je vous prie ne faites pas tant de familiarité avec moy, parce que je suis la Contesse de Schalemburg et non pas une Comedienne."² It is a point of view; but a very different one was held by the knight she addressed, who was (in spite of his having written three comedies) "a Gentleman sufficiently eminent in the Town for his Wit and Parts, and One whose tallent in sound Sence, and the Knowledge of true Wit and Humour, are sufficiently conspicuous."³ It is a relief to turn from the snobbery of Ratisbon and the sneers of the secretary to a letter which the Resident addressed a few months later to an old acquaintance who had interpreted more than

¹ The second verse letter to Middleton, 19/29 April '86 : f. 15 b.

² f. 196.

³ Langbaine, *An Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, 1691, p. 186.

one of his creations to the public, “Batterton¹ the Player,” as the secretary superciliously heads his copy. “Sir,” says Etherege, “a poor man who has lost the enjoyment of his friends, & y^e pleasures of London, ought to use all the means he can to divert his Chagrin, and pass away the time as easy as is possible. In order to this I am often forc’d to trouble my acquaintance in England, & I do not doubt but you will forgive me my making bold with you among the rest. I have three in my little family, who now and then give me a little musick; they play very well, and at sight; we have all the Operas, and I have a Correspondent at Paris, who sends me what is new there. If you wou’d do me the favour to procure me some of the best composition with the several parts, & let them be given to D^r Wynne, at my Lord Middleton’s office, he will take care to send them to me. I shall esteem my self much oblig’d to you for this Courtesie, & your kindness will be greater if now & then you give me an account of the Stage, & of other matters w^{ch} (you shall judge) I will be glad to hear of. You will not mistak[e] if you have the same opinion of me you had formerly, for I assure you I am not changed in my inclinations, and can never be otherwise than” (The secretary omits the formal ending, but adds the postscript, “My humble service to M^{rs} Batterton.”).²

It is a pleasant picture of a part of Etherege’s life which is apt to escape notice among more lurid scenes. For the episode of the comedian made things difficult; at one of the sledging expeditions—the one at which the Countess of Schalemburg stood so much upon her dignity—it was contrived that he should ride last of the company, and when the others took their places at the supper table, carefully leaving only one seat empty, this was unceremoniously seized upon by a person who had been left to hold him in talk, whereupon “they fell to it, all strutting,

¹ “Batterton” is a frequent contemporary spelling of the name.

² 16/26 May '87 : f. 92.

& stretching to keep him out, when otherwise they cou'd have made place enough for half a dozen more" ; and the Resident immediately sent for his coach.

In the spring of 1687, annoyances began to press upon him from all sides. News of his losses at play had reached England, and he was constrained to assure Lord Middleton " Of the storie ab^t his gaming being false."¹ The secretary, who may well have been responsible for the report, was perhaps wise in not copying the refutation ; but there is a letter to Corbet in which Etherege admits that " when I was in Holland I won near two hundred pounds, and lost near the same summe at my first coming hither, w^{ch} has given an occasion for an idle report, as I am inform'd from London. I have not playd at any thing but 6 penny ombre these 13 months, & am rather a winner than a looser since I saw you ; I am in a post where I have more business than people believe, & the desire I have to discharge myself as well as I can of my duty makes me apply my head to it, and has in a manner quite allay'd the passion I had for play."² In a letter to Lord Sunderland, also, he claims that " I have twice a week given the best account I have been able to do of what has pass'd in the Empire, w^{ch} begins to beget in me such a relish of business, y^t I shou'd be more vain of making a good dispatch, than of writing a witty letter."³ There is a vast amount of official correspondence and political news in the Letter Book, though it can make little show in an account of the writer's life ; Etherege was no professional diplomat, but he was too capable to make as inefficient a Resident as his secretary would have us believe.

It is possible that some rumour of his gaming, or perhaps of Julia, had found its way to Lady Etherege as well as to Whitehall, for he tells Mr. Maule " that upon receiving

¹ 31 Jan./10 Feb. '86/7 : f. 50.

² 3/13 March '86/7 : f. 62 b.

³ 9/19 May '87 : f. 85 b.

a letter from his Lady, & being call'd Rogue at 800 miles distance, it makes him cry in consideraōn of my Lord Mulgrave *Solamen miseris &c.*¹ And on the same day the secretary copies a letter "To my Lady thus: I beg your pardon for undertaking to advise you. I am so well satisfy'd by your last letter of your prudence and Judgem^t that I shall never more coñitt the same Error. I wish there were Copies of it in London; it might serve for a pattern for modest wives to write to their husbands. You shall find me so carefull hereafter how I offend you that I will no more subscribe myself your loving, since you take it ill, but, Madame, Y^r most dutiful husband. G. E."²

Another embarrassment was the uncertainty of supplies; his salary had already fallen into arrears, and in February 1687 it was thought necessary to regulate the Extraordinary allowances of the King's ministers employed abroad, and Middleton wrote to him that "during your Residence at Ratisbonne in his Ma^{ties} Service, his Ma^{ty} will allow no more than Fifty pounds a Quarter"³ under this head. Etheridge, in a diplomatic reply, pointed out that "it is very much for me to be three quarters of a year in arrear in a Town where there is no Credit."⁴

And lastly there were difficulties with the other ministers.

¹ 3/13 March '86/7 : f. 61 b. The " &c." represents, of course, "*socios habuisse doloris.*" Mulgrave had married his first wife (who outlived Etheridge) on 18 March, 1686.

² f. 62.

³ 11 Feb. '86/7 : f. 175 b.

⁴ 28 Feb./10 March '86/7 : f. 58 b. The Letter Book contains, on f. 187, drafts of certain itemised bills for extraordinaries from 30 Aug. 1685 to 11 Feb. 1686/7, and from 11 Feb. 1686/7 to 30 Aug. 1687. The former agrees exactly with that sent home (*Calendar of Treasury Books*, Vol. VIII, p. 1905), but in the latter, though Etheridge claimed the full £100 of normal extraordinaries which the new regulation did not permit him to exceed, the Letter Book only records sums of £7 13 0 for Postage and Stationers Ware and £20 for Intelligence. The secretary accuses him (in his Latin letter to the Treasurers of Ratisbon) of falsifying his extraordinaries.

Both from his natural preference, and perhaps also from knowledge of his master's French sympathies,¹ he had cultivated none of the diplomatic corps but the Count de Crécy, and had not used his letter of recommendation from the Spanish Ambassador in London to the Burgundian Minister at Ratisbon till five months were past, while he had delivered Barillon's introduction to de Crécy within two or three days. He gave great offence, according to the secretary, by not paying the rest of his official visits till many months after his arrival ; " the Elector of Bavaria's Envoye absolutely refus'd to admitt him to the first visit," and all the other ministers had either refused, or not returned, his second. And his habit of spending his evenings at the French ambassador's had caused one of the Austrians to remark " On voudroit bien savoir si c'est par l'ordre du Roy qu'il donne tant d'ombrage à tous les Ministres de l'Empire."² Naturally they made complaints, which reached England in time ; someone, also, had persuaded Bevil Skelton that Etherege had slandered him,³ and he sends a vigorous denial to Skelton,⁴ and writes at some length to d'Albeville on his

¹ The secretary says that " to justify his siding with the french he has allways given it out for certain truth, that His Majestie had made an alliance off: & defensive with the french King : his reporting of this allarm'd all the Ministers & gave them a worse opinion of him than before." (f. 194 b.) Etherege himself complains in a letter to Wynne, that " some of y^e Ministers of the Empire cannot forgive a man who dos not live in open hostility with the French " (3/13 March '86/7, f. 61 b.) and writes to the Marquess d'Albeville, our Ambassador in Holland, " if I have visited the Count de Crecy, more that [sic] the Emperors Ministers, it is because I was admitted wthout Ceremony, w^{ch} is the plague of this place, there being scarce an other house here, where I cou'd enjoy my freedome, & find any diversion ; & his Ma^{tie} did not send me hither to live in solitude." (13/23 June '87 : f. 99. b.)

² f. 194 b.

³ Skelton's well-known arrogance would have made him credulous of such a report.

⁴ 14/24 March '86/7 : f. 66 b.

difficulties with the Count de Windischgratz, whom he suspects of having caused this difference by his falsehoods ; for he hears that the Count has written against him into Holland aswell as into France, to Vienna and into England.¹ It is likely enough that de Windischgratz was really at the bottom of the trouble, for Etherege was shown, by the Count de Lamberg, " a letter from M^r de Caunitz to him, in w^{ch} he owns the C^t de Windisgratz had writ to him concerning me. No body can imagin the pride & malice of that man, who esteems himself y^e Emp^r of this place, and cannot suffer any one who will not neglect all besides to cringe to him. This I do not think becoming a person whom his Majestie employs. The only pique he has to me is because I wou'd not play the fool to please him ; he has endeavour'd to play me many mean tricks, as to hinder me from y^e Liberty of coursing² ; to make my footmen be enroll'd by officers, who have made levies here ; but I have had the good luck to get the better of him in all, & now we live on the foot of a cold civilitie."³

In this world of politics, anxieties, and petty squabbles, Etherege maintained his taste for literature and literary men. He must have replied to Dryden's verse epistle, and in February Dryden had written him a letter⁴ which deserves to be rescued from the seclusion of manuscript.

" London Feb. 16th '87.

A guilty man, you know S^r, naturally avoids one who can convince him of his faults, & I acknowledge myself to be of that number : for which reason I have not dared in three weeks time since your last letter lay by me, yet to open it ; for my conscience tells me, that tho' you

¹ 13/23 June '87 : f. 100.

² " I have good Greyhounds, and coursing is one of my greatest recreations ; we have such plenty of game, y^t now & then I start 6 brace of hares in a day." (Letter to Corbet, 3/13 March '86/7 : f. 62 b.)

³ Letter to Wynne, 5/15 May '87 : f. 84 b.

⁴ f. 179 b.

may express yourself with all imaginable civility, & I believe kindness too, yet there must be somewhat of upbraiding me for my neglect, which I will not go about to excuse, because I cañot: 'tis a blott,¹ and you may enter, if you will not forgive an oversight, w^{ch} you may safely do & win the game afterwards in good writing; for I will never enter the lists in Prose with the undoubted best author of it w^{ch} our nation has produc'd. Therefore O thou iñmortall source of Idleness (you see I am ready to make prayers to you, and invoke you by your darling attribute), pardon a poor creature who is your image, & whom no gratitude, no consideration of friendship, no letters tho' never so elegantly written can oblige to take up the penn, tho' it be but to manage it half an hour. For while I am writing this, I have layd it down and almost concluded with an imperfect sentence. I am almost lazy enough to get a stamp for my name, like the King of France, w^{ch} indeed wou'd be to be great in idleness. I have made my Court to the King once in seaven moneths, have seen my Lord Chamberlain full as often; I believe if they think of me at all, they imagine I am very proud, but I am gloriously lazy. I have a sonn, whom I love intirely, with my Lord Middleton, but I never thank him for his kindness for fear of opening my mouth. I might probably get something at Court, but my Lord Sunderland I imagine thinks me dead while I am silently wishing him all prosperity; for wishes cost me no more than thinkg. In short without Apoplexy, Wycherleys long sickness, I forget every thing to enjoy nothing: that is myself. Can you expect news out of Covent Garden from such a man? The Coffee-house stands certainly where it did, and angry men meet in the Square sometimes, as Abercomy,² and Goodman³ lately did; where they say Alexander the great⁴

¹ Fault; the metaphor is from backgammon.

² The secretary seems to have miscopied this name.

³ Cardonnell Goodman, the actor.

⁴ Goodman's most famous part (in Lee's *Rival Queens*).

was wounded in the arme : by which you may note, he had better have been idle. I cannot help hearing, that white sticks change their Masters, & y^t officers of y^e army are not immortall in their places because the King finds they will not vote for him in the next sessions. Oh that our Monarch wou'd encourage noble idleness by his own example, as he of blessed memory did before him, for my minde misgives me, that he will not much advance his affaires by stirring. I was going on, but am glad to be admonish'd by the paper. Ask me not of Love, for every man hates every man perfectly, & women are still the same Bitches. But after all I will contradict myself and come off with an exception as to my own particular, who am, as much as idleness will dispence with me, S^r, your most

faithfull servant

John Dryden."

Dryden knew his man ; the reply was prompt and indignant. " You know I am no flatterer," wrote Etherege on 10/20 March '86/7,¹ "& therefore will excuse me when I tell you, I cannot endure you shou'd arrogate a thing to yourself you have not the least pretence to. Is it not enough that you excelle in so many eminent vertues, but you must be a putting in for a Vice which all the world knows is properly my province ? If you persist in your Claim to Laziness, you will be thought as affected in it as Montaigne is, when he complains of the want of memory. . . . You have noe share in that noble Laziness of the minde, wh^{ch} all I write make out my just title to ; but as for that of the body, I can let you come in for a snack without any jealousy." And he turns aside Dryden's compliment with an extraordinarily neat parry :—" Tho' I have not been able formerly to forbear playing the fool in verse and prose, I have now judgement enough to know how much

¹ f. 64 b. The greater part of this long letter was printed in *The European Magazine* for June 1795, pp. 396-7, with a statement that Etherege wrote it from Ratisbon to Dryden.

I ventur'd, & am rather amaz'd at my good fortune, than vain upon a little success ; & did I not see my own error, the commendation you give me wou'd be enough to perswade me of it. A woman who has luckily been thought agreeable, has not reason to be proud, when she hears herself extravagantly prais'd by an undoubted beauty."

To exercise his pen in the accustomed trial of wits must have been a pleasant relief from officialdom, for, as he told Dryden, " Nature no more intended me for a Polititian than she did you for a Courtier."¹ " Ceremony," he writes to Guy a little later, " is as unsufferable to me, as noise was to Morose "² ; his thoughts turn to other matters, and he rallies Mr. Fitzjames³ upon " some cruell Nymph " and remarks that " There are bright English Eyes more fatall, than the glittering Cimeterres of the Turks."⁴ For his own part, he intends to blaze to the last, though the Triumph of love at his age ought to present " a Cupid, for fear of burning his fingers, with a little piece of a Torche on a Saveall."⁵ One must resist the march of time as long as may be, and he accuses the Lord Chamberlain (Mulgrave) of malice " in putting me in minde of my being old. I have always by my way of living taken care to banish age from my thoughts, & what have I done to provoak your Envy

¹ He adds, however, " but since I am imbarck'd I will endeavour not to be wanting in my duty ; it concerns me nearly, for shou'd I be shipwreck'd the season is too far gone to expect an other adventure."

² 17/27 March '87 : f. 69. " The business of y^e Diet," he tells Guy in May, " for the most part is onely fit to entertain those insects in politicks, w^{ch} crawl under the trees in S^t James's Parck." 19/29 May '87 : f. 93 b.

³ Soon to be known as the Duke of Berwick ; on 11/21 April Etheridge wrote to congratulate him on his creation.

⁴ 24 March/3 April '87 : f. 70 b.

⁵ Letter to Corbet, 18/28 April '87 : f. 79. In May he tells Boyle " I have stollen this little time to write to you, while no less than twenty Chanoinesses are expecting me in a wood by a fountaine, with musick and a Collation." 12/22 May '87 : f. 91.

who are young and vigorous?"¹ In these moods the very thought of London fills him with longing for the places and the life he knows; "there is not a day," he tells Corbet, "but my thoughts dog you from the Coffee house to the play, from thence to Marribone, always concern'd for your good luck, and in paine I cannot make one with you, in the sports you follow. Some of the ancients have imagin'd that the greatest torment of the dead was an impatient longing after what they delighted most in while they were living, and I can swear by my damnation in Germany, this hell is no jesting matter."²

Occasionally new books arrive from England, or some report of them; Sedley's *Bellamira* was first performed at Drury Lane in May 1687, and he writes to Will Richards "I have heard of the success of y^e Eunuch,³ and am very glad the Town has so good a tast to give the same just applause to S^r Charles Sidley's writing, w^{ch} his friends have always done to his conversation; few of our plays can boast of more wit than I have heard him speak at a supper.⁴ Some baren sparks have found fault with what he has formerly done on this occasion onely because the fatness of the soile has produc'd to big a Crop. I dayly drink his health, my Lord Dorsets, M^r Jepsons, Charles Godfrys, your own, & all our friends."⁵ In June he receives *The Hind and the Panther*⁶ from Wynne, and desires to know how it is approved by the Court; "Dryden finds his Mac flecknoe dos no good," he tells Lord Middleton, "I wish better success with his Hind & Panther"⁷; and to Guy

¹ 31 March '87: f. 74.

² 18/28 April '87: f. 79. "Marribone" means the bowling green there.

³ *Bellamira* was based on Terence's *Eunuchus*.

⁴ Etherege borrowed this compliment from the dedication to Sedley of Shadwell's *A True Widow* (1679).

⁵ 23 May/2 June '87: f. 94 b.

⁶ Part I was sent him with a letter of 27 May; he acknowledged this on 13/23 June, and Parts II and III on 20/30 June.

⁷ 23 June/3 July '87: f. 105.

he sends a really illuminating criticism of the poem : “ Gen¹¹ Dryden is an Expert Capt”, but I allways thought him fitter for execution than for Counsell.”¹ He reads Prior and Montague’s skit on the poem also, but without knowing the authors, and writes to Lord Dorset “ I cannot guesse on whom the Duke of Bucks mantle is fallen,² but it is

With doubl’d portion of that Prophets art.”³

The letter ends with a pleasant picture of Dorset and his little son : “ I wou’d gladly be a witness of the Content you enjoy at Copt-Hall now, and I hope to surprise you there one day (your gravity lay’d aside) teaching my Lord Buckhurst how to manage his Hoby-horse.”⁴

Such domesticity was not for him, and he continued to combat abroad those two crying sins of the Germans, “ Drunkenness in the Men, and Reservedness in the Ladies,” of which he had complained to Buckingham⁵ the previous winter. That first letter to Buckingham illuminates Etherege’s philosophy of life ; he is trying, for once, to put a good face on his exile, praising Ratisbon as “ one of the finest, and best manner’d Cities in *Germany*,” with “ a noble serene Air, that makes us hungry as Hawks ” ; but it is a pity that the Gentlemen that compose the Diet are such unmerciful plyers of the bottle. “ The best Furniture of their Parlours (instead of innocent *China*) are tall overgrown Rummers, and they take more care to enlarge their Cellars than their patrimonial Estates : In short, Drinking is the Hereditary Sin of this Country, and that Heroe of a *Deputy* here, that can demolish (at one Sitting) the rest of his Brother *Envoy*s, is mention’d with as much Applause as the Duke of *Lorain* for his noble Exploits

¹ 4/14 August '87 : f. 116.

² He is thinking of *The Rehearsal*.

³ A free version of the last line of *Mac Flecknoe*.

⁴ 25 July '87 : f. 113 b.

⁵ 12 Nov. '86 ; Buckingham’s *Works*, 1704, p. 124.

against the *Turks*." The difficulty was a real one for Etherege, who had "always looked upon Drunkenness to be an unpardonable Crime in a young fellow," and in his middle age considered "the Bottle only as subservient to the nobler Pleasure of Love"; he was in no such condition of habitual sottishness as to be able to hold his own with the local champions in their carouses, nor had he the slightest wish to do so—it was inconsistent with his "Morals and Belief in these Affairs." He desired the free intercourse between the sexes, the equal footing, the lively conversation and ever-present play of wit, which had been taken for granted in London and were hard to find in Ratisbon, and he was no more inclined to disqualify himself for them by excess in drink, than to submit without protest to the usurpation of the ladies' attention by excess in play.¹ The conclusion was obvious: "Judge then, my Lord, whether a Person of my sober Principles, and one that only uses Wine (as the wiser sort of Roman Catholics do Images) to raise up my Imagination to something more exalted, and not to terminate my Worship upon it, must not be reduced to very mortifying Circumstances in this Place; where I cannot pretend to enjoy Conversation, without practicing that Vice that directly ruines it."

This perpetual difficulty in his social intercourse at Ratisbon was amusingly but inconveniently illustrated by an event in the true spirit of comedy, which Etherege related to Lord Middleton in the autumn of 1687. "On Wednesday the fifth Instant I was taken ill of a fever, which I suppose was occasion'd by a very odd surfeit of Danube-water. The day before, (it being very fine weather here) the Electorall College lett me know, that

¹ The time, which shou'd be kindly lent
To plays and witty men,
In waiting for a knave is spent
Or wishing for a ten.

Song of Basset (first published in 1688).

they wou'd come and pass away y^e afternoon in my Gardin, where I forc'd myself to give them the best proofs I cou'd of a hearty welcome, beginning myself all the health[s], w^{ch} are usuall on the like occasion ; and having wisely (as I thought) given order, that my Glass shou'd be always three parts water,¹ I behav'd myself boldly, and to the satisfaction of all my gues[t]s, who withdrew one after an other, according as they felt they had their *rausch*. They went to bed drunk, and wak'd well the next morning : I went to bed with my head undisturb'd, but my stomach overcharg'd, and wak'd about five in the morning with a little shivering, w^{ch} soon turn'd into a hot fit.² In fact, he had caught a violent fever,³ and was dangerously ill for a few days, though before long he is able to tell Wynne that "a good Constitution, w^{ch} is the best Physitian every where, and almost the onely one here, has soon sett me on my Legs again."⁴ Recovery was not as rapid as he hoped, for the fever left him with a double Tertian ague,⁵ and he has to ask Wynne for information "of the best way of Preparing & taking the Quiniquina,"⁶ but his spirits were irrepressible, and in less than a week he is writing to Guy about the excellence of the wine in Ratisbon, though "as for our women, they are a Co^mmodity, w^{ch} will turn to no account in England ; especially to you who, as well as myself, have by a long experience of the frailties of the sex allmost acquir'd a perfect Chastity ;

¹ The whole point of this incident has been misrepresented both by Sir Edmund Gosse, who attributes Etherege's illness to there being "so little infusion of Danube water in the wine," and by Mr. Verity, who observes in verse that

Flowing cups went freshly round
With no allaying Danube.

² 10/20 Oct. '87 : f. 134 b.

³ Letter to Corbet of the same date.

⁴ 13/23 Oct. '87 : f. 137 b.

⁵ Letter to Middleton, 17/27 Oct. '87 : f. 138 b.

⁶ 17/27 Oct. '87 : f. 139.

but while we approach this vertue, let us take care our years do not sower us with any of the common vices of age: let us still preserve our good humor, & our good nature, to make us wellcome near those young people, who possess that plentifull Estat we have pretty well run out of, that we may help them rail at the morose, and cry out with Falstaff *down with them, they hate us youth.*"¹

From the tone of subsequent letters it is clear that the ague was defeated, in spite of a whole month of choking fogs, followed by a snowfall up to the knee. As the winter came on, dislike of Germany and longing for London increased: " my weak fancy may well suffer here, when the noble Genius of Ovid was dejected at Pontus,¹ & you cannot but forgive the fondness I have for London shou'd I cry out when I shutt this letter—

Hei mihi quod Domino non licet ire tuo.

In the mean time I comfort myself as well as I can, forgett Julia, & suite my inclinations to the divertismt^{ts} the Climate affords, the best of w^{ch} is hunting.

Manet sub jove frigido
Venator, teneræ Conjugis immemor.

Pray be not so malicious to let the meaning of this come to my wife's ear. It is not much out of Season to wish you a merry Christmas, and as good a stomach to the Plumbroth as an old servant of my Grandfather's had, whose onely grace all the good time was, God love me as I love plumpottage."³

¹ 23 Oct./3 Nov. '87: f. 140. The text has "[young men]" in square brackets but not struck out, and "(youth)" in round brackets written above it: probably Etherege wrote "young men" and the secretary wished to show a superior memory.

² The writer may have had in mind a couplet from the pasquil (quoted by Oldys in *Biographia Britannica*) upon his previous diplomatic mission:—

*Ovid to Pontus sent, for too much Wit;
Eth'rege to Turkey, for the want of it.*

³ Letter to Cooke, 28 Nov. '87: f. 147.

A letter of the following month¹ gives more news of Etherege's amusements ; he has good horses, hunts often, and is able to " bungle away now & then a morning at Tenis ; here is a pretty carré Court, & players so exactly seiz'd for S^r C.² that were he here, he wou'd live in it. Here are two very handsome young Ladys, but their unconscionable price is marriage ; nevertheless were I as Capable of a belle passion as some at my age are, they wou'd have cost me many a billet, and much time in tying my Cravat at 'em." The whole letter breathes a mellow and worldly philosophy ; news of Bob Woosley's quarrel with the minor poets is answered with " I wear flanel, S^r ; wherefore pray talke to me no more of Poetry," and passing to the Church, Etherege observes that " I have ever enjoy'd a liberty of Opinion in Matters of Religion ; 'tis indifferent to me whether there be any other in the world who thinks as I do ; this makes me have no temptation to talk of the business, but quietly following the light within me, I leave that to them, who were born with the ambition of becoming Prophets or Legislators."³ All these considerations were prompted by the news that his friends were reforming ; " the women need not rail at our changing ; few of us have the gift to be constant to ourselves. S^r C. S. setts up for good houres, and sobriety ; my L^d D. has given over variety, and shuts himself up within my Lady's arms, as you informe me " ; and though he accepts the fact with studied lightness, it was evidently something of a shock, and caused him to feel more than ever an

¹ To an unnamed correspondent at the Treasury, 19 Dec. '87 : f.
153 b.

² Sedley.

³ Etherege was not tolerant of the clerical profession ; " 'tis not amiss to see an humble clergy," he continues ; and his letter to Will Jephson in the following spring is extremely severe upon " the mischief they dayly do in the world " and " their pride, their passion, and their covetousness." (27 Feb./8 Mar.'87/8 : 169 b.)

exile: if Sedley and Dorset were among the virtuous, with whom could a man be sure of his ground? He recurs to the subject in January, and the letter is as good an example as need be of his easy relations with Ministers at home: "How to entertain you in this Vacation I know not. . . . I know you are M^r Secretary still, but I know not whether you are still the same Lord Middleton I left you; you may be grown as temperate as S^r Ch: Sydlie & as uxorious as my Lord Dorset; 'twou'd be a fine way then to make my Court to you to talk of wine and women. No: 'till you are pleas'd to instruct me better I shall keep myself upon my guarde and be as foppish as any you have in your Province."¹

About this time Etherege was concerned in a lawsuit in England, for on November 9, 1677, Dame Mary had lent £300 to a certain John Rowley on the security of two pieces of land and the tenements on them, and not only had Rowley died before the end of the year, without having paid off the mortgage, but Sir George and his wife had been unable to get possession of the property. The suit was still depending when Etherege wrote home to Bradbury on January 9/19, and its result is not known.²

¹ 16/26 Jan. '87/8: f. 160. The character given of Lord Middleton (the second Earl, 1640?–1719), at about the age of sixty, in the *Memoirs of the Secret Services of John Macky, Esq.*, states that "He is one of the politest Gentlemen in Europe; hath a great deal of Wit, mixed with a sound Judgment, and a very clear Understanding; of an easy, indifferent Access, but a careless Way of living. . . . He is a black Man, of a middle Stature, with a sanguine Complexion; and one of the pleasantest Companions in the World."

² Documents (among the Chancery Proceedings in the Record Office) concerning this suit, Hamilton: C. 7/573/66 and Mitford: C. 8/510/40, were discovered by Miss D. Foster, who gave a brief account of them in *The Times Literary Supplement* of Feb. 16, 1922. The property mortgaged to Dame Mary was part of a "longe slipp of ground in three partes devided called the Laystall Veases gardens and Watts his Close"—not "called Caystall," as printed by Miss Foster.

His correspondence was reserved for matters of greater human interest ; he begs Will Richards to " Remember me to all my friends at the Rose, and do not forget the lilly at the Bar,"¹ and he tells Lord Middleton that he hears so seldom from his acquaintance in London that " I was thinking of inviting M^r Julian² to a correspondence, that I might at least know how scandale goes."³ As for Ratisbon—" alas ! against my will in this hard hearted place there is not a maid of honor about Court, no not my Lady Etherege, who leads a more vertuous life than I do."

The last of Etherege's important letters which the secretary has copied was written to Jephson,⁴ and complains that " nature you know intended me for an idle fellow, and gave me passions and qualities fitt for that blessed calling, but fortune has made a Changling of me, & necessity now forces me to set up for a fop of business." By way of diplomacy, the Church, and the green-room he passes to literature : " tho' I have given over writing plays I shou'd be glad to read a good one, wherefore pray lett Will. Richards send me M^r Shadwells,⁵ when it is printed, that I may know what follies are in fashion ; the fops I knew are grown stale, and he is likely to pick up the best collection of new ones." At the end is a reminiscence of Julia : " the best fortune I have had here has been a player something handsomer, and as much a jilt as M^{rs} Barry."⁶ The secretary has copied two other letters, written, three days later, to d'Albeville and Middleton ; and with them his record of Etherege's correspondence

¹ 2/12 Feb. '87/8 : f. 163 b. For the Rose, see note to p. 32, l. 56.

² The famous " Secretary to the Muses."

³ 16/26 Feb. '87/8 : f. 165 b.

⁴ 27 Feb./8 Mar. '87/8 : f. 169 b.

⁵ *The Squire of Alsatia*, produced at Drury Lane in May.

⁶ Eleven days earlier he had described her, to Middleton, as " a Comedian no less handsom and no less kind in Dutchland, than M^{rs} Johnson was in England." f. 165 b.

comes to an end. A characteristic, gossipy letter of Aug. 23, '88, "To his Friend in London," has however been printed in *Familiar Letters*, Vol. II, 1697, and three others, of the following January, have survived elsewhere.¹

The political situation in England had grown steadily less hopeful since the accession of James, and the birth of the Prince of Wales, on June 10, 1688, with its prospect of a Catholic succession, brought popular dissatisfaction to a head. But the king's envoys abroad celebrated the event with great splendour, and Etherege sent home a full and lively account of the measures he thought fit to employ "at the general Dyet of the Empire, which is held in a manner in the Heart of all Christendom . . . where there is a greater Confluence of Ministers, than at the Courts of the greatest Monarchs."² The news reached him on July 6, and he at once requested the Abbot of St. James³ to charge himself with the Church-Thanksgivings, while he

¹ Hist. MSS. Com., Appendix to Seventh Report, p. 428, *Letters to Lord Preston* (MSS. of Sir F. Graham, Bart.).

² *An Account of the Rejoycing at the Dyet at Ratisbonne, Performed by Sir George Etherege, Kt. Residing there from His Majesty of Great Britain, Upon Occasion of the Birth of The Prince of Wales: In a Letter from Himself.* Printed by Edw: Jones in the Savoy 1688. (The secretary took a copy of this despatch in the Letter Book, f. 188).

³ This was a house of Scots Benedictines, on behalf of which Etherege had written a strong letter of appeal to Lord Middleton fifteen months earlier, pointing out that, as Middleton knew, the services of the Abbot were at the disposal of "any of our Countrey" who might be in Ratisbon; the revenues of his monastery were much reduced, to not above one hundred pounds a year, and it "bears his Majestie's name, and was founded by Prince William Brother to Achaius King of Scots in the time of Charlemaigne." (Letter of 31 Mar./10 Apr. '87: f. 72 b.)

The "Schotten Kloster zu S. Jacob" forms part of one side of the great square, the Jacobs-Platz (now called the Bismarck-Platz), in which Etherege's house was situated; it continued in the hands of the Scots Benedictines until early in the seventh decade of the nineteenth century, when the Bavarian government, in spite of their protests, took possession of it for the Bishop of Ratisbon, who coveted it for use as a seminary. In Etherege's time, however,

himself undertook "all which might make the Feasting part delightful and surprizing." They chose Sunday July 25, which was St. James's Day, for the celebration at the Abbey ; the Imperial Commission, the Members of the Diet and the foreign Ministers attended this ceremony, and also a subsequent state dinner at the Resident's house ; the Magistrates of the town obligingly lent their cannon for salutes and a Company of Foot to keep order ; and the populace enjoyed an ox roasted whole, and three fountains of wine which played from a rock, so that "it was a pleasant sight to see the Contests that arose, and the shifts the Rabble made who should get the greatest share." The celebrations lasted for three days, the Ladies and Cavaliers of the town and neighbourhood being entertained to supper on the second, and on the third "the Chief Magistrates and the whole Senate with so good a Dinner, that they own'd they never saw the like." But probably the best fun was on the second day, when Etherege and the ladies flung 400 pieces of silver from the window among the poor people below, and "while the Crowd was scrambling and fighting for the Mony, Footmen, who were placed in the Windows by for that purpose, flung 3 or 400 Squibs, to part them who were most mutinous ; this had an admirable effect, and caused much Laughter."

Before long, however, sobering news must have arrived from home. William of Orange, who had been invited on June 30 to bring an army and secure the liberties of the English people, issued his Declaration in September and landed at Torbay on November 5. On December 23 James embarked for France, and the throne which he was held to have vacated was offered to William and Mary in the monastery was at the height of its reputation under the rule of one of its most able heads, Placidus Fleming, a descendant of the Earls of Wigton, Abbot from 1672 to 1720. An account of its history and suppression will be found in the article on *Scottish Religious Houses abroad* in the Edinburgh Review, no. 243 (January 1864).

February 1689. Etherege, a pensioner and chosen representative of James, had nothing good to expect from his successor, and probably hoped to the last for a favourable issue of the trouble ; on January 28 he sent Lord Preston a translation of a paper recently read before the Diet by the Bavarian deputy, remarking that “the foolish and impudent author of the inclosed is so confident of the success of his party that he already places the Prince of Orange on the throne, regulating the affairs of England. The house of Austria can do nothing without the help of this Almanzor.”¹

When it was known that James had taken refuge at the French court, Etherege’s position at Ratisbon must have become impossible ; the more so as he had been kept in arrears with his salary, and there could now be small hope of recovery. It is probable that he left for Paris in haste² ; there was nothing to keep him at his post,

¹ See p. lxiv, note 1. Preston was then Lord President of James’s Council, and after the Revolution was active on his behalf ; he was favoured by Louis XIV, to whose court he had been English Envoy from 1682 till James’s accession.

² He left not only his library but some of his papers in the safe keeping of Abbot Fleming, for *The European Magazine* for June, 1795, prints an “ Extract from an Original Letter of Mr. Wigmore, Under Secretary of State, to Sir Geo. Etheridge, copied from Sir George’s Correspondence with the Scotch College at Ratisbon.” The letter was written the day after Nell Gwyn’s burial (in November 1687), and “with” must mean “in the keeping of.” It is to be feared that these papers have been dispersed, for Mr. Verity has recorded in the *Athenæum* for June 24, 1893 (p. 808), the results of a visit “lately” made to Ratisbon. He found in the library of the Schotten Kloster eight books bearing on the fly-leaf the entry, “Left by Sir Geo. Etherege with Abbot Fleming 1689.” One was a copy of Voiture’s *Works*, which opened at the poetical section. “None of the volumes contained any marginalia. The ‘Molière’ mentioned in the Letter-Book was not to be found. Several other books, *e.g.*, a copy of Cowley (1684), may have belonged to Etherege, as they corresponded with the list in the Letter-Book, and had been added to the library of St. James in this same year 1689 ; but the aforesaid entry was lacking. There were no papers of any sort.”

and his only prospects were now in France, where (as all Ratisbon knew) his sympathies had always been.¹ The only information available is from the secretary, who now saw a chance of recovering the difference between the salary he claimed and the salary he had been allowed. His statement—undated—about his master is that “Sir George having promised me in England threescore pound a year, with my own, & my man’s Diet, wou’d have flincht from his bargain when he came to Ratisbonne ; but money being sent him to Ratisbonne after he had left his post, and was retired to France, I laid an arrest upon it till I sho’d be paid what he owed me by his note in writing. After all my fair proposalls to be satisfy’d, he wou’d have shuffled me off, & writ to the Magistrats agst me, calling me his Domestick with other harsh terms, w^{ch} gave occasion to the following letter, sent him to Paris.”² The “following letter” is not, however, addressed to Etherege, who presumably was favoured with a copy of it, but to the Treasurers and other Senators of Ratisbon ; it is a violent attack on the late Resident, and is written in Latin, a language which lends itself admirably to vituperation, and was perhaps known by the secretary to be more familiar to the local magistrates than to his master—“homo vulgatæ nequitiae, et ad usum omnium facinorum peritis-simus.” But it is likely enough to be true that “illi non suppeditebat unde mihi aliisque Creditoribus satisfaceret, quando hinc abijt ad asylum apud Gallos quærendum.” The Resident, the complaint continues, had held his post for three years and six months, and even though 20,000 florins were owing to him from the English treasury, that was no reason why the secretary should forgive him a debt of 250 thalers. But by good luck a remittance of

¹ It is doubtful whether he had even troubled to master the German language ; the secretary writes on 6 Feb. '87 that he “has not as yet ten words of Dutch.” See also p. xl, note 1.

² f. 200.

500 thalers—part of Etherege's pension—had arrived from England after his departure; and the close of the Letter Book leaves the secretary in possession of this sum, and hoping to legalise his claim to a part of it.

Of the rest of Etherege's life, we only know that it was not long. Probably even his friends lost sight of him; Southerne, in the verses prefixed to Congreve's *Old Bachelor* (1693), speaks of

Loose, wandring, *Etherege*, in wild Pleasures tost,
And foreign Int'rests, to his hopes long lost :
Poor Lee and Otway dead !

which would suggest that he had survived the other two.¹ But his death must have occurred early in the year 1691,² when Narcissus Luttrell, summarising the chief news contained in letters from abroad during February, writes that “those from France say that Sir George Etherege, the late King James ambassador to Vienna, died lately in Paris.”³ It was the year in which Langbaine, in his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, was to express his hearty wish, “for the publick satisfaction, that this great Master would oblige the World with more of his Performances, which would put a stop to the crude and indigested Plays, which for want of better, cumber the Stage.”⁴

¹ Lee died in 1692.

² Lady Etherege did not long survive him. Colonel Chester, at Sir Edmund Gosse's request, searched his catalogues of the registers, and “found the record of administration to the estate of a Dame Mary Etheredge, widow, dated Feb. 1, 1692.” (Gosse, *Seventeenth Century Studies*, p. 265.)

³ Luttrell's *Brief Historical Narration*, II. 171. This definite statement, and the secretary's account of Etherege's departure for Paris, dispose of the report received by Oldys from “John Locker, Esq.;” that he “fell a martyr to his civility” at Ratisbon by tumbling down stairs and breaking his neck (“having perhaps, taken his glass too freely”) as he was seeing some guests out of his house.

⁴ pp. 187-8.

The praise may seem high, and yet—if to found a new type of comedy be sufficient title—a great master Etherege certainly was. Wycherley soon surpassed him in strength ; Congreve was to beat him on his own ground ; but he had taught them both, and his claim to novelty was admitted by his age. In the Prologue to his first piece, he had begged the judges to forget those “ Records of Wit,” the plays of Fletcher and Jonson,

And only think upon the modern way
Of writing, whilst y're censuring his Play,

but in the modern way his comedies showed possibilities hitherto only vaguely shadowed, and Rochester was right, when he spoke of the excellence of Shakespeare and Jonson, to add

Whom refin'd E . . . , copy's not at all,
But is himself, a sheer Original.¹

It was the novelty of Etherege's characters and methods that struck his contemporaries. Shadwell, whose idea of comedy seldom rose beyond the creation of fresh “ humours,” realised that even on this basis

Frolick, and Cockwood yet were good and new,²

and Dryden, throughout the Epilogue to *The Man of Mode*, is careful to praise Sir Fopling as a compound of the latest fashionable whims.³ Less favourable criticism is

¹ *An Allusion to Horace. The 10th Satyr of the 1st Book.* (Rochester's Poems, 1685, p. 36.) The Antwerpen edition (*circa* 1680) reads “a meer Original.”

² Prologue to *Bury-Fair*, 1689.

³ Dryden goes out of his way to praise Etherege in his attack on Shadwell some years later :—

Let Gentle George with Triumph Tread the Stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage,
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling charm the Pit,
And in their folly show the Writers Wit.

Mac Flecknoe, ll. 151-4.

more illuminating; Captain Alexander Radcliffe, in his *News from Hell*, represents Etherege as damned

for writing superfine,
With words correct in every Line :
And one that does presume to say,
A Plot's too gross for any Play :
Comedy should be clean and neat,
As Gentlemen do talk and eat.
So what he writes is but Translation,
From Dog and Pa[r]tridge¹ conversation.²

In other words, Etherege was more concerned to give an exact picture of fashionable life, with the added polish that comedy demands, than to elaborate the plots of his plays, which have some of the easy negligence of the social world they depict. The criticism is equally true of Congreve.

But it was the picture of life that was new—for we must forget the host of Etherege's successors in the type of comedy he founded, and recall the condition of the English stage in 1664.³ Since the Restoration, play-writing had

¹ The *Dog* (or *Setting-Dog*) and *Partridge* was a fashionable tavern, frequented by Etherege and Sedley; Charles Montague called the latter its "Darling Son" (Add. MS. 28644, f. 57 b.), and Etherege wrote home to Jephson, "I expect to see my Lord Carlingford in his way to Vienna, then you may be sure all the remains of the Dog & Partridge will be remembred." (27 Feb./8 Mar. '87/8 : f. 170.) References to it may be found in *The Country Wife*, I. i, and *The Sullen Lovers*, II. iii.

² *The Ramble*, 1682, p. 5. Etherege's name is added in a footnote to the text of the poem printed in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, 1716.

³ Oldys attributes the applause given to Etherege's plays by his contemporaries to "our Author's changing the study after old copies, and chimerical draughts from ungrounded speculation, which is but painting with dead colours, for those, taken directly from the freshest practise and experience in original life. He drew his characters from what they called the *Beau monde*; from the manners and modes then prevailing with the gay and voluptuous part of the world; which has made them appear the more natural, tho' we cannot say the more innocent. He has also spirited his dialogues, especially in the courtship of the fair sex, for which he is distinguished by Mr. Dryden and others, with a sparkling gaiety

begun again, but the theatres were still dependent on pieces produced before the civil war, and among the older comedies those of Jonson and Fletcher were favourites, Shakespeare's being too full of poetry and romance to suit the modern taste. Jonson and Fletcher, however, had in them qualities which maintained their appeal up to the close of the century; the "humours" of Jonson were still welcome, and Fletcher had the courtly air and the liveliness which Restoration audiences loved. Yet both of them were manifestly out of date, and there were elements in Jonson's comedy—his didacticism, his learning, the heavy-handed treatment of his women—that were no longer congenial. The Town was waiting for something that should represent its own image; and neither Cowley's juvenile extravagances,¹ nor Sir Samuel Tuke's Spanish intrigues,² nor Dryden's cumbersome improbabilities³ had hit that mark. *The Comical Revenge* was the first of the new plays to hold the mirror up to Covent Garden and the Mall.⁴

The defects of the piece are obvious enough, and were not overlooked at the time, though its merits carried them off triumphantly. The heroic rhymed drama of Davenant and Lord Orrery could not reasonably be yoked with realistic comedy and farce,⁵ and it was inevitable that the

which had but little appeared before upon the stage, in parts pretending to the character of modish Gallants." *Biographia Britannica*, Vol. III., 1750, p. 1842.

¹ *Cutter of Coleman Street*, 1661.

² *The Adventures of Five Hours*, 1663.

³ *The Wild Gallant*, 1663.

⁴ Its better known sub-title, *Love in a Tub*, was imitated in countless later pieces—*Love in a Wood*, *Love in a Maze*, *Love in a Sack*, *Love in a Riddle*, *Love in a Hollow Tree*, etc.

⁵ Etherege's general practice in the play is simple. The comic scenes are in prose; the heroic scenes are in heroic couplet, varied sometimes by a few lines of blank verse where he found couplets inconvenient (e.g. 17. 19-31, 18. 36, 21. 150-2, 22. 177-80, 40. 3-4, 41. 20-1, etc.). But he also tends to mark any passage among

prose and verse scenes should assert their independence. The comic part of the play is itself a medley ; the tub

the prose scenes, where deep feeling is introduced, by the use of blank verse. Even in his latest play this device is occasionally found ; Emilia's speech to Young Bellair on the frailty of love and life (205. 30-2) has a marked blank verse rhythm, and so have the short passage between Dorimant and Harriet in the Mall (235. 63-5), her answers to him after the dance (248. 114-120), the farewell of Bellinda and Dorimant (259. 42-4), and a few of Loveit's more passionate lines (267. 87, and 271. 225). But in *The Comical Revenge*, with its rapid transitions from heroic play to riotous comedy, there was naturally more scope for such variation. In its second scene, Sir Frederick and Beaufort talk easily in prose until the knight inquires after Beaufort's fortunes in love, whereupon the heroic lover takes to blank verse (7. 172-206), while his light-hearted cousin does not. Etherege seems to regard blank verse as a half-way house between the rhyming couplet of heroics and the prose of comedy ; it is so used by bearers of ill tidings, too agitated, perhaps, to speak correct couplets, but bringing news too serious for prose. Thus Lord Bevill and the Mourner use blank verse to announce the supposed deaths of Bruce (56. 11-7) and Sir Frederick (60. 1-19). Again in Act IV, sc. iv, Etherege marks the difference between the heroic duellists and the masked villains by confining the use of the couplet to the former, but at the same time there is something emotional and tragic about the villains which lifts them a little above prose, and their ring-leader opens with two lines of unmistakable blank verse, while later speeches (52. 3-17), though they will not fall into decasyllables, have some obvious blank verse rhythms. Similarly one comic scene, the third of Act I, begins with prose, but at line 10 Palmer embarks upon some serious meditations upon his career, which are held to justify fifteen lines of extremely rough blank verse, the return to prose being made as soon as the theory of knavery gives place to the practical prospect of bubbling Cully.

As an example of their highly artificial kind, the verse scenes of *The Comical Revenge* are less open to objection than those of most heroic plays ; Etherege allowed the servant to speak in prose (40. 14-5), was chary of the dangers of double rhyme, and only once sank into downright bathos—when

Noble Beaufort, one unlucky day,
A Visit to our Family did pay. (43. 90-1.)

Two of the more gnomic couplets (77. 42-3 and 12. 21-2) were honoured by inclusion in *Thesaurus Dramaticus*, 1724.

scenes are farcical, Cully and the sharpers recall the knaves and dupes of the Elizabethan stage,¹ and Sir Frederick and the Widow are finished creations of the comedy of manners. But the non-heroic scenes are unified by the ease and truth of their dialogue; the prose was such as no English theatre had yet heard, and the people were alive. Audiences which had suffered, only a year ago, from the lumbering unreality of Dryden's *Wild Gallant*,² were suddenly confronted with the world they knew. A gentleman of fashion has amused himself overnight in an escapade; valets discuss him, coachmen and link-boys come to claim their hire, fiddlers must be satisfied for broken heads, and Jenny brings an indignant message from her mistress: he has made such an uproar in the street that they must be forced to change their lodgings. "And thou art come to tell me whither;—Kind heart!" says the irrepressible knight. This was the easy, impudent wit that might be heard any day in St. James's Street and the New Exchange. It is true that Sir Frederick is a first sketch, and although he has the nonchalance of the man of fashion, and the skill in rejoinder that is never at a loss, he is not yet so finished a rake as Courtall or Dori-

¹ Here, however, as so often in Restoration comedies, it is necessary to remember that the most extravagant events might be modelled on plain fact. To the modern reader Cully's duel is chiefly suggestive of the more famous experiences of Bob Acres. But Roger North, in his *Life of the Lord Keeper Guilford*, describes how young Charles Crompton "not only diverted, but instructed his lordship in all the rakery and intrigues of the lewd town; and his own follies were his chief subject to rally upon, as he did with most lively description and wit: particularly his being cheated of his best horses brought up to him from the North, and bubbled into a duel, which came off with an acquittance signed upon the cheat's back in the field, and was the very action which Mr. Etheredge describes in his play of 'Love in a Tub.'" (*Lives of the Norths*, 1826, II. 233.)

² "This mottley garniture of Fool and Farce," Dryden himself calls it in the Epilogue he wrote for its revival.

mant ; his nocturnal window-breakings are too crude,¹ and his raillyery of Mrs. Rich is sometimes boorish. But this would be accepted in an age when widows were a mark for the broadest jests² ; and speeches, otherwise intolerable, may be condoned when there is a good understanding between the persons. Sir Frederick and the Widow are very nearly certain of one another ; they have made up their minds, though the knight affects to boggle at the loss of liberty, and follows the maxim of the Restoration stage that no man commits matrimony, even with a known Fortune, without first assuring himself that she is not to be won upon easier terms.³ This necessary point being decided, Sir Frederick, like Courtall and Dorimant, submits to his fetters willingly enough. And his sparring matches with the Widow—an opponent as formidable as she is charming—were to set a model in the thrust and parry of comedy for the next half century.⁴

Etherege did not fail to realise where his strength lay, and in *She wou'd if she cou'd* he renounced heroics, farce, and the cheats of the town, and devoted himself to the life around him. “ Well, Franck,” says Courtall in the third speech of the comedy, “ what is to be done to day ? ”, and the answer comes readily enough :—“ Faith, I think we must e'ne follow the old trade ; eat well, and prepare our selves with a Bottle or two of good *Burgundy*, that our old acquaintance may look lovely in our Eyes ; for, for

¹ Such feats were common enough (e.g. Rochester's *Maim'd Debauchee*, st. 9), but they laid him open, even then, to several shrewd thrusts from the Widow (33. 4-5 and 70. 103-8).

² Tom Killigrew's Mr. Jolly (An Humerous Gentleman, and a Courtier) speaks in the same tone to Lady Wild :—“ Farewell, Widow, mayst thou live unmarryed till thou run'st away with thyself.” (*The Parsons Wedding*, 1663, I. i.)

³ The test is not unnecessary in a society which includes Loveit and Bellinda as well as Harriet and the Widow, and the ladies themselves are aware that they must show their colours ; see Ariana's speeches, 173. 454-7 and 174. 474-7.

⁴ For instance, III. iii. 1-32 (pp. 33-4).

ought as I see, there is no hopes of new." An idle man's life ; an idle man's play ; but the life was that of the writer and his friends, "men of great impulsion," that were "every moment ratling from the Eating-Houses to the Play-Houses, from the Play-Houses to the Mulberry-Garden,"¹ and taking, as lightly as it came to them, "the harmless lust of the Town."² In consequence there is obvious reality in the portraits of Courtall and Freeman, Ariana and Gatty, Mrs. Gazer and Mrs. Trincket and Mr. Rake-hell ; and vigorous life also in Lady Cockwood and the two country knights, though here the modish townsman's contempt for the country gives a touch of satire to the brush, and Lady Cockwood is as near as Etherege ever comes to a Jonsonian "humour" or a type character of Molière. Sir Edmund Gosse has even called her "a female Tartuffe,"³ and has not been alone in the belief.⁴ But the claims of French comedy may be urged too far.⁵

¹ 108. 140-3.

² Etherege to Jephson, 27 Feb./8 March '87/8 : Letter Book f. 169 b.

³ *Seventeenth Century Studies*, p. 243.

⁴ "Après une étude approfondie, on reconnaît en Lady Cockwood une sœur de Tartufe." (*Molière en Angleterre 1660-1670*, par J.-E. Gillet, 1913, p. 70.) Dr. Gillet finds Etherege to be the "adaptateur le plus intelligent et le plus personnel" of Molière ; but Dr. D. H. Miles, though he recognises "the profound influence of Molière on Etheredge," points out many important points of contrast between them, and admits, in his final chapter, "that the Restoration would have produced a comedy not much different from the actual product, even had Molière never lived." (*The Influence of Molière on Restoration Comedy*, by D. H. Miles, 1910, pp. 180, 66-8 and 220.)

⁵ It is perhaps worth noting that several phrases in *She wou'd if she cou'd* suggest a recent reading of the two parts of *Henry IV*. Freeman hopes (108. 132) that Ariana and Gatty "have more charity, than to believe us of the number of the wicked" (cf. Falstaff, Part I, I. ii. 106) ; Sir Joslin (127. 23) promises Sir Oliver "a whole Bevy of Damsels in Sky, and Pink, and Flame-colour'd Taffeta's" (the latter as worn by the blessed sun himself, Part I, I. ii. 10-11) ; and Courtall (154. 183) thinks 'twere pity the ladies should have their "Curtains drawn in the dead of night" (like Priam's ; Part II, I. i. 72). And the waiter's name is Francis.

It is true that Etherege had probably seen Molière's early plays, *L'Étourdi*, *Le Dépit Amoureux*, and *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, before 1664, and he certainly made use of the latter in his portrait of Sir Fopling. He is likely enough to have seen *Le Tartuffe* before 1668. But the comedy of Molière, with its corrective satire, its type-characters, and its trick of exaggeration, is as plainly a different growth from the English comedy of manners as Jonson's moral lessons and satirical "humours" had been. The one thing that the Restoration could learn from Molière was ease of dialogue, and this was probably studied more from London life than from Parisian rhymed couplets, though the English court may have owed something to French society in this matter of wit and conversation. In plot and incident, of course, Molière was pillaged right and left from 1660 to the end of the century, but the very openness of the theft¹ shows how little he was regarded as a master; his plays were simply a public treasury, like the Spanish comedies, from which useful scenes and situations might be abstracted, to be worked up into something more nearly approaching the English taste for detailed observation of life, unhampered by generalising tendencies. The characters of Etherege are not types in the sense that those of Jonson, of Plautus, of Molière are types; they are contemporary portraits of persons who fall, of course, into some classification or other, but are painted in their own colours. Tartuffe is abstract hypocrisy clothed in flesh; Lady Cockwood is the flesh making use of hypocrisy as a cloak for a single failing. It is true that she is a satiric portrait; her insistence on her "honour"²

¹ "Moliere is quite rifled, then how should I write?" Song (satirising Shadwell) in Durfey's *Sir Barnaby Whigg*, 1681, p 28.

² In this point she had herself been anticipated by Tom Killigrew's Lady Love-all in *The Parsons Wedding*, III. v. This play is not very likely, however, to have been previously known to Etherege, as it was not acted until October 1664 (the year of its publication); though it may very possibly have been written before 1642, and a manuscript copy of another of Killigrew's plays still exists.

anticipates, at times, Wycherley's savage exposure of Mr. Horner's visitors. But it is not her hypocrisy that makes her distasteful to Courtall ; it is the fact that she is a woman of one idea, who reverses the proper relation of hunter and quarry, and has never had the benefit of the instructions which Tattle was to impart, some quarter of a century later, to Miss Prue.

Throughout this play, the author shows an easy familiarity with the pursuits and conversation of society, and a nice observance of its distinctions ; Sir Oliver and Sir Joslin, rustic in their manners and excesses, are objects of the slightly contemptuous tolerance of Courtall and Freeman, who do not even acknowledge the existence of Mr. Rake-hell till he obsequiously brings himself to the notice of each in turn.¹ But everything leads up to the joyous courtship of Ariana and Gatty ; in their dialogues with the two honest Gentlemen of the Town—eclipsing those of Sir Frederick and the Widow—the new comedy of manners has come to its own. The clever fencing between two pairs of opponents, whose hearts are just enough touched to give zest to the combat, is as delightful as it is brilliant, and the rapid turns and shifts of situation and intrigue² make an effective substitute for a more solid plot.

In *The Man of Mode*, plot is still secondary to life, that easy life of society, when all the world meets in the Park at High Mall, the most entertaining time of the evening, and the fops criticise passing beauties, and the ladies grumble at the intrusion of the rabble of the Town : “ See what a sort of nasty Fellows are coming,” says Loveit as the “ four ill-fashion'd Fellows ” enter singing ‘*Tis not for kisses alone*.³ Etherege, who “ perfectly understood

¹ 134. 186 ; 136. 224.

² These make the play peculiarly rich in dramatic irony ; e.g. 102. 103, and 126. 260-1.

³ 240. 227-9.

the World,"¹ makes these scenes as vivid as the reminiscences of London in his letters from Ratisbon, but the care for detail led to no neglect in structure, and it was a clever touch to defer Sir Fopling's entrance till the Third Act.² Sir Fopling, however, is not the chief attraction in the play, though his "great acquir'd Follies" make him its most conspicuous person. He is in some respects the goodliest fop of fops since born, for Etherege has handled him lovingly, humouring his extravagances, and tempering the breath of satire, so that he has an ingenuousness absent in his progeny, Sir Courtly Nice³ and Lord Foppington,⁴ as it had been in his predecessors, Mr. Frenchlove⁵ and Monsieur de Paris.⁶ He is an admirable piece of emptiness, but the core of the play is Dorimant, whose duels with Harriet are the final example of Etherege's chief contribution to English comedy. As in *She wou'd if she cou'd*, the scenes gain depth and charm from the undercurrent of seriousness they conceal so well; neither Dorimant nor Harriet will risk the exposure of real feeling, and when he seeks favour in so many words, she evades him with practised skill: "Let us walk," she says to Bellair, "'tis time to leave him, men grow dull when they begin to be particular."⁷ It is the height of polished coquetry; Etherege's women are fully a match for the men in any trial of wits; the sexes are on that equal footing which

¹ Dennis, *A Defence of Sir Fopling Flutter*, 1722, p. 1.

² Molière had employed the artifice in *Le Tartuffe*. It is interesting to compare Sir Fopling's dress, and his song, with those of Mascarille in the ninth scene of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, which Etherege had in mind.

³ John Crowne, *Sir Courtly Nice*, 1685.

⁴ Sir John Vanbrugh, *The Relapse*, 1697.

⁵ The Hon. James Howard, *The English Monsieur*, 1674 (acted 1666).

⁶ William Wycherley, *The Gentleman Dancing Master*, 1673.

⁷ 236. 90-1. Shadwell, who consistently steals from Etherege, copied and spoilt this in *A True Widow*. "If you make love, you'll grow dull," says Theodosia to Carlos in Act II.

Meredith held essential for true comedy. But though the characters follow the social code that conceals all feeling under epigram and carelessness, Harriet is given enough heart to make her lovable, and enough head to win our respect ; it is a wise woman who banishes Dorimant till his love is grown strong enough to make him bear being laughed at,¹ and yet will consent to his visits if he cares to endure even the country—that bugbear of all gallants²—for her sake. Her invitation is half a warning ; it is “ to a great rambling lone house, that looks as it were not inhabited, the family’s so small ; there you’ll find my Mother, an old lame Aunt, and my self, Sir, perch’d up on Chairs at a distance in a large parlour ; sitting moping like three or four Melancholy Birds in a spacious vallery—Does not this stagger your Resolution ? ”³ Etherege is sparing indeed in the use of tenderness, but his restraint is justified in those rare moments when he allows himself such an effect as this. Millamant and Mirabel were not the first of their race.⁴

As for Dorimant, his head is unquestionably better than his heart, and the modern reader must resign himself to a world which held that its Loveits and Bellindas could not eat their cake and have it too. An amour is pleasant, but when it ceases to be pleasant, it is broken off as a matter of course ; Etherege had written in his own person some years earlier,

It is not, *Celia*, in our power
To say how long our love will last,

¹ 249. 181-2.

² And of all ladies too ; witness Gatty (102. 129-30), and the adventure of Bellinda (265. 28-44) which Congreve imitated in the still more famous experience of her namesake in *The Old Bachelor* (IV. iv.).

³ 287. 421-6.

⁴ In Him all Beauties of this Age we see ;
Etherege his Courtship, Southern’s Purity.

Dryden, *To my Dear Friend Mr. Congreve, On His Comedy, call’d, The Double-Dealer.*

It may be we within this hour
 May lose those joys we now do taste ;
 The Blessed, that immortal be,
 From change in love are only free.¹

Consequently, if either party has grown tired of the connection, it is unreasonable for the other to object. Such objections even justify a little rigour in the handling of the separation, though it must be contrived with wit, and a man of fashion remains calm and resourceful under any provocation. Dorimant is weary of Mrs. Loveit, and has taken another lady to the playhouse ; when next they meet, Loveit attacks him hotly : “ Faithless, inhuman, barbarous man——” (“ Good,” says Dorimant interrupting, “ now the Alarm strikes ”) “ without sense of love, of honour, or of gratitude, tell me, for I will know, what Devil masked she was, you were with at the Play yesterday ? ”² Dorimant has no intention of answering this, and he has the perfect parry in readiness : “ Faith,” he says, “ I resolved as much as you, but the Devil was obstinate, and would not tell me.” He is imperturbable throughout the scene, and one of its neatest exchanges occupies, in attack and defence, the space of four words ; Loveit grows more and more furious, and at last exclaims “ False man ! ” Dorimant’s reply is simply “ True woman ! ”

The amours of Dorimant raise at once all those questions of conduct and taste which have been hotly debated ever since 1698. It is largely a question of disposition and training ; there will always be angry moralists to side with Jeremy Collier, Steele, Macaulay, and William Archer ; there will always be sane and not less intelligent persons who hold the view of Dennis and Hazlitt and Mr. John Palmer ; and there will always be the half-hearted, who enjoy Restoration comedy, are afraid of the moralists, and perch uneasily on the fence provided by Charles Lamb.

¹ *To a Lady, asking him how long he would love her.* Kemp’s Collection of Poems, 1672.

² 214. 153-7.

It may perhaps be suggested, however, that in this matter the *sæva indignatio* of Steele is out of place. The question is one, not of morals, but of history: "Blame 'em not," says Wycherley's Dorilant of the dramatists of his time, "they must follow their Copy, the Age."¹ Macaulay's judgment of Wycherley is notorious; his "indecency is protected against the critics as a skunk is protected against the hunters. It is safe, because it is too filthy to handle, and too noisome even to approach." Yet Dryden, a contemporary witness, acquainted with the manners of the day, says that "the author of the *Plain Dealer*, whom I am proud to call my friend, has obliged all honest and virtuous men"² by that satirical piece.

In more recent years, Macaulay's unsavoury comparison has been revived by William Archer, who says of Restoration comedy in general, "We hold our noses as we read. It is all very interesting from a 'historical' point of view, as illustrating the coarse insensitiveness of our ancestors' nerves. But, æsthetically, a stench is a stench, even if it is wafted to us from the seventeenth century."³ Of course, every one knows that the reader of these plays must expect the freedom of language used by their authors and audiences, and if he cannot stand it, he will not read. But let us examine an instance. "Dorimant (supposed to represent Lord Rochester)," says Archer, "addresses the orange-woman with gratuitous and foul-mouthed ruffianism." Not a bit of it—though if his critic had used such language at a twentieth-century fruit-stall, there would have been some excuse for the adjectives. Dennis—a contemporary witness—does not call Dorimant's language foul-mouthed or ruffianly; he calls it Rochester's "agreeable Manner of his chiding his Servants."⁴ But the

¹ *The Country Wife*, 1675, III. ii.

² *Apology for Heroic Poetry*, 1677.

³ *The Old Drama and the New*, 1923, p. 174.

⁴ *A Defence of Sir Fopling Flutter*, 1722, p. 19.

victim herself is the best evidence of all ; she had been greeted as “ double Tripe,” a “ Cart-load of Scandal,” and even “ an insignificant Brandy Bottle ” ; but what does she know of the virtuous indignation of to-day ? She takes the language as it is meant, without turning a hair, knowing perfectly well that Dorimant and Medley think none the worse of her for their fertility of epithet ; but the moment they send for the Shoemaker, who is like to call her names in good earnest, she speaks her mind, and the mind of the orange-woman of all time : “ Good Mr. *Dorimant*, pay me ; Gad, I had rather give you my Fruit than stay to be abus’d by that foul-mouth’d Rogue ; what you Gentlemen say it matters not much, but such a dirty Fellow does one more disgrace.”¹

It is the same with the amours of Mrs. Loveit and Bellinda ; we must adopt the point of view of the age, and not blame the author for picturing what he saw. Bellinda had made herself too cheap, and Loveit had added to this error the folly of expecting the impossible. The verdict of experience and the world is spoken by Harriet : “ Mr. *Dorimant* has been your God Almighty long enough, ‘tis time to think of another.”² Dorimant himself, earlier in the play, complains of Loveit that women are commonly as unreasonable in love as they are at Play, since “ without the Advantage be on your side, a man can never quietly give over when he’s weary.”³ No one will deny that for the modern reader he is too cold-blooded in this matter, and we are apt, like Sir Richard Steele, to censure his “ falsehood to Mrs. Loveit, and the barbarity of triumphing over her anguish for losing him.” Steele, however, went further than this ; he called Dorimant not only a knave but a clown, and complained that though “ the received character of this play is, that it is the pattern of genteel comedy,” yet the “ whole celebrated piece is a perfect contradiction to good manners, good sense, and common

¹ 194. 163-7.

² 286. 388-9.

³ 228. 107-8.

honesty. . . . At the same time I allow it to be nature, but it is nature in its utmost corruption and degeneracy.”¹

The answer is simple: *tempora mutantur*. *The Man of Mode* is not the idealising sentimental comedy that Steele created, but a genteel comedy it certainly is, for it drew the polite manners of its day, and showed nature as nature was to be seen in the London of 1676. The final word is that of John Dennis, who was acquainted with Etherege, and survived to refute Steele. Dorimant, says Dennis, “is an admirable Picture of a Courtier in the Court of King Charles the Second. But if *Dorimont* [sic] was design’d for a fine Gentleman by the Author, he was oblig’d to accommodate himself to that Notion of a fine Gentleman, which the Court and the Town both had at the Time of the writing of this Comedy. ’Tis reasonable to believe, that he did so, and we see that he succeeded accordingly. For *Dorimont* not only pass’d for a fine Gentleman with the Court of King Charles the Second, but he has pass’d for such with all the World, for Fifty Years together. And what indeed can any one mean, when he speaks of a fine Gentleman, but one who is qualify’d in Conversation, to please the best Company of either Sex.”²

Sir George Etherege, himself an ornament of a court “the most polite that ever *England* saw,” would have asked, perhaps, no greater praise than that.

¹ *Spectator*, No. 65. A very sensible examination of Steele’s objections, by Oldys, will be found in *Biographia Britannica*, Vol. III, 1750, pp. 1843-4.

² *A Defence of Sir Fopling Flutter*, 1722, pp. 8-9.

TEXT OF THE PLAYS

THE history of the text of Etherege's plays is in no way unusual. The three original quartos are the only real authority. Naturally they are subject to ordinary printers' errors, but these are not very numerous, nor are they difficult to detect. The succeeding quartos and the first collected edition of 1704 gradually rectified most of the obvious and trivial slips, but, as usually happens, they introduced other and more serious mistakes of their own. All three of the original quartos contain readings, obviously correct, which were lost or corrupted in every later edition; for example, a short speech of Lady Cockwood's (p. 123, l. 154) has been omitted in every text of *She wou'd if she cou'd* from the first, in 1668, until the present edition.

It is needless, under these circumstances, to discuss minutely the comparative merits of the later copies, but a few general remarks may be of use. The origin of some of the worst mistakes is the text of 1704, which also adopts a number of errors from the 1669 quarto of *The Comical Revenge* which were not repeated in the three later quartos. The small octavo editions of *She wou'd if she cou'd* (1710) and *The Man of Mode* (1711) incorporate a number of the errors of 1704, but more often they preserve good readings of the quartos. The later collected editions of 1715, 1723 and 1735 usually repeat the errors of 1704, but 1715 corrects a few of them, and 1723 and 1735 correct one or two more. The editorial methods adopted by Verity in his handsome

volume of 1888 were summarised in a paragraph of the leaf of announcement which preceded his edition:—“ Etheredge’s three comedies are here printed from the 1704 edition of his works; the text of the latter is practically identical with that of the quartos. The Editor has thought it well to make occasional alterations in the stage directions, which were sometimes vague and incorrect; also, the French words sprinkled throughout the plays have been modernized, and the same remark applies generally to the text.” Verity had some of the quartos at his disposal; copies of *The Comical Revenge*, 1669, *She wou'd if she cou'd*, 1693, and *The Man of Mode*, 1676, bound up in a volume with the inscription “A. W. Verity from Edmund Gosse,” were subsequently presented by him to the Cambridge University Library. But his confidence in the 1704 text unfortunately led him into most of its errors, including some (such as “Coach-poles” for “Catch-poles,” 84. 112) in which it had previously been unique.

The present text was set up from a copy of the 1704 edition corrected throughout from the first quartos in the Bodleian, and much care has been taken to secure its faithfulness. The text of *The Comical Revenge* has been read separately in proof (1) with the Bodleian copy of Q. 1, (2) with the editor’s copy of Q. 1, and (3) with the Thorn-Drury copy of Q. 2. The text of *She wou'd if she cou'd* has been read separately with each of the editor’s copies of Q. 1, and the text of *The Man of Mode* (for which Malone 107 was originally used for the body of the play, and Ashm. 1041 for the last leaf) has also been read separately with each of the editor’s copies. By this means it was hoped (a) to ensure accuracy in the text, and (b) to discover any variations existing in different copies of the original quarto through corrections or accidents during its printing. The results under (a), it is hoped, are positive, and those under (b) are not entirely negative,

though their main effect has been to prove that variations between different copies are very rare. Those in *The Comical Revenge* are limited to dropped letters; at 29. 2 the "thousand" of the Bodleian copy is reduced in the British Museum copy and in the editor's to "tho uſ a," and at 83. 54 the y of "may" has dropped out in all three copies, but in the Bodleian the t of "vanity" (immediately above "may" in Q. 1) is half-way between the lines, while in the British Museum and the editor's it has completed its descent and turned "ma" into "mat."

The other two plays, however, provide examples of a deliberate change of text. At 178. 621, the British Museum copy, the Pepysian copy and both the editor's copies of Q. 1 of *She wou'd if she cou'd* read "heartily" [end of a line in the quarto] and "Hungry" [beginning of the next line], but the Bodleian copy reads in the second line "A hungry." This must have been altered in the printing house while the sheets were being pulled. And a few instances of correction during the printing occur in *The Man of Mode*. Most of them are trivial; at 247. 107 the reading "Harriat" of Malone 107, the Cambridge University Library copy, and one of the editor's copies is corrected to "Harriet" in Ashm. 1041, both the British Museum copies, and the editor's other copy. Again, at 230. 187 both "Ambara's" and "Ambaras" are found, and at 235. 71 "bare-fac'd", "barefac'd" and "bare fac'd"¹. One difference, however, is important; at 279. 157-8, where Harriet's speech occupies two lines in the quarto, both of the British Museum copies and one of the editor's copies conclude the upper line at "Hampshire," and do not contain "little" in the lower. This omission was evidently noticed in the printing house, and the editor's other copy, with the Cambridge copy and both the Bodleian

¹ The first of each of these readings is the correct one: cf. 228, 123 and 274. 307.

copies, restores "little" (presumably from the author's MS.) in the lower line, and transfers "I shall" to the upper to make room for it.

The task of the editor of seventeenth-century plays is not easy, and he who steers a middle course between the type-facsimile and the fully modernised text is liable to abuse from both factions. But the purpose kept in view has been to provide a text which shall be readable by the general public, and shall at the same time be made trustworthy for the use of scholars by a full account of its variations from the original. Detailed changes of text, type and punctuation are discussed in the next paragraph, but certain general principles have also been adopted: in a few places where the italicised name or description of a speaker was not separated from the speech by a full stop, the accidental irregularity has been tacitly corrected; italic punctuation has been used systematically in italicised passages (such as songs) or between two words in italics, but otherwise roman (the practice of all three quartos being highly irregular, italic points being frequently used with roman letter, and *vice versa*); the long f has been preserved only in the type-facsimiles of the three title-pages; lines of songs have occasionally been indented, according to the rhyme, when the original compositor had neglected to do this; and the division of prose speeches into lengths giving a suggestion of blank verse, common to all prose comedies from Dryden to Congreve, has been discarded, prose speeches being printed as prose.¹ It is merely exasperating to any reader unfamiliar with the

¹ Blank verse, also, was harshly treated at times; for instance the two lines now restored at 53. 35-6 were printed:—

Their blood's too good to grace such
Villains Swords. Courage, brave men; now
We can match their Force.

Lord Bevill's lines to Graciana (56. 11-17) were hardly less barbarously divided.

printing of the period to be confronted with such imaginary verse lines as :—

Thou hast a notable brain ;
Set me down a Crown for a
Plaister ; but forbear your rebukes.¹

In the present text, therefore, Etherege's excellent prose is released from this bed of Procrustes. The process has entailed one small responsibility ; it has been necessary for the editor to decide whether the word beginning the original "verse" line should retain its capital. In nouns, the practice of the printer in the passage concerned has been considered in each case ; in other words the capital has been discarded unless required by the punctuation.

Apart, however, from the general procedure described in the last paragraph, no alteration, however slight, of the spelling, punctuation, or use of roman and italic founts in the text of the first quartos has been made without detailed acknowledgement in the list of *Readings of the First Quartos*, while points of importance are further treated in the *Textual Notes*. The use of capitals and italics has been altered only when it was evidently due to a misprint or misapprehension (the compositor of Q. 1 of *The Comical Revenge*, for instance, did not understand that Clark was a surname, and italicised it in stage directions accordingly). Changes in spelling have been made very sparingly, for it is difficult in works of this period to draw a clear line between misprints and irregularities ; an occasional example of the latter has been altered to accord with the author's practice, but tolerance has been thought desirable.² The original method of indicating French words, or broken English, has been followed ; these were usually

¹ *The Comical Revenge*, I. ii. 7-8.

² It will be seen, for instance, that the printer of 1664 habitually spelt "then" for "than" ; the printer of 1668 uses both spellings ; and the printer of 1676 uses "than" only. The practice of the printer of 1664 in using a capital after a colon, in which he differs from the printers of 1668 and 1676, has also been respected.

shown by the simple device of printing an accent on the final syllable, but occasionally by the use of an apostrophe (Ambara's 228. 123, 230. 187; 'en Masquerade 136. 240). A few contractions have been expanded in *The Comical Revenge*; and a few reported speeches in *The Man of Mode*, which a modern printer would place between quotation marks, have been italicised for the reader's convenience; but the list of *Readings of the First Quartos* is chiefly made up of indications of the original punctuation, which has been very occasionally altered in the first two plays, and very frequently in the third.

This last point requires some defence, for no modern editor changes the punctuation of an early text without great reluctance. In the first two plays it has been possible to preserve it almost intact, but the 1676 edition of *The Man of Mode*, apart from downright errors, is punctuated so lightly as to cause inconvenience, and it has frequently seemed desirable to indicate the run of a sentence and the position of the chief pauses by supplying commas or by turning some of the existing commas into semicolons. The disinclination of the compositor of 1676 to use the semicolon is the chief source of difficulty; it throws too much work upon his commas, and precludes differentiation between trivial and serious pauses. With the original punctuation, a reader to-day would frequently be inconvenienced, and would occasionally be obliged to re-read a sentence. This difficulty may be found here and there even in the two earlier plays; for instance, "Why have you no pity; Widow?" (61. 30) looks like a request for a reason until the pause after "Why" is marked, and it would hardly be apparent from "How didst thou shuffle away *Rake-hell* and the *Lady's Brother*?" (142. 444) that "Brother" was in the vocative case. (All three quartos are, by modern notions, too sparing of the comma before a vocative; "How do you like *Emilia's* dancing *Brother*?", at 244. 3, is another example; it was the practice of the

time.¹) But on the whole the punctuation of the original quartos of *The Comical Revenge* and *She wou'd if she cou'd* presents no difficulty, and few changes have been necessary. That of *The Man of Mode* was less carefully handled, particularly in the omission of “?” and “!” and in confusion between them: on p. 219, ll. 9-12, “?” was used for “!” three times in four lines. But its usual fault was excessive lightness of punctuation, and many of the changes of the present edition were anticipated in the later quartos, less than twenty years after the first printing of the play.

Although, however, it has seemed desirable to bring the punctuation of *The Man of Mode* more into line with that of the other plays, this has not been done without careful consideration in every instance; and not a single change has been made without providing the necessary evidence of alteration in the list of *Readings of the First Quartos*, so that the original punctuation of any doubtful passage can be recovered at will. This is the more desirable,² as in one or two passages the change involves a different turn to the meaning of a sentence from that of the original (and presumably erroneous) punctuation; perhaps the best example of this will be found at 134. 190-1, where it is just possible to make out a case—though a weak one—for the quarto.

It would perhaps be more reasonable to be grateful for

¹ It is possible, however, to find sentences here and there in which the commas were sprinkled in 1664 with the same excessive liberality so often seen to-day; an example may be seen at 62. 46-7.

² It is also desirable because differences of editorial opinion are possible; in the last scene of *The Man of Mode*, for instance, at 274. 6 Verity places his semicolon after “name” instead “Madam”; at 279. 167 he places a semicolon after “too,” thereby missing the suggestion of cause and effect which the quarto punctuation conveys (perhaps wrongly) to me; at 280. 206-7 he places his semicolon after “bains” instead of “Smirk”; and at 284. 345 he prints “day; hey, page?”

the careful punctuation of the quartos of 1664 and 1668, than to revile the quarto of 1676, which is no more disconcerting in this matter than many others of the period. The punctuation of Etherege's MSS. probably left a good deal to the compositor and the printer's reader; his few surviving holograph letters do not suggest that he took much trouble over his stops, and they betray a regrettable habit of using a comma at the end of a sentence.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE PLAYS

THE following list of editions comprises all those known to the editor, and it is unlikely that any others of importance will be discovered, though there may possibly have been further late and textually worthless reprints of separate plays, such as the Dublin and Edinburgh editions of *The Man of Mode*.¹ It should perhaps be mentioned that the late Mr. H. F. House, whose books were kept in storage and were not easily accessible, was of the opinion that he possessed a copy of a third 1664 quarto (differing from the other two) of *The Comical Revenge*; but as no such copy came to light at the sale of his library,² this rather unlikely possibility may be dismissed.

It may be assumed that the quarto editions of all three plays were published, stitched, at 1s., which is the price given in such advertisements as have been traced; *She wou'd if she cou'd*, "Quarto. Price 1s.", was announced in the first number (probably November) of *Mercurius Librarius* among the books "Printed and Published in Michaelmass Term, 1668", and *The Man of Mode*, "In Quarto. Price, stitcht, 1s." is found in Number 9 (Licensed November 22, 1676) of "A CATALOGUE OF BOOKS Continued, Printed and Published at London in Michaelmas Term, 1676." The 1684 edition was also published at 1s. (*Ibid.*, No. 14, Feb. 1684.)

¹ The value of such reprints is historical; they show the popularity of the play with the audiences of provincial theatres in the eighteenth century.

² Sotheby's, January 21-4, 1924.

Differences of fount (roman or italic, upper or lower case) are shown in the following collations of title-pages, but it would be hard to distinguish—short of a type-facsimile—between all the various sizes of letter used in the originals. Where, however, different sizes of capital are used in the same word, the distinction has been kept.

Rules on title-pages, mentioned in the following collations, extend fully across the page unless described as short. In references to copies, “*Bod.*” and “*B.M.*” indicate Bodleian and British Museum shelf-marks, “*B-S*” a copy [“*B-S (2)*” two copies, etc.] in the editor’s possession.

SEPARATE EDITIONS

i. *The Comical Revenge*

“A Play Intituled The Comicall Revenge or Love in a Tub, by Geo: Etheridge, Gent” was entered to Master Henry Herringman in the Stationers’ Register on July 8, 1664. The editions known are as follows.

1. 1664, quarto. Collation: A–N⁴. [A 1] a blank. [A 2] title: words, rules and line-arrangement as in the type-facsimile on page [1] of the present edition: *verso* blank. A 3 *The Epistle Dedicatory*. [A 4] *Personæ Dramatis*: *verso* THE | PROLOGUE. B–N₂ text of the play, pp. (1)–(92). Pagination in round brackets in middle of page, at top; no running title. [N 3] EPILOGUE: *verso* THE | EPILOGUE. [N 4] a blank.

No copy seen with either of the original blanks.

Copies used: *Bod. Malone* 914: *B-S*.

Copy examined: *B.M. c. 71. e. 10* (a recent acquisition).

2. 1664, quarto. Collation: A–K⁴. [A 1] title, reset, but following very closely that of 1: *verso* blank. A 2 *The Epistle Dedicatory*. [A 3] *Personæ Dramatis*: *verso* THE | PROLOGUE. [A 4]–[K 3] text of the play,

pp. (1)-(71). Pagination in round brackets in middle of page at top; no r.t. [K 3] *verso*, EPILOGUE. [K 4] THE | EPILOGUE. : *verso* blank.

Copy used: *penes* G. Thorn-Drury Esq., K.C.

Copies examined: *B.M. c. 71. e. 9* (a recent acquisition): *Pepysian Library*.

3. 1667, quarto. Collation: A-K⁴. [A 1] title, reset, but following very closely those of 1 and 2, except in the date, 1667. [A 2], etc., as described under 2 above. Reset throughout, but a page-for-page reprint of 2.

Copy used: *B-S*.

Copy examined: *B.M. 841. c. 1. (5)*.

4. 1669, quarto. Collation: A-K⁴. [A 1] title, reset, but following in arrangement those of 1, 2 and 3. The variations are: comma (for semicolon) in 1. 2; *fields* (for *Fields*) in 1. 8; and the date, 1669. Reset throughout, but following 2 and 3 page for page, except that the first page of *The Epistle Dedicatory* ends nine words earlier, these words being carried to the second page.

Copy used: *B-S*.

Copies examined: *Bod. Malone 107*: *B.M. 644. h. 32* : *Camb. Univ. Lib. Syn. 6. 66. 8 (1)*. This last is a composite and imperfect copy, the 1669 quarto being complete only to p. 56 ([H 3] *verso*), which is followed by pp. 73-92 (L-N 2) of *Q. 1* (1664). The Epilogues are missing.

5. 1689, quarto. Collation: A-K⁴. [A 1] title: THE | Comical Revenge; | OR, | LOVE | IN A | TUB. | As it is now Acted | At Her Majesty's Theatre. | [single rule] | By Sir George Etherege. | [double rule] | LONDON, | Printed for *H. Herringman*, and are to be sold by *Francis Saunders* | at the *Blue Anchor*, in the Lower Walk of the | *New-Exchange*, 1689. *Verso* blank. A 2 The Epistle Dedicatory blank.

tory. [A 3] Personæ Dramatis. : *verso* THE | PROLOGUE. [A 4]–[K 3] text of the play, pp. 1–71. Pagination at outer top corner of page; r.t. (on pp. 2–71) *LOVE in a TUB.* [K 3] *verso*, EPILOGUE. [K 4] THE | EPILOGUE. : *verso* blank. A copy in my possession has, after [K 4], an unsigned leaf containing a two-page list of “Books newly Printed for James Knapton, at the *Crown* | in St. Paul’s Church-yard.”, but this cannot have formed part of the edition, nor have I seen it in any other copy.

Twenty years had passed since the previous edition, and the style of *The Epistle Dedicatory* of the earlier quartos, “To the Honourable | CHARLES Lord BUCKHURST.”, would no longer have been correct. The *Epistle* of 1689 is addressed “TO THE | Right Honourable | CHARLES | EARL of | DORSET and MIDDLESEX, | Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty’s Household, | Lord Lieutenant of Sussex, and one of their | Majesties most Honourable Privy-Council.” This leaves less room on A 2 *recto*, and all the second paragraph of the *Epistle*, except its first line, is found on A 2 *verso*. The text of the play follows 2, 3 and 4 page by page, though not with complete fidelity, for sig. K ends with a line which should strictly begin K *verso*.

Copies used: B–S (4).

Copy examined: B.M. 644. h. 33.

6. 1690, quarto. A re-issue of the 1689 sheets, with an altered title. The first nine lines of the title have not been reset, but the imprint is changed to “LONDON, | Printed for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold by | Samuel Manship, at the *Black Bull* in *Cornhill*, 1690.”

Copy used: B–S.

Copies examined: B.M. 841. d. 25: B.M. 644. h. 34.

7. 1697, quarto. Collation: A–I⁴, K². [A 1] title: THE | Comical Revenge; | OR, LOVE | IN A | TUB. |

As is now Acted | BY HIS | MAJESTY's SERVANTS. |
[single rule] | By Sir George Etherege. | [double rule] |
LONDON, | Printed by T. Warren for Henry Herringman,
and are to | be Sold by J. Tonson, F. Saunders, T. Bennet,
| and K. Bentley, 1697. Verso blank. A 2 The Epistle
Dedicatory. [A 3] Personæ Dramatis. : *verso THE* | PRO-
LOGUE. [A 4]-K text of the play, pp 1-68. Pagination
at outer top corner of page; r.t. (on pp. 2-68) *LOVE in a*
TUB. [K 2] EPILOGUE: *verso THE EPILOGUE.*

Copy used: Bod. Douce E. 243

Copy examined: B-S.

The priority of Q. 1 can hardly be doubted. It is printed in a bolder letter, which allows the text to extend to 92 pages against the 71 of its contracted successors. It is alone among the quartos of Etherege in using for side-notes, where space is short, a type much smaller than that of the ordinary stage-directions, while in the text it occasionally abbreviates "Sir" to "S^r" for the same reason, and regularly prints "M^r" instead of "Mr.", a form which it uses once only. Apart from these points, its text is followed by Q. 2 with remarkable fidelity, even the use or omission of initial capitals in ordinary nouns being almost always exactly observed, so that it is not easy to point to differences of unmistakable import. A few, however, are to be found. The more inconvenient contractions of Q. 1 are expanded; in Act V, Scene ii, the fiddlers call on their employer for aid:—"Help, help, Sir Fred. murder, murder!" which becomes in Q. 2:—"Help, help, Sir Frederick, murder, murder!" In Q. 1, the name of the girl waiting upon Aurelia is spelt Letitia in the *Personæ Dramatis* and throughout Act V, Sc. ii, but Leticia throughout Act II, Sc. ii. In Q. 2 the name is still Letitia in the *Personæ Dramatis*, but is Leticia throughout *both* scenes, from which it would appear that the later compositor, remembering the Leticia of Act II when he came to Act V,

altered his text accordingly. (The compositor of Q. 1 was printing from MS., which probably had the spellings he reproduced. It is perhaps worth noting that the spelling of Q. 2 is simpler; e.g. on p. 37 l. 18-19, the "waite" and "ayre" of Q. 1 become "wait" and "air" in Q. 2.)

But the omission or addition of a word is the best evidence. At the beginning of Act I, Dufoy says in his broken English "me did advisé him go to bed" (p. 1, l. 11). This is the reading of Q. 1 only; Q. 2, followed by all subsequent editions, both quarto and octavo, anglicises it by adding "to" before "go." Again on p. 59, l. 53, Dufoy hopes (in Q. 1) that the Coach-man "vil have de verié convenient halter"; and the un-English definite article is omitted in Q. 2 and all subsequent editions. And finally, on p. 24, l. 53, Palmer sings (in Q. 1) "If any man baulk his Liquor"; but "his" is omitted in Q. 2. The loss of it damages the run of the metre, which is no doubt the reason for its restoration in Q. 3 and thereafter, although Q. 3 was certainly set up from Q. 2.

2. *She wou'd if she cou'd*

"A copie or booke intituled *Shee would if shee could A Comodie* written by George Etheredge, Esq;" was entered to Master Henry Herringman in the Stationers' Register on 24 June, 1668. The editions known are as follows.

1. 1668, quarto. Collation: A², B-M⁴, N². [A 1] title: words, line-arrangement, rules and printer's ornament as in the type-facsimile on p. [89] of the present edition (the ornament is not in facsimile): *verso* blank. A 2 Dramatis Personæ: *verso* blank. B-N² text of the play, pp. (1)-(92). Pagination in round brackets in middle of page, at top; no r.t.

Copies used: Bod. 4°. O. 29 Art.: B-S (2).

Copies examined: B.M. 644. h. 29: *Pepysian Library*.

2. 1671, quarto. Collation: A², B-L⁴, M². [A 1] title: She wou'd if She cou'd, | A | COMEDY. | ACTED AT HIS HIGHNESS | THE | Duke of York's | THEATER. | [single rule] | WRITTEN | By GEORGE ETHEREGE Esq; | [single rule] | In the SAVOY: | Printed by T.N. for H. Herringman, at the Sign of | the Blew Anchor in the Lower-walk of | the New Exchange. 1671. Verso blank. B-[M 2] text of the play, pp. (1)-(84). Pagination in round brackets in middle of page, at top; no r.t.

Copies used: B-S (2).

Copies examined: Bod. Malone 107: B.M. 644. h. 30.

3. 1693, quarto. Collation: A-I⁴, K². [A 1] title: She wou'd if She cou'd; | A | COMEDY. | As it is Acted at the | THEATER-ROYAL, | BY | Their MAJESTIES Servants. | [single rule] | Written by | Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE. | [single rule] | LONDON, | Printed by T. Warren for Henry Herringman, and are to | be Sold by R. Bentley, J. Tonson, F. Saunders, | and T. Bennet, 1693. Verso, Dramatis Personæ. A 2-K 2 text of the play, pp. 3-76. Pagination at outer top corner of page; r.t. (on pp. 4-76) *She wou'd if She cou'd*.

Copies used B-S (2).

Copies examined: Bod. Malone B. 175: B.M. 644. h. 31.

4. 1710, small octavo. Collation: title + A-F⁸, G⁴. Title: SHE WOU'D | IF SHE COU'D. | A | COMEDY. | Written by | Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE. | [large printer's device, a horse and cow drinking on right and left of a fountain, with motto on a scroll above, NON SIBI SED OMNIBUS] | LONDON, | Printed in the Year, 1710. Verso DRAMATIS | PERSONÆ. A-[G 4] text of the play, pp. 1-104. Pagination at outer top corner of page; r.t. (on pp. 2-104) *She wou'd if She cou'd*.

Copies used: B-S (2).

5. No date (*circa* 1711), *small octavo*. Collation: A-E⁸, F⁸. [A 1] title: SHE WOU'D | IF | SHE COU'D. | A | COMEDY. | Writen by | Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE. | [printer's ornament of interlaced scroll-work, resembling that of the 1711 *Man of Mode*, but smaller] | LONDON. | Printed for the Company. *Verso* DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. A 2-[F 6] *verso* text of the play, pp. [3]-90, pp. 77-8 being omitted in the numbering. Pagination at outer top corner of page; r.t. (on pp. 4-90) [*verso*] SHE WOU'D [*recto*] IF SHE COU'D.

This is the third play (following *The Rehearsal* and *The Chances*) in VOL. VI. of A COLLECTION OF THE BEST ENGLISH PLAYS. The imprint of this volume is "LONDON. | Printed for the Company of Booksellers.", but that of VOL. I. is "Printed for T. JOHNSON, | Bookseller at the Hague. | [single rule] | M.DCC.XI." This edition of *She wou'd* is probably closely connected with that of 1710, from which it has no important textual variations. It could be bought separately for 6d. or 8d.; Johnson's catalogues give both prices.

Copy used: B.M. 1345. b. 21.

3. *The Man of Mode*

"A book or copy intituled *The Man of Mode or, Sir Fopling Flutter* a comoedy, written by George Etheridge Esq." was entered to Master Henry Herringman in the Stationers' Register on June 15, 1676. (See also *Introduction*, p. xxv, note 5.) The editions known are as follows.

1. 1676, *quarto*. Collation: A-N⁴. [A 1] title: words, rules and line-arrangement as in the type-facsimile on p. [181] of the present edition: *verso* blank. A 2-[A 3] *The EPISTLE DEDICATORY*. [A 3] *verso*-[A 4] *Prologue*. [A 4] *verso* *Dramatis Personæ*. B-[N 4] text of the play, pp. (1)-(95). Pagination in round brackets in middle of

page, at top; no r.t. [N 4] *verso* (unpaged) The EPILOGUE by Mr Dryden.

Copies used: Bod. Malone 107 (lacks [N 4]): Bod. Ashm. 1041 (lacks title): B-S (2).

Copies examined: B.M. 644. h. 35: B.M. 841. d. 11 (7) (lacks title and [N 4]): Camb. Univ. Lib. Syn. 6. 66. 8 (2).

2. 1684, quarto. Collation: A-L⁴. [A 1] title, reset but copied closely from that of 1. The variations are 1. 8, "By Sir George Etherege.", and the imprint, "LONDON, | Printed by J. Macock, for Henry Herringman, and are to | be sold by Jos. Knight, and Fr. Saunders, at the Sign | of the Blue Anchor in the Lower Walk of | the New-Exchange, | 1684." Verso blank. A 2 *The Epistle Dedicatory*. [A 3] PROLOGUE: *verso* Dramatis Personæ. [A 4]-[L 4] text of the play, pp. (1)-(81). Pagination in round brackets in middle of page, at top; no r.t. [L 4] *verso* (unpaged) The EPILOGUE by Mr Dryden.

Copy used: B-S.

Copies examined: B.M. 11774. d. 1 (4): B.M. 11775. h. 2.

3. 1693, quarto. Collation: A-K⁴, L². [A 1] title: THE | MAN of MODE; | OR, | S^r Fopling Flutter. | A | COMEDY. | As it is Acted at the | THEATER-ROYAL, | BY | Their MAJESTIES Servants. | [single rule] | BY Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE. | [double rule] | LONDON, | Printed by T. Warren for Henry Herringman, and are to | be Sold by R. Bentley, J. Tonson, F. Saunders, | and T. Bennet, 1693. Verso blank. A 2 *The Epistle Dedicatory*. [A 3] PROLOGUE, : [A 3] *verso* Dramatis Personæ. [A 4]-[L 2], text of the play, pp. 7-83. Pagination at outer top corner of page; r.t. (on pp. 8-83) [verso]

The Man of Mode; Or, : [recto] Sir Fopling Flutter.
[L 2] verso (unpaged) THE | EPILOGUE | By M^r Dryden.

Copies used: *B-S* (3).

Copy examined: *B.M.* 11778. g. 37.

4. 1711, *small octavo*. Collation: A-G⁸, H. Title: THE | MAN OF MODE, | OR, | S² FOPLING FLUTTER. | A | COMEDY. | By Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE. | [large printer's ornament of interlaced scroll-work] | LONDON. | Printed in the Year 1711. Verso blank. A 2 PROLOGUE.: verso [last seven lines of prologue, and] DRAMATIS | PERSONÆ. A 3-[G 8] text of the play, pp. 5-112. Pagination at outer top corner of page; r.t. (on pp. 6-112) [verso] THE MAN OF MODE, [recto] or, Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. H EPILOGUE. H 2 a blank.

Copy used: *B.-S.*

5. No date (*circa* 1711), *small octavo*. Collation: A-F⁸, G⁶. [A 1] title: THE | MAN OF MODE, | OR, | Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. | A | COMEDY: | By Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE. | [printer's ornament of interlaced scroll-work, resembling that of the 1711 *Man of Mode*, but smaller] | LONDON. | Printed for the Company of Booksellers. Verso blank. A 2 PROLOGUE.: verso [last six lines of prologue, and] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. A 3-G 4 verso text of the play, pp. [5]-104. Pagination at outer top corner of page; r.t. (on pp. 6-104) [verso] THE MAN OF MODE; or, [recto] Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. [G 5] EPILOGUE, followed by Johnson's three-page list of English Books and English Plays.

This is the fourth and last play of Johnson's sixth volume; see description of the companion edition (no. 5) of *She wou'd*. It could be bought separately for 6d. This

edition of *The Man of Mode* is probably closely connected with no. 4, from which it has very few textual variations of any importance.

Copy used: *B.M.* 1345. b. 21.

6. 1733, duodecimo. Collation: A-D¹². [A 1] frontispiece by Du Guernier, as in 1715-23-35 collected editions, facing title. [A 2] title: THE | MAN of MODE ; | OR, | Sir Fopling Flutter. | A | COMEDY. | Acted at the DUKE's Theatre. | [single rule] | [medallion portrait of Shakespeare] | [single rule] | LONDON : | Printed for J. TONSON : And Sold by W. FEALES | at Rowe's Head, the Corner of Essex-Street, | in the Strand. MDCCXXXIII. Verso blank. I 3 [error for A 3] *The Epistle Dedicatory*. A 4 PROLOGUE, : *verso* [last six lines of prologue, and] *Dramatis Personæ*. A 5-[D 12] text of the play. [D 12] *verso*, EPILOGUE, | By Mr. DRYDEN. Pagination at outer top corner of page, running from 10 (A 5 *verso*) to 96 (last page of text—96 being an error for 95); [D 12] *verso* unpaged. R.t. (on pp. 10-96) [verso] *The Man of Mode* ; or, [recto] *Sir Fopling Flutter*.

Copy used: *Bod. Malone adds.* 1068. f. 10.

Copy examined: *B.M.* 643. g. 9. 1.

7. No date,¹ duodecimo. Collation, A-G.⁶ [A 1] title :

¹ From the cast given under the *Dramatis Personæ*, it seemed probable that this edition must have been printed about 1752-3, as Dorimant was played by Mr. Sheridan, Sir Fopling by Mr. Cibber [Theophilus, of course], and Loveit by Mrs. Woffington, who was in Ireland for the three seasons 1751-4, and returned to England with Thomas Sheridan in the latter year. Through the kindness of Mr. Strickland Gibson and of the Hon. Secretary of the Bibliographical Society of Ireland, I am able to corroborate this date from information contained in a forthcoming list of eighteenth-century printers and publishers in Ireland compiled by Mr. E. R. McClintock Dix, of that Society, who has ascertained that Long was in business under Welsh's Coffee-house from 1748 to 1752.

THE | MAN of MODE : | OR, | Sir *Fopling Flutter.* | A | COMEDY. | As it is Acted at the | THEATRE-ROYAL | IN | SMOCK-ALLEY. | [single rule] | Written by | Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE. | [double rule] | DUBLIN : | Printed by AUGUSTUS LONG, Printer and Book-seller, under Welsh's Coffee-house in Essex-street. *Verso* Dramatis Personæ. A 2-[G 6] text of the play, pp. [3]-84. Pagination at outer top corner of page; r.t. (on pp. 4-84) [verso] *The Man of Mode : Or, [recto] Sir Fopling Flutter.*

Copy used: Bod. M. add. 108 f. 62.

8. 1768, duodecimo. Collation: A-H⁶. [A 1] title: THE | MAN OF MODE. | A | COMEDY. | BY | Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE. | To which is prefixed | The LIFE of the AUTHOR. | EDINBURGH : | Printed by and for MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON: | [short double rule] | M.DCC.LXVIII. *Verso* blank. A 2 THE | LIFE | OF | Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE. A 3 DEDICATION. [A 4] PROLOGUE: *verso* Dramatis Personæ. [A 5]-[H 6] text of the play, pp. [9]-95. Pagination at outer top corner of page; "Act I [II, III etc.]" at inner top corner; r.t. (on pp. 10-95) [verso] *The MAN of MODE : or, [recto] Sir FOPLING FLUTTER.* [H 6] *verso* EPILOGUE.

The *Life* is a hack compilation, based on that in *Biographia Britannica*.

Copy used: B-S.

Copy examined: Camb. Univ. Lib. 7700. d. 589².

COLLECTED EDITIONS

1. 1704, octavo. Collation: [A]⁴, B-T⁸. [A 1] title, within frame of double rules: THE | WORKS | OF | Sir George Etherege: | Containing His | PLAYS | AND | POEMS. | [single rule] | LONDON, Printed for H.H. And Sold by J. Tonson, | within Grays-Inn Gate, next Grays-

Inn | Lane; and *T. Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon* | in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1704. *Verso* blank. [A 2]–T 4 the three plays in order of date: [T 5]–[T 8] POEMS. Pagination (beginning on Sig. B) runs from [1] to 288, and is normally placed in outer top corner of page. Separate r.t. to each play (that of the first is *LOVE in a TUB.*) and to *POEMS.*, which comprise the two verse letters to Lord Middleton, A SONG [“YE happy Swains,”], *The Forsaken Mistress*, and SONG of *BASSET*. The general title is followed by a half-title to *The Comical Revenge* which repeats the wording of Q 1 down to *LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS*; the other plays have each a separate title repeating Q 1 down to the word *Theater*, which is followed in each by a double rule and the imprint *LONDON*, | Printed for *H. H.* and sold by *J. Tonson* and | *T. Bennet*. 1703. The POEMS follow the EPILOGUE to *The Man of Mode* without other break than a headline. There is no table of contents.

Copies used: *B-S* (2).

Copy examined: *B.M. 643. c. 74.*

2. 1715, duodecimo. Collation: Frontispiece + A–C¹², D⁶, E–G¹², H⁶, I–M¹², N⁶. [A 1] general title: THE | WORKS | OF | Sir George Etherege: | Containing His | PLAYS and POEMS. | [single rule] | [medallion portrait of Shakespeare] | [single rule] | *LONDON* : | Printed for Jacob Tonson at *Shakespear's Head* o- | ver-against *Catherine-Street* in the *Strand*. 1715. *Verso* blank. [A 2]–N 2 the three plays in order of date: N 3–[N 6] POEMS (in some copies the heading on N 3 is misprinted POMES). Frontispiece by Du Guernier to each play, illustrating one of its scenes: those of the two later plays face their separate titles and are included in signatures and pagination; that of the first play faces the general title and is not so included. Pagination from 10 (A 5 *verso*) to 276, at outer top corner of page; separate r.t. to each

play and to the POEMS. Each play has a separate title, divided by single rules containing the Shakespeare medallion; above this the wording follows 1704 down to the theatre concerned; below is the imprint, following the wording of the general title.

Copies used: *B-S* (2).

Copies examined: *B.M.* 643. b. 1.: *Bod.* 8° B.459 Linc. (containing *The Man of Mode* and *Poems* only).

3. 1723, *duodecimo*. Collation: signatures, pagination and running titles as in 1715, of which it is a page-for-page reprint, though it reverts at times to earlier and better readings. There is no general title, and in consequence the frontispiece takes its place as Sig. [A]. The title-page to each play repeats, with trivial differences, that in the 1715 edition, but the imprint of each is: *LONDON* : | Printed for *Jacob Tonson* at *Shakespear's Head* over- | against *Catherine-street* in the *Strand*. | MDCCXXIII.

Copies used: *B-S* (2).

Copies examined: *B.M.* 238 c. 32: *B.M. G.* 18734.

4. 1735, *duodecimo*. Collation: two leaves unsigned, as follows: [a] general title: *THE* | *WORKS* | *OF* | *Sir George Etherege*. | *CONTAINING* | *His PLAYS* and *POEMS*. | [single rule] | [printer's floral ornament with basket of fruit in centre] | [double rule] | *LONDON* : | Printed for *J. TONSON* in the *Strand*. | [short single rule] | MDCCXXXV. Lines 2 and 4, “*LONDON* :” and the date printed in red, the rest in black. *Verso* blank. [a 2] contains, between two ornamental bands, a list of contents, *viz.* the titles of the three plays, and “*POEMS*.” These two leaves are followed by the three plays, in three separate units, as follows, each play beginning with its frontispiece, [A 1] *verso*, facing the title [A 2]. (The impression of the frontispieces shows progressive deterioration in 1723 and 1735, as the plates of 1715 become worn.)

The Comical Revenge: A-D¹². Title: THE | *Comical Revenge* ; | OR, | LOVE in a TUB. | A | COMEDY. | By the Late | Sir *GEORGE ETHEREGE*. | [single rule] | [medallion portrait of Shakespeare] | [single rule] | *LONDON* : | Printed for JACOB TONSON in the *Strand*. | MDCCXXXV. Lines 4 and 8, "*LONDON* :" and the date printed in red, the rest in black. Pagination, at outer top corner, [1]-94, the EPILOGUE [D 12] being unpage. R.t. on pp. 10-94, *LOVE in a TUB*.

She wou'd if she cou'd: A-D¹². Title: She WOU'D, if She COU'D. | A | COMEDY. | Written by the late | SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE. | [single rule] | [medallion portrait of Shakespeare] | [double rule] | *LONDON* : | Printed for JACOB TONSON in the *Strand*. | [short single rule] | MDCCXXXV. Lines 1 and 5, "*LONDON* :" and the date printed in red, the rest in black. Pagination, at outer top corner, [1]-94, where (on sig. [D 11] *verso*) the play ends, [D 12] being a blank. R.t. on pp. 6-94, *She WOU'D if She COU'D*.

The Man of Mode and Poems: A-E¹². Title: THE | MAN of MODE : | OR, | Sir *Fopling Flutter*. | A | COMEDY. | [single rule] | By the late Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE. | [single rule] | [medallion portrait of Shakespeare] | [single rule] | *LONDON*, | Printed for J. TONSON, in the *Strand*. | MDCCXXXV. Lines 2, 4 and 7, "*LONDON*," and the date printed in red, the rest in black. Pagination, at outer top corner, [1]-109 (sig. [E 7] *recto*), the EPILOGUE ([E 7] *verso*-[E 8]) and POEMS ([E 9]-[E 12 *verso*]) being unpage. [E 8] *verso* blank; no separate title to POEMS. R.t. on pp. 10-109, [*verso*] *The MAN of MODE* ; or, [*recto*] *Sir FOPLING FLUTTER*. R.t. of poems, POEMS.

Copies used: B-S (2).

Copies examined: Bod. Douce E. 65: Bod. M. adds 1068 f. 9 (*She wou'd* only): B.M. 643. b. 8 (*She wou'd*

only) : B.M. 11775. b. 71. (2) (*The Man of Mode* and *Poems* only).

5. 1888, demy octavo. Collation : [a]-b⁸, B-DD⁸. [a 1] half-title : *verso* PUBLISHER'S NOTE. | *Five hundred copies of this book printed for England and America, and each numbered as issued. Type | distributed. | No. [filled in in MS.]*. [a 2] title: THE WORKS | OF | SIR GEORGE ETHEREDGE | PLAYS AND POEMS | EDITED, WITH CRITICAL NOTES AND INTRODUCTION | BY | A. WILSON VERITY, B.A. | LATE SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE | [triangular printer's ornament] | LONDON | JOHN C. NIMMO | 14, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND | MDCCCLXXXVIII. *Verso* CHISWICK PRESS :—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO., TOOKS COURT, | CHANCERY LANE. [a 3] CONTENTS. : *verso* blank. [a 4]-[b 8], pp. [vii]-xxx, INTRODUCTION. : [b 8] *verso* blank. B-[BB₃] text of the three plays, pp. [1]-374 : half-title to each play, and to POEMS., which end on [DD 3] *verso*, p. 406. [DD 4] INDEX TO NOTES., pp. [407]-408. [DD 5]-[DD 7] *Publications of John C. Nimmo.* pp. 1-6. [DD 8] a blank. Lines 3 and 10 of title printed in red. Pagination at outer top corner of page; r.t. varies with contents. Bound in plain dark green cloth, white paper label on spine lettered within border of single rules "THE WORKS | OF | SIR GEORGE | ETHEREDGE | [short single rule] | VERITY".

Issued at 16s. net; a publisher's and editor's announcement, one leaf octavo, *verso* blank, on ordinary paper, is attached to the first fly-leaf of many copies.

The edition was reviewed in the *Athenæum* for September 29, 1888.

THE
Comical Revenge ;
OR,
LOVE
IN A
TUB.

Acted at His Highness the Duke of YORK's
Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

July 8.
1664.

LICENSED,

Roger L'Estrange.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop
at the *Blew-Anchor*, in the Lower Walk of the
New-Exchange. 1664.

To the Honourable
CHARLES Lord BUCKHURST.

My Lord,

I Cou'd not have wish'd my self more fortunate then
I have been in the success of this Poem : The Writing
of it was a means to make me known to your Lordship ;
The Acting of it has lost me no Reputation ; And the
Printing of it has now given me an opportunity to shew
how much I honour you.

I here dedicate it, as I have long since dedicated my self,
to your Lordship : Let the humble Love of the Giver
make you set some value upon the worthless Gift : I
hope it may have some esteem with others, because the
Author knows how to esteem you, whose Knowledg moves
admiration, and Goodness love, in all that know you. But
I design this a Dedication, not a Panegerick ; not to pro-
claim your Virtues to the World, but to shew your Lord-
ship how firmly they have oblig'd me to be,

My Lord,

Your most humble and faithful Servant,

GEO. ETHEREGE.

Personæ Dramatis.

The Lord Bevill, Father to Lovis, Graciana, & Aurelia.

The Lord Beaufort, Servant to Graciana.

Colonel Bruce, A Cavalier, Friend to Lovis, in love with Graciana.

Lovis, Friend to Bruce.

Sir Frederick Frollick, Cousin to the Lord Beaufort.

Graciana, A young Lady, in love with the Lord Beaufort.

Aurelia, Her Sister, in love with Col. Bruce.

Mrs. Rich, A wealthy Widow, Sister to the Lord Bevill, in love with Sir Frederick.

Letitia, A Girl, waiting upon Aurelia.

Betty, Waiting-woman to the Widow.

Dufoy, A saucy impertinent French-man, Servant to Sir Frederick.

Clark, Servant to the Lord Beaufort.

Sir Nicholas Cully. Knighted by Oliver.

Wheadle & Palmer, } Gamesters.

Mrs. Grace, A Wench kept by Wheadle.

Jenny, Her Maid.

Mrs. Lucy. A Wench kept by Sir Frederick.

A Coach-man belonging to the Widow.

A Bell-man.

Foot-men, Link-boys, Drawers, and other Attendants.

THE PROLOGUE.

WHo cou'd expect such crowding here to day,
Meerly on the report of a new Play ?
A man wou'd think y'ave been so often bit
By us of late, you shou'd have learn'd more wit,
And first have sent a Forlorne-hope to spy
The Plot and Language of our Comedy,
Expecting till some desp'rare Criticks had
Resolv'd you whether it were good or bad :
But yet we hope you'l never grow so wise ;
For if you shou'd, we and our Comedies
Must trip to Norwich, or for Ireland go,
And never fix, but, like a Puppit-show,
Remove from Town to Town, from Fair to Fair,
Seeking fit Chapmen to put off our Ware.
For such our Fortune is this barren Age,
That Faction now, not Wit, supports the Stage :
Wit has, like Painting, had her happy flights,
And in peculiar Ages reach'd her heights,
Though now declin'd ; yet cou'd some able Pen
Match Fletcher's Nature, or the Art of Ben,
The Old and Graver sort wou'd scarce allow
Those Plays were good, because we writ them now.
Our Author therefore begs you wou'd forget,
Most Reverend Judges, the Records of Wit,
And only think upon the modern way
Of writing, whilst y'are Censuring his Play.
And Gallants, as for you, talk loud i'th' Pit,
Divert your selves and Friends with your own Wit ;
Observe the Ladies, and neglect the Play ;
Or else 'tis fear'd we are undone to day.

THE
Comical Revenge;
OR,
Love in a Tub.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

The Scene, an Ante-Chamber to Sir Frederick
Frollick's Bed-Chamber.

Enter Dufoy, with a Plaister on his head, walking discontentedly; and Clarke immediately after him.

Clark. Good-morrow, Monsieur.

Dufoy. Good-mor',—good-mor'.

Clark. Is Sir Fred'rick stirring?

Dufoy. Pox sturré himé.

Clark. My Lord has sent me—

Dufoy. Begar me vil havé de revengé; me vil no stay
two day in Englandé.

5

Clark. Good Monsieur, what's the matter?

Dufoy. De matré! de matré is easie to be perceive; dis
Bedlamé, Mad-cape, diable de matré, vas drunké de last 10
night, and vor no reason, but dat me did advisé him go to
bed, begar he did striké, breaké my headé, Jernie.

Clark. Have patience, he did it unadvisedly.

Dufoy. Unadvisé ! didé not me advise him justé when
15 he did ité ?

Clark. Yes ; but he was in drink you say.

Dufoy. In drinké ! me vishé he had ben over de head and
de ear in drinké ; Begar in *France* de drink dat van man
drinké do's not crack de noder man's brainé. Hark !—

[*Sir Fred. knocks.*]

20 He is avake, and none of de peopple are to attende himé :
Ian ! Villian ! day are all gon, run to de Diablé ;

[*Knocks again.*]

have de patience, I beseech you.

[*Pointing towards his Masters Chamber.*]

Clark. Acquaint Sir Frederick I am here from my Lord.

Dufoy. I vil, I vil ; your ver umble Serviteur. [Exeunt.

SCEN. II.

Scene, Sir Frederick's Bed-Chamber.

Enter Sir Frederick in his night-gown, and after him Dufoy.

Dufoy. Good-mor, good-mor to your Vorshippé ; me am
alvay ready to attendé your Vorshippé, and your Vor-
shippe's alvay ready to beaté and to abusé mé ; you vare
drunké de lasté nighté, and my head aké to day morningé ;

[*Shewing his head.*]

5 séé you heré if my brayné have no ver good raison to coun-
sel you, and to mindé your bus'nessé.

Sir Fred. Thou hast a notable brain ; set me down a
Crown for a Plaister ; but forbear your rebukes.

Dufoy. 'Tis ver courageous ting to breaké de head of your
10 Serviteur, is it noté ? Begar you vil never keepé de good
Serviteur, had no me love you ver vel.—

Sir Fred. I know thou lov'st me.

Dufoy. And darefore you do beaté me, is dat de raison ?

Sir Fred. Prethee forbear ; I am sorry for't.

Dufoy. Ver good satisfaction ! Begar it is me dat am 15
sorrié for't.

Sir Fred. Well, well.

Dufoy. De Serviteur of my Lord your Cousin be comé
speak vid you.

Sir Fred. Bring him in.

[*Exit Dufoy.* 20

I am of opinion that drunkenness is not so damnable a sin
to me as 'tis to many ; Sorrow and Repentance are sure
to be my first Work the next morning : 'Slid, I have
known some so lucky at this recreation, that, whereas 'tis
familiar to forget what we do in drink, have even lost the 25
memory, after sleep, of being drunk : Now do I feel more
qualms then a young woman in breeding.

Enter Dufoy and Clark. [Dufoy goes out again.

Clark ! What news from the God of Love ? he's always
at your Master's elbow, h'as jostl'd the Devil out of service ;
no more ! Mrs. Grace ! Poor Girl, Mrs. Graciana has 30
flung a squib into his bosome, where the wild-fire will
huzzéé for a time, and then crack ; it fly's out at's Breeches.

Clark. Sir, he sent me before with his service ; he'l
wait on you himself when he's dress'd.

Sir Fred. In very good time ; there never was a girl 35
more humoursome, nor tedious in the dressing of her Baby.

[*Ex. Clark.*

Enter Dufoy, and Foot-boy.

Dufoy. Hayé ! heré is de ver vine varké begar, de ver
vine varké ! —

Sir Fred. What's the bus'ness ?

Dufoy. De business ! de divil také mé if daré be not 40
de whole Regiment Army de Hackené Cocheman, de Link-
boy, de Fydler, and de Shamber-maydé, dat havé beseegé
de howsé ; dis is de consequence of de drink vid a poxé.

Sir Fred. Well, the Coach-men and Link-boys must
be satisfi'd, I suppose there's money due to 'em ; the 45
Fidlers, for broken heads and Instruments, must be com-

pounded with; I leave that to your care; but for the Chamber-maid, I'le deal with her my self; go, go, fetch her up.

50 *Dujoy.* De Pimpé, begar I vil be de pimpé to no man in de Christendomé; do you go vech her up; De Pimpé—
[Exit Dufoy.]

Sir Fred. Go Sirrah, direct her. [To the Foot-b.]

Ex. Foot-b.

Now have I most unmanfully fallen foul upon some woman, I'le warrant you, and wounded her reputation
55 shrowdly: Oh drink, drink! thou art a vile enemy to the civillest sort of courteous ladies.—

Enter Jenny, Wheadle's Wench's Maid.

Oh *Jenny*, next my heart! nothing could be more welcome.

Maid. Unhand me; are you a man fit to be trusted with a womans reputation?

60 *Sir Fred.* Not when I am in a reeling condition; men are now and then subject to those infirmities in drink, which women have when th' are sober. Drunkenness is no good Secretary, *Jenny*; you must not look so angry, good faith you must not.

65 *Maid.* Angry! we always took you for a civil Gentleman.

Sir Fred. So I am, i'troth, I think.—

Maid. A civil Gentleman will come to a Ladies Lodging at two a clock in the morning, and knock as if it were upon life and death; a Midwife was never knock'd up
70 with more fury.

Sir Fred. Well, well, Girl, all's well I hope, all's well.

Maid. You have made such an Uproar amongst the Neighbours, we must be forc'd to change our Lodging.

Sir Fred. And thou art come to tell me whither;—
75 Kind heart!—

Maid. I'le see you a little better manner'd first. Because we would not let you in at that unseasonable hour, you and your rude ranting Companions hoop'd and hol-

low'd like Mad-men, and roar'd out in the streets, *A whore, a whore, a whore*; you need not have knock'd good people 80 out of their Beds, you might have met with them had been good enough for your purpose abroad.

Sir Fred. 'Twas ill done, *Jenny*, indeed it was.

Maid. 'Twas a mercy Mr. *Wheadle* was not there, my Mistresses Friend; had he been there sh'd been quite 85 undone. There's nothing got by your leud doings; you are but scandals to a civil Woman: We had so much the good will of the Neighbours before, we had credit for what we wo'd; and but this morning the Chandler refus'd to score a quart of Scurvy-grass.

Sir Fred. Hang Reputation amongst a company of Rascals; trust me not if thou art not grown most wondrous pretty.

[*Offers to hug her.*]

Maid. Stand off, or I protest I'l make the people in your Lodging know what a manner of man you are.

Sir Fred. You and I have been intimate acquaintance;—Why so coy now, *Jenny*?

Maid. Pray forbear:—You'l never leave till I shriek out;—Your Servants listen, heark—there's some

[*Noise within.*]

body coming. My Mistress charg'd me to tell you she 100

[*Enter Beaufort.*]

will never see your eyes again; she never deserv'd this at your hands,—poor Gentlewoman:—You had a fling at me too, you did not whisper it, I thank you: 'Tis a miserable condition we women bring our selves too for your sakes.

[*Weeps.* 105]

Beauf. How now, Cousin! what, at wars with the Women?

Sir Fred. I gave a small alarm to their Quarters last night, my Lord.

Beauf. *Jenny* in tears! what's the occasion, poor Girl?

Maid. I'l tell you, my Lord.

110

Sir Fred. Buzze; Set not her tongue a going agen;

[*Clapping his hand before her mouth.*]

Sh'as made more noise then half a dozen Paper-mills :
London-bridge at a low water is silence to her ; in a word,
 rambling last night, we knock'd at her Mistresses Lodging,
 115 they deny'd us entrance, whereupon a harsh word or two
 flew out, *Whore*——I think, or something to that purpose.

Maid. These were not all your Heroick actions ; pray
 [Ent. Dufoy.

tell the Consequence, how you march'd bravely at the
 rere of an Army of Link-boys ; upon the sudden, how you
 120 gave defiance, and then wag'd a bloody war with the
 Constable ; and having vanquish'd that dreadful enemy,
 how you committed a general massacre on the glass-
 windows : Are not these most honourable atchievements,
 such as will be registered to your eternal Fame, by the
 125 most learn'd Historians of *Hicks's-Hall* ?

Sir Fred. Good sweet *Jenny*, let's come to a Treaty ; do
 but hear what Articles I'le propose.

Maid. A Womans heart's too tender to be an enemy to
 Peace. [They whisper.

130 *Dufoy.* Your most humble Serviteur, my Lord.

Beauf. Monsieur, I perceive you are much to blame ;
 you are an excellent Governoour indeed.

Dufoy. Begar do you tinké dat I amé de Bedlamé ? No
 tingé but de Bedlamé can governé himé.

135 *Sir Fred.* *Jenny*, here's my hand ; I'le come and make
 amends for all——pretty Rogue.—

Dufoy. Ver pret Rogué, vid a poxé.

Maid. What rude French Rascal have you here ?

140 *Dufoy.* Rascalé ! Begar ver it nod vor de reverence of
 my Matré I vod cut off your occupation. French Rascalé !

Whore English——

Sir Fred. *Dufoy*, be gone, and leave us.

Dufoy. I vil, I vil leave you to your recreation ; I vishé
 you ver good pastimé, and de poxé begar. [Exit Dufoy.

145 *Maid.* I never heard a ruder Fellow.—*Sir Frederick*,
 you will not fail the time ?

Sir Fred. No, no, *Jenny.*

Maid. Your Servant, my Lord.

Beauf. Farewel, *Jenny.* [Ex. *Jenny.*

Sir Fred. Now did all this fury end in a mild Invitation 150 to the Ladies Lodging.

Beauf. I have known this wenches Mistress ever since I came from Travel, but never was acquainted with that Fellow that keeps her; prethee what is he?

Sir Fred. Why his Name is *Wheadle*; he's one whose 155 trade is Trechery, to make a Friend, and then deceive him; he's of a ready Wit, pleasant Conversation, throughly skill'd in men; in a word, he knows so much of Virtue as makes him well accomplish'd for all manner of Vice: He has lately insinuated himself into Sir *Nich'las Culley*, 160 one whom *Oliver*, for the transcendent knavery and disloyalty of his Father, has dishonour'd with Knight-hood; a fellow as poor in experience as in parts, and one that has a vain-glorious humour to gain a reputation amongst the Gentry, by feigning good nature, and an affection to 165 the King and his Party. I made a little debauch th' other day in their Company, where I fore-saw this fellow's destiny, his purse must pay for keeping this Wench, and all other *Wheadle*'s extravagances. But pray, my Lord, how thrive you in your more honourable adventures? Is 170 harvest near? When is the Sickle to be put i'th' Corn?

Beauf. I have been hitherto so prosperous,
My happiness has still out-flown my faith:
Nothing remains but Ceremonial Charms,
Graciana's fix'd i'th' circle of my Arms. 175

Sir Fred. Then y'are a happy man for a season.

Beauf. For ever.

Sir Fred. I mistrust your Mistresses Divinity; you'll find her Attributes but Mortal: Women, like Juglers Tricks, appear Miracles to the ignorant; but in themselves 180 th'are meer cheats. [this day

Beauf. Well, well, Cousin; I have engag'd that you

Shall be my Guest at my Lord Bevill's Table;
Pray make me Master of my promise once.

185 *Sir Fred.* Faith I have engag'd to dine with my dear *Lucy*; poor Girl, I have lately given her occasion to suspect my kindness; yet for your sake I'le venture to break my Word, upon condition you'l excuse my errors; you know my Conversation has not been amongst cere-
190 monious Ladies.

Beauf. All modest freedom you will find allow'd; Formality is banished thence.

Sir Fred. This Virtue is enough to make me bear with all the inconveniences of honest Company.

195 *Beauf.* The freeness of your humour is your friend. I have such news to tell thee that I fear Thou'l find thy breast too narrow for thy joy.

Sir Fred. Gently, my Lord, lest I find the thing too little for my expectation.

200 *Beauf.* Know that thy careless carriage has done more Than all the skill and diligence of Love Could e're effect.

Sir Fred. What? the Widow has some kind thoughts of my body? [Brother's house

205 *Beauf.* She loves you, and dines on purpose at her This day, in hopes of seeing you.

Sir Fred. Some Women, like Fishes, despise the Bait, or else suspect it, whil'st still it's bobbing at their mouths; but subtilly wav'd by the Angler's hand, greedily hang 210 themselves upon the hook. There are many so critically wise, they'l suffer none to deceive them but themselves.

Beauf. Cousin, 'tis time you were preparing for your Mistress.

Sir Fred. Well, since 'tis my fortune, I'le about it. 215 *Widow,* thy ruine lie on thy own head: Faith, my Lord, you can witness 'twas none of my seeking. [Exeunt.

SCEN. III.

Scene, Wheadle's Lodging.*Enter Wheadle and Palmer.*

Whead. Come, bear thy losses patiently.

Palm. A pox confound all Ordinaries ; if ever I play in an Ordinary agen— [Bites his thumb.]

Whead. Thou'l lose thy money : Thou hast no power to forbear ; I will as soon undertake to reclaim a Horse from a hitch he has learn'd in his pace, or an old Mastive from worrying of Sheep. 5

Palm. Ay, ay, there is nothing can do it but hemp.

Whead. Want of money may do much.

Palm. I protest I had rather still be vicious 10 Then owe my Virtue to Necessity.

How commendable is chastity in an Eunuch ?

I am grown more then half virtuous of late :

I have laid the dangerous Pad now quite aside ;

I walk within the Purlieus of the Law. 15

Could I but leave this Ordinary, this Square,

I were the most accomplish'd man in Town.

Whead. 'Tis pity ; thou art Master of thy Art ; Such a nimble hand, such neat conveyance.

Palm. Nay, I should have made an excellent Jugler, 'faith. 20

Whead. Come, be cheerful,

I've lodg'd a Deer shall make amends for all ;

I lack'd a man to help me set my Toyls,

And thou art come most happily.

Palm. My dear *Wheadle*, who is it ? 25

Whead. My new Friend and Patron, Sir *Nicholas Cully*.

Palm. He's fat, and will say well, I promise you. Well, I'le do his business most dextrously, else let me ever lose the honour of serving a Friend in the like nature.

Whead. No more words, but haste, prepare for the 30 design ; habit your self like a good thrifty Country-man ;

get Tools, Dice, and Money for the purpose, and meet me at the Devil about three exactly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, Sir *Nicholas Cully* is without.

35 *Whead.* Desire him to walk in.

Here *Palmer*, the back-way, quickly, and be sure—

Palm. Enough, enough, I'le warrant thee. [Ex. *Palm.*

Enter Sir Nicholas Cully.

40 *Whead.* Sir *Nicholas*, this Visit is too great a favour ; I intended one to you ; how do you find your self this morning ?

Cul. Faith much the dryer for the last nights wetting.

Whead. Like thirsty earth, which gapes the more for a small showre ; we'll soak you throughly to day.

Cul. Excuse me, faith I am engag'd.

45 *Whead.* I am sorry for't ; I meant you a share in my good fortune ; but since it cannot be—

Cul. What ? what good fortune ?

Whead. Nay, 'twill but vex you to know it, since you have not leasure to pursue it.

50 *Cul.* Dear *Wheadle*, prethee tell me.

Whead. Now do I want power to keep it from you. Just as you came in at that door, went out at this a Waiting-Gentlewoman, sent with a civil Message from her Lady, to desire the happiness of my Company this after-55 noon, where I should have the opportunity of seeing another lovely brisk Woman, newly married to a foolish Citizen, who will be apt enough to hear Reason from one that can speak it better then her Husband : I return'd my humble thanks for the honour she did me, and that I 60 could not do myself so great an injury to disobey her will ; this is th' adventure ; But since y'ave bus'ness—

Cul. A pox on bus'ness, I'le defer't.

Whead. By no means for a silly Woman ; our Pleasures must be slaves to our Affairs.

Cul. Were it to take possession of an Estate, I'd neglect 65
it. Are the Ladies Cavaliers ?

Whead. Oh, most Loyal-hearted Ladies !

Cul. How merry will we be then !

Whead. I say, mind your bus'ness.

Cul. I'll go and put it off immediately. Where shall I 70
meet you in the afternoon ?

Whead. You'll find me at the Devil about three a clock,
where I expect a second summons as she passes toward
the City.

Cul. Thither will I come without fail ; be sure you 75
wait for me. [Exit Cully.]

Whead. Wait for thee, as a Cat does for a Mouse she
intends to play with, and then prey upon. How eagerly
did this half-witted fellow chap up the bait ? like a raven-
ous Fish, that will not give the Angler leave to sink his 80
Line, but greedily darts up and meets it half way.

[Ex. laughing.]

SCEN. IV.

Scene, The Lord Bevill's House.

*Enter Graciana, and Aurelia immediately after her, with a
Letter in her hand.*

Grac. The Sun's grown lazie ; 'tis a tedious space
Since he set forth, and yet's not half his race.

I wonder *Beaufort* does not yet appear ;

Love never loyters, Love sure brings him here.

Aurel. Brought on the wings of Love, here I present 5
[Presenting the Letter.]

His Soul, whose Body Prisons yet prevent ;

The noble *Bruce*, whose Virtues are his Crimes :

[Grac. rejects the Letter.]

Are you as false and cruel as the times !

Will you not read the story of his grief ?

But wilfully refuse to give relief ?

Grac. Sister, from you this language makes me start :
 Can you suspect such vices in my heart ?
 His Virtues I, as well as you, admire ;
 I never scorn'd, but pity much his fire.

15 *Aurel.* If you did pity, you would not reject

[*Grac. rejects the Letter again.*]

This Messenger of Love : This is neglect.

Grac. 'Tis cruelty to gaze on Wounds I'm sure,
 When we want Balsome to effect their Cure.

20 *Aurel.* 'Tis only want of will in you, you have
 Beauty to kill, and Virtue too to save.

Grac. We of our selves can neither love nor hate ;
 Heav'n does reserve the pow'r to guide our Fate.

Aurel. *Graciana,* —

Enter Lord Bevill, Lovis, and the Widow.

Grac. Sister, forbear ; my Father's here.

25 *L. Bev.* So, Girl ; what, no news of your Lover yet ?
 Our Dinner's ready, and I am afraid he will go nigh to
 incur the Cooks anger.

30 *Wid.* I believe h'as undertook a hard task ; Sir *Frederick*,
 they say, is no easie man to be perswaded to come among
 us women.

Lovis. Sir.

[*Lovis and L. Bevill whisper.*]

L. Bev. What now ?

Wid. I am as impatient as thou art, Girl ; [To *Graciana*.
 I long to see Sir *Frederick* here.

35 *L. Bev.* Forbear, I charge you on my blessing ; not
 one word more of Colonel *Bruce*.

Lovis. You gave encouragement, Sir, to his Love ;
 The honour of our House now lies at stake.

40 *L. Bev.* You find by your Sisters Inclinations Heaven
 has decreed her otherwise.

Lovis. But Sir, —

L. Bev. Forbear to speak, or else forbear the Room.

Lovis. This I can obey, but not the other. [Exit *Lovis*

Enter Foot-Boy.

Foot-b. Sir, my Lord *Beaufort's* come.

L. Bev. 'Tis well.

45

Wid. D'hear, are there not two Gentlemen ?

Foot-b. Yes Madam, there is another proper handsom Gentleman. [Exit Foot-boy.

L. Bev. Come, let us walk in, and give them entertainment.

Wid. Now Cousin for Sir *Frederick*, this man of men, 50 there's nothing like him. [Exeunt all but *Aurelia*.

Aurel. With curious diligence I still have strove

[Holding the Letter in her hand.]

During your absence, *Bruce*, to breath your Love

Into my Sisters bosom ; But the fire

Wants force ; Fate does against my breath conspire : 55

I have obey'd, though I cannot fulfil,

Against my self, the dictates of your Will :

My Love to yours do's yield ; Since you enjoyn'd,

I hourly court my Rival to be kind ;

With passion too, as great as you can do,

60

Taught by those wounds I have receiv'd from you.

Small is the difference that's between our grief :

Yours finds no cure, and mine seeks no relief :

You unsuccessfully your Love reveal ;

And I for ever must my Love conceal : 65

Within my bosom I'le your Letter wear,

[Putting the Letter in her bosom.]

It is a Tombe that's proper for despair.

Exit.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Scene, The Lord *Bevill's* House.

Enter Clark and Dufoy.

Clark. M Ethinks the wound your Master gave you last night, makes you look very thin and wan, Monsieur.

5 *Dufoy.* Begar you are mistaké, it be de voundé dat my Metresse did give me long agoe.

Clark. What ? some pretty little English Lady's crept into your heart ?

10 *Dufoy.* No, but damn'd littel English Whore is creepé into my bone begar, me could vish dat de Diable vould také her vid allé my harté.

Clark. You have manag'd your bus'ness ill, Monsieur.

15 *Dufoy.* It vas de Raskal Cyrugin English dat did manage de businesse illé ; me did putté my businessé into his haundé ; he did stop de tapé, and de liquor did varqué, varqué, varqué, up into de headé and de shoulder begar.

Clark. Like soap clap'd under a Saddle.

Dufoy. Here come my Matré, holdé your peacé.

[*Ex. Clark.*]

Enter Sir Frederick, Widow, and Maid.

Sir Fred. Whither, whither do you draw me, Widow ? What's your design ?

20 *Wid.* To walk a turn in the Garden, and then repose in a cool Arbour.

Sir Fred. Widow, I dare not venture my self in those amorous shades ; you have a mind to be talking of Love I perceive, and my heart's too tender to be trusted with 25 such conversation.

Wid. I did not imagine you were so foolishly conceited ; is it your Wit or your Person, Sir, that is so taking ?

30 *Sir Fred.* Truly you are much mistaken, I have no such great thoughts of the young man you see ; who ever knew a Woman have so much reason to build her Love upon merit ? Have we not daily experience of great Fortunes, that fling themselves into the arms of vain idle Fellows ? Can you blame me then for standing upon my guard ? No, let us sit down here, have each on's a Bottle 35 of Wine at our elbows ; so prompted, I dare enter into discourse with you.

Wid. Wou'd you have me sit and drink hand to fist with you, as if we were in the *Fleece*, or some other of your beloved Taverns ?

Sir Fred. Faith I wou'd have thee come as neer as 40 possible to something or other I have been us'd to converse with, that I may the better know how to entertain thee.

Wid. Pray which of those Ladies you use to converse with, could you fancy me to look like ? be merry, and tell me. 45

Sir Fred. 'Twere too great a sin to compare thee to any of them ; and yet th'ast so incens'd me, I can hardly forbear to wish thee one of 'em. Ho, *Dufoy* ! Widow, I stand in awe of this Gentleman ; I must have his advice before I dare keep you company any further.—How do 50 you approve the spending of my time with this Lady ?

Dufoy. Ver vel, Begar ; I could vish I had never spendé my time in de vorsé compagnie.

Wid. You look but ill, Monsieur ; have you been sick lately ? 55

Dufoy. I havé de ver great affliction in my mindé, Madam.

Wid. What is't ?

Dufoy. Truly I havé de ver great passion vor dis Jentel woman, and she havé no compassion at all vor me ; she 60 do refusé me all my amouré and my adressé.

Wid. Indeed, *Betty*, you are to blame.

Maid. Out upon him for a French dissembler, he never spake to me in his life, Madam.

Dufoy. You see, Madam, she scorné me vor her Serviteur. 65

Maid. Pray, when did you make any of your French lové to mé ?

Dufoy. It vil breké my hearté to remember de time ven you did refusé mé.

Wid. Will you permit me to serve you in this business, 70 Monsieur ?

Dufoy. Madam, it be d'honour vor de King dé *Franzé*.

Wid. *Betty*, whither run you ?

Maid. I'le not stay to be jeer'd by a sneaking *Valet-De
75 chambré* : I'le be reveng'd if I live, Monsieur. [Ex. *Betty*.]

Wid. I'le take some other time.

Dufoy. Van you have de leisuré, Madam.

Sir Fred. By those lips, —

Wid. Nay, pray forbear, Sir.

80 *Sir Fred.* Who's conceited now, Widow ? cou'd you imagine I was so fond to kiss them ?

Wid. You cannot blame me for standing on my guard so near an Enemy.

85 *Sir Fred.* If you are so good at that, Widow, let's see, what guard wou'd you chuse to be at shou'd the Trumpet sound a Charge to this dreadful foe ?

Wid. It is an idle Question amongst experienc'd Soldiers ; but if we ever have a War, we'l never trouble the Trumpet ; the Bells shall proclaim our Quarrel.

90 *Sir Fred.* It will be most proper ; they shall be rung backwards.

Wid. Why so, Sir ?

95 *Sir Fred.* I'le have all the helps that may be to allay a dangerous fire ; Widows must needs have furious flames ; the bellows have been at work, and blown 'em up.

Wid. You grow too rude, Sir : I will have my humour, a walk i'th' Garden ; and afterwards we'l take the Air in the Park.

Sir Fred. Let us joyn hands then, Widow.

100 *Wid.* Without the dangerous help of a Parson I do not fear it, Sir. [Ex. *Sir Fred.* and *Wid.*]

Dufoy. Begar, I do not care two Soulz if de Shamber-maid ver hangé ; be it not great deal better pretendé d'affection to her, dan to tellé de hole Varldé I do take de Medicine vor 105 de clapé ; begar it be de ver great deale better. [Ex. *Dufoy*.]

SCEN. II.

Scene, A Garden belonging to my Lord Bevill's
House.

Enter Beaufort and Graciana.

Beauf. Graciana, why do you condemn your Love ?
Your Beauty without that, alas ! would prove
But my destruction, an unlucky Star,
Prognosticating ruine and despair.

Grac. Sir, you mistake ; 'tis not my Love I blame, 5
But my Discretion ; *Here the active flame

[*Pointing to her breast.

Shou'd yet a longer time have been conceal'd ;
Too soon, too soon I fear it was reveal'd.
Our weaker Sex glories in a Surprize,
We boast the sudden Conquests of our Eyes ; 10
But men esteem a Foe that dares contend,
One that with noble Courage does defend
A wounded Heart ; the Victories they gain
They prize by their own hazard and their pain.

Beauf. Graciana, can you think we take delight 15
To have our happiness against us fight ;
Or that such goodness shou'd us men displease
As do's afford us Heav'n with greater ease ?

[Enter Lovis, walking discontentedly.

See where your Brother comes ;
His carr'age has been strange of late to me ; 20
I never gave him cause of discontent ;
He takes no notice of our being here :
I will salute him.

Grac. By no means ;
Some serious thoughts you see employ his mind.

Beauf. I must be civil. Your Servant, Sir. 25

Lovis. You are my Sisters Servant, Sir ; go fawn
Upon your Mistress ; Fare-you-well. [Ex. Lovis.

Beauf. Fare-you-well, if you are no better Company.
 Heavens ! What is the matter ? [Grac. weeps.]

30 What saucy sorrow dares approach your heart ?
 Waste not these precious Tears ; Oh, weep no more !
 Shou'd Heaven frown the world wou'd be too poor,
 (Rob'd of the sacred Treasure of your eyes)
 To pay for Mercy one fit Sacrifice.

35 *Grac.* My Brother, Sir, is growing mad, I fear.
Beauf. Your Brother is a man whose noble Mind
 Was to severest Virtue still inclin'd ;
 He in the School of Honour has been bred,
 And all her subtle Laws with heed has read :

40 There is some hidden cause, I fain would know
 From whence these strange disorders in him flow.
Graciana, shall I beg you to dispel
 These Mists which round my troubl'd Reason dwell ?

Grac. It is a Story I cou'd wish you'd learn
 45 From one whom it does not so much concern ;
 I am th' unhappy cause of what y'ave seen ;
 My Brother's passion does proceed from mine.
Beauf. This does confound me more ! it cannot be ;
 You are the joy of all your family :

50 Dares he condemn you for a noble love
 Which honour and your duty both approve ?
Grac. My Lord, those errors merit our excuse
 Which an excess of Virtue does produce.

Beauf. I know that envy is too base a guest
 55 To have a lodging in his gen'rous breast ;
 "Tis some extream of Honour, or of Love,
 Or both, that thus his indignation move.

Grac. Er'e I begin, you my sad story end ;
 You are a Rival to his dearest Friend.

60 *Beauf.* *Graciana,* though you have so great a share
 Of Beauty, all that see you Rivals are ;
 Yet during this small space I did proclaim
 To you, and to the world, my purer flame,

I never saw the man that durst draw near,
With his ambitious Love t'assault your Ear.
What providence has kept us thus asunder ?

65

Grac. When I have spoke you'l find it is no wonder.
He has a Mistress more renown'd then me,
Whom he does Court, his dearer Loyalty ;
He on his legs does now her favours wear ;
He is confin'd by her foul Ravisher :
You may not know his Person ; but his Name
Is strange to none that have convers'd with Fame.
'Tis Bruce.

70

Beauf. The Man indeed I ne're did see,
But have heard wonders of his Gallantry.

75

Grac. This gallant Man my Brother ever lov'd ;
But his Heroick Virtues so improv'd
In time those seeds of Love which first were sown,
That to the highest Friendship they are grown.
This Friendship first, and not his Love to me,
Sought an Alliance with our Family.
My Sister and my self were newly come
From learning how to live, to live at home ;
When barren of Discourse one day, and free
With's Friend, my Brother chanc'd to talk of me ;
Unlucky accident ! his Friend reply'd,
He long had wish'd their Blood might be ally'd ;
Then press'd him that they might my Father move
To give an approbation to his Love :
His Person and his Merits were so great,
He granted faster then they could entreat ;
He wish'd the Fates which govern hearts wou'd be
So kind to him to make our hearts agree ;
But told them he had made a sacred Vow,
Never to force what Love should disallow.

80

85

90

95

[Enter Sir Frederick and Widow.

But see, Sir Frederick and my Aunt.

My Lord, some other time I will relate
The story of his Love, and of its Fate.

100 *Sir Fred.* How now, my Lord ? so grave a countenance
in the presence of your Mistress ? Widow, what wou'd
you give your eyes had power to make me such another
melancholly Gentleman ?

Wid. I have seen e'ne as merry a man as your self,
105 *Sir Frederick*, brought to stand with folded arms, and with
a tristful look tell a mournful tale to a Lady.

[Enter a Foot-boy, and whispers *Sir Frederick*.]

Sir Fred. The Devil ows some men a shame ; the
Coach is ready ; Widow, I know you are ambitious to
be seen in my Company.

110 *Wid.* My Lord, and Cousin, will you honour me with
yours to the Park ; that may take off the Scandal of his ?

Enter Aurelia and Leticia.

Beauf. Madam, we'l wait upon you ; but we must
not leave this Lady behind us.

Wid. Cousin *Aurelia*—

115 *Aurel.* Madam, I beg you will excuse me, and you, my
Lord ; I feel a little indisposition, and dare not venture
into so sharp an air.

Beauf. Your Servant, Madam.

[*Exeunt all but Aurelia and Leticia.*]

Aurel. Retire ; I wou'd not have you stay with me,
120 I have too great a train of misery.

If virtuous Love in none be cause of shame,
Why shou'd it be a crime to own the flame ?
But we by Custom, not by Nature led,
Must in the beaten paths of Honour tread.

125 I love thee, *Bruce* ; but Heav'n, what have I done !

Leticia, did I not command you hence ?

Letic. Madam, I hope my care is no offence :
I am afflicted thus to see you take
Delight to keep your miseries awake.

Aurel. Since you have heard me, swear you will be true ; 130
Leticia, none must know I love but you.

Letic. If I at any time your Love declare,
May I of Heav'n and serving you despair.
Though I am young, yet I have felt this smart ;
Love once was busie with my tender heart.

135

Aurel. Wert thou in Love ?

Letic. I was.

Aurel. Prethee, with whom ?

Letic. With one that like my self did newly bloom :
Methoughts his Actions were above his Years. [She weeps.

Aurel. *Leticia,* you confirm me by your tears ;
Now I believe you lov'd ; did he love you ?

140

Letic. That had been more then to my Love was due ;
He was so much above my humble Birth,
My Passion had been fitter for his mirth.

Aurel. And does your Love continue still the same ?

Letic. Some sparks remain, but Time has quench'd the
flame ;

145

I hope 'twill prove as kind to you, and cure
These greater griefs which (Madam) you endure.

Aurel. Time to my bleeding heart brings no relief :
Death there must heal the fatal wounds of grief :

Leticia, come, within this shady Bower
Wee'l joyn our mournful voices, and repeat
The saddest tales we ever learn'd of Love.

150

*Aurelia and Leticia walk into an Arbour, and sing this
Song in Parts.*

SONG.

WHen Phillis watch'd her harmless Sheep
Not one poor Lamb was made a prey :

Yet she had cause enough to weep,

Her silly heart did go astray :

Then flying to the neighbouring Grove,
She left the tender Flock to rove,

155

And to the Winds did breathe her Love.

160

She sought in vain

To ease her pain ;

The heedless winds did fan her fire ;

Venting her grief

Gave no relief ;

165

But rather did encrease desire.

Then sitting with her arms across,

Her sorrows streaming from each eye ;

She fix'd her thoughts upon her loss,

And in despair resolv'd to die.

170 *Aurel.* Why shou'd you weep, *Leticia*, whilst we sing ?

[Walking out of the Arbour.]

Tell me from whence those gentle Currents spring.

Can yet your faded Love cause such fresh showers ?

This water is too good for dying flowers.

175 *Letic.* Madam, it is such Love commands this dew

As cannot fade ; it is my love to you.

Aurel. *Leticia*, I am weary of this place ;

And yet I know not whither I should go.

Letic. Will you be pleas'd to try if you can sleep ?

180 That may deceive you of your cares awhile.

Aurel. I will : there's nothing here does give me ease,

But in the end will nourish my disease.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCEN. III.

Scene, A Tavern.

Enter Wheadle, and immediately after him a Foot-boy.

Whead. The hour is come ; where's your Master, Sirrah ?

Foot-b. He'l be here immediately, Sir.

Whead. Is he neatly dress'd ?

Boy. In the very suit he won th' other day of the
5 *Buckinghamshire Grasier.*

Whead. Take this Letter, and give it me when you perceive me talking with Sir *Nicholas Cully*, with recommendations from a Lady; lurk in some secret place till he's come, that he may not perceive you at his entrance.

[Exit Foot-boy.]

Oh, here's *Palmer*. *Thom*, what's the price of a score of 10 fat *Weathers*? [Enter *Palmer*.]

Palm. Do they not well become me, boy?

Whead. Nature doubtless intended thee for a Rogue, she has so well contriv'd thee for Disguises. Here comes Sir *Nicholas*. [Enter Sir *Nicholas*.]

Sir *Nicholas*, come, come; This is an honest Friend and Countryman of mine.

Sir Nich. Your servant, Sir; is not the Lady come by yet?

Whead. I expect her every moment,—Ho, here's her 20 Boy. Well, what news? [Enter *Boy*.]

Boy. My Lady presents her service to you, Sir, and has sent you this. [Delivers a Letter.]

[*Wheadle* reads, and seems much displeas'd.]

Sir Nich. What is the matter, man?

Whead. Read, read; I want patience to tell you. [Gives *Cully* the Letter.]

Fortune still jades me in all my expectations.

Sir Nich. reading the Letter. The Citizens wife forc'd to go to Greenwich with her husband; will meet some time next week. Come, come, *Wheadle*, another time will do; be not so passionate, man.

30

Whead. I must abuse my friend upon an idle Woman's words!

Sir Nich. Pish, 'tis an accident: Come, let us drink a glass of Wine, to put these Women out of our heads.

Palm. Women? ho Boys, Women, where are the 35 Women?

Whead. Here's your merry Country-man.

Palmer sings.

40 *He took her by the Apron,
To bring her to his beck ;
But as he wound her to him
The Apron-strings did break.*

Enter Drawer with Wine.

Sir Nich. A merry man indeed. Sir, my service to you. [Drinks to Palmer.]

45 *Palm.* Thank you, Sir. Come, Mr. Wheadle, rememb'ring my Land-lord, i'faith ; wou'd he were e'en among us now. Come, be merry, man. *Lend me your hand, Sir ; you

[*To S. Nich.

look like an honest man ; here's a good health to all that are so : Tope——here, pledg me. [Drinks.]

[Gives Sir Nicholas the Glass.]

Sir Nich. Mr. Wheadle, to you.

[Drinks, and leaves some in the Glass.]

50 *Palm.* I'le not abate you an ace. 'Slid, y'are not so honest as I took you for. [Sir Nicholas drinks up the rest.]

Palmer sings.

*If any man baulk his Liquor
Let him never baulk the Gallows,
But sing a Psalm there wi'th' Vicar,
Or die in a dirty Ale-house.*

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. There's a Country-man below desires to speak with his Master *Palmer*.

60 *Palm.* So, so, thank thee Lad ; it is my man, I appointed him to call here ; h'as sold the Cattle I'le warrant you : I'le wait upon you agen presently, Gentlemen. [Ex. Palmer.]

Whead. Is not this a very pleasant fellow ?

Sir Nich. The pleasant'st I ever met with ; What is he ?

Whead. He's a Buckingham-shire Grasier, very rich ; he

has the fat Oxen, and fat Acres in the Vale : I met him here by chance, and cou'd not avoid drinking a glass 65 o' Wine with him. I believe he's gone down to receive money ; 'twere an excellent design to bubble him.

Sir Nich. How 'twou'd change his merry note ; will you try him ?

Whead. Do you : I cannot appear in't, because he takes 70 me for his Friend.

Sir Nich. How neatly I cou'd Top upon him !

Whead. All things will pass upon him ; I'le go your half : Talk of Dice, you'l perceive if he's coming. What money have you about you ? 75

Sir Nich. Ten pieces.

Whead. I have about that quantity too, here, take it. If he should run us out of our ready money be sure you set him deep upon Tick, if he'l be at you, that we may recover it ; for we'l not pay a farthing of what we lose that way. 80 Hush, here he comes.

Enter Palmer with a bag of Money under his arm, and flings it upon the Table.

Palm. All my fat Oxen and Sheep are melted to this, Gentlemen.

Whead. Their grease is well try'd, Sir.

Sir Nich. Come, Sir, for all your riches, you are in 85 arrear here. [Offers him a Glass.

Palm. I'le be soon out of your debts : My hearty love to you, Sir. [Drinks.

Wou'd I had you both in *Buckingham-shire*, and a Pipe of this Canary in my Cellar ; we'd roast an Ox before we 90 parted ; shou'd we not, Boy ?

Palmer Sings.

*We'd sing, and we'd laugh, and we'd drink all the day ;
Our Reason we'd banish, our Senses shou'd sway ;
And every Pleasure our Wills shou'd obey.*

95 *Palm.* Come, drink to me a brimmer if you dare now.

Sir Nich. Nay, if you provoke me you'll find me a bold man: Give me a bigger glass, Boy: So, this is fit for men of Worship: Hang your retail Drinkers; have at thee, my brave Country-man. [Drinks.]

100 *Palm.* I'le do all I can for my guts to pledg thee. Ho, brave boys! that's he, that's he, i'faith; how I cou'd hug thee now! *Mr. Wheadle*, to you.

105 *Whead.* I protest, Gentlemen, you'll fright me out of your Company. *Sir Nicholas*, shall we have th' other round?

Sir Nich. Let's pause a while. What say you, Gentlemen, if, to pass away the time, and to refresh us, we should have a box and dice, and fling a merry Mayn among our selves in sport?

110 *Whead.* 'Twill spoil good Company; by no means, *Sir Nicholas*.

Palm. Hang play among Friends; let's have a Wench:

Sings.

*And Jenny was all my Joy,
She had my Heart at her will;
But I left her and her toy
When once I had got my fill.*

What say you, shall we have her?

Sir Nich. We are not drunk enough for a Wench.

Palm. Let's sing a Catch then.

120 *Whead. Cull.* Agreed, agreed.

Whead. Begin, *Mr. Palmer*.

Palmer sings, standing in the middle, with a Glass of Wine in his hand.

Palm. *I have no design here,
But drinking good Wine here.*

Whead. *Nor I, Boy.*

125

*Sir. Nich. Nor I, Boy.**Whead. Th' art my Boy.**Sir. Nich. Th' art my Boy.**All 3. Our heads are too airy for Plots :**Let us hugg then all three,**Since our Virtues agree,**We'l hollow and cast up our Hats.*

130

*[They hollow whilst Palmer drinks,
and then change till it has gone round.**Sir Nich. Enough, enough.**Palm. Very good boys all, very good boys all. Give me
a glass of Wine there; fill a Brimmer: Sir Nicholas,
your Lady.*

135

*Sir Nich. Pray, Sir, forbear; I must be forc'd to leave
your Company else. Prethee, Wheadle, let's have a Box
and Dice.**Whead. We shall grow dull. Mr. Palmer, what say
you to the bus'ness?*

140

*Palm. I do not understand Dice: I understand good
pasture and drink.—Hang the Devil's bones.**[Wheadle whispers Cully to send for Dice.
Cully whispers the Drawer.**Palmer Sings.**He that leaves his Wine for Boxes and Dice,**Or his Wench for fear of mishaps,**May he beg all his days, cracking of Lice,*

145

*And die in conclusion of Claps.**Enter Drawer with Dice.**Palm. Come, come, Gentlemen, this is the harmlesser
sport of the two; a merry glass round.**Sir Nich. Excuse me, Sir; I'le pledg you here.**[Takes Dice.**Come, come, Sir, on Six; Six is the Main.*

150

Palm. The Main? what's the Main?

Sir Nich. Do not you understand Hazard ?

Palm. I understand Dice, or hap-hazard !

Sir Nich. Can you play at Passage ?

155 *Palm.* You pass my understanding : I can fling most at a throw, for a Shot, or a glass of Wine.

Sir Nich. Passage is easily learn'd : The Caster wins if he fling above ten with Doublets upon three Dice.

Palm. How Doublets ?

160 *Sir Nich.* Two of a sort ; two Cinques, two Tre's, or the like.

Palm. Ho, ho ; I have you.

Sir Nich. Come, set then.

Palm. I set you this Bottle.

165 *Sir Nich.* Nay, nay, set money !

Palm. Is it a fair play, Mr. Wheadle ? I trust to you.

Whead. Upon my word a very fair square play ; but this table is so wet, there's no playing upon it.

170 *Drawer.* Will you be pleas'd to remove into the next Room, Gentlemen ?

Sir Nich. I think 'twill not be amiss.

Whead. Much better. Come Mr. Palmer.

Palm. I'le follow, Sir.

Palmer sings.

If she be not as kind as fair,

But peevish and unhandy,

Leave her, she's only worth the care

Of some spruce Jack-a-dandy.

I wou'd not have thee such an Asse,

Had'st thou ne're so much leisure,

To sigh and whine for such a Lass

Whose Pride's above her Pleasure.

180

Sir Nich. Ho brave Boy !

Palm. March on, march on.

SINGS.

*Make much of e'ry buxome Girl,
Which needs but little Courting ;
Her value is above the pearl,
That takes delight in sporting.*

185

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Scene, A Tavern.

Enter Sir Nicholas Cully, Wheadle, Palmer, and Drawer.

Palm. **N** Ay, Sir Nich'las, for all your haste, I must have
a Note under your hand for the thousand
pounds you owe me.

Whead. This must not be among Friends, Mr. *Palmer* ;
Sir Nich'las shall not pay the money.

Sir Nich. I had been a Mad-man to play at such a
rate if I had ever intended to pay.

Palm. Though I am but a poor Country-man I scorn
to be chous'd ; I have Friends in Town.

Whead. But hark you, Mr. *Palmer*.

10

Palm. Hark me no harks ; I'le have my money.

Sir Nich. Drawer, take your Reck'ning.

Whead. laughing. Farewel, Sir ; haste into the Country
to mind your Cattle.

Palm. But hark you, Gentlemen ; are you in earnest ?

15

Whead. Ay indeed ; fare you well, Sir.

Palm. I took you for my Friend, Mr. *Wheadle* ; but now
I perceive what you are.

*Your ear, Sir.

[**To Cully.*]

Whead. Never fear him ; he dares not to go into the Field,
without it be among his sheep.

20

Cul. Agreed ; to morrow, about eight in the morning,
near *Pancridge*.

Whead. I will have the honour to serve you, Sir Nich'las.
 25 Provide your self a Second, Mr. Palmer.

[*Exeunt Sir Nich. and Whead. laughing.*

Palm. So, laugh : this is the Sheep that I must fleece.

[*Exit.*

SCEN. II.

Scene, COVENT-GARDEN.

Enter Sir Frederick Frollick, with Fidlers before him, and six or eight Link-boys, dancing and singing.

Sir Fred. Here, here, this is the window ; range your selves here.

Enter the Bell-man.

Bell-m. Good-morrow, Gentlemen.

Sir Fred. Honest Bell-man, prethee lend me thy Bell.

5 *Bell-m.* With all my heart, Master.

[*Sir Fred. rings the Bell, and then repeats these Verses.*

Sir Fred. You Widow, that do sleep dog-sleep,
 And now for your dead Husband weep,
 Perceiving well what want you have
 Of that poor worm has eat in Grave ;
 Rise out of Bed, and ope the door ;
 Here's that will all your joys restore.

10 *Good-morrow, my Mistress dear, Good-morrow.*
Good-morrow, Widow.

[*He rings the Bell again.*

The Chamber-maid comes to the Window unlac'd, holding her Petticoats in her hand.

Maid. Who's that that comes at this unseasonable hour,
 15 to disturb my Ladies quiet ?

Sir Fred. An honest Bell-man, to mind her of her frailty.

Maid. Sir Frederick, I wonder you will offer this ; you will lose her favour for ever.

Sir Fred. Y'are mistaken ; now's the time to creep into her favour.

20

Maid. I'm sure y'ave wak'd me out of the sweetest sleep. Hey ho——

Sir Fred. Poor girl ! let me in, I'le rock thee into a sweeter.

Maid. I hear a stirring in my Mistresses Chamber ; I 25 believe y'ave frightened her. [Exit *Maid.*

Sir Fred. Sound a fresh Alarm ; the Enemy's at hand.

[*Fidlers play.*

The Widow comes to the Window in her Night-Gown.

Wid. Whose insolence is this, that dares affront me thus ?

Sir Fred. in } If there be insolence in Love, 'tis I 30
a Canting Tone. } Have done you this unwilling injury.

Wid. What pitiful rhyming fellow's that ? he speaks as if he were prompted by the Fidlers.

Sir Fred. Alas, what pains I take thus to unclose Those pretty eye-lids which lock'd up my Foes ! 35

Wid. A godly Buke would become that tone a great deal better : He might get a pretty living by reading Mother *Shipton's* Prophecies, or some pious Exhortation at the corner of a Street : His mournful voice, I vow, has mov'd my compassion.

40

Sir Fred. Ay, ay, we shou'd have a fellow-feeling of one another indeed, Widow.

Wid. Sir Frederick, is it you ?

Sir Fred. Yes truly ; and can you be angry, Lady ? Have not your Quarters been beaten up at these most 45 seasonable hours before now ?

Wid. Yes ; but it has been by one that has had a Commission for what he did : I'm afraid shou'd it once become your Duty, you would soon grow weary of the Employment.

50

Sir Fred. Widow, I hate this distance ; 'tis not the English fashion : prethee let's come to't hand to fist.

Wid. I give no entertainment to such lewd persons.
Farewell, Sir. [Exit Widow.

55 *Sir Fred.* I'le fetch thee again, or conjure the whole
Garden up. Sing the Catch I taught you at the Rose.
[Fidlers sing.

SONG.

60 *H* E that will win a Widows heart
Must bear up briskly to her :
She loves the Lad that's free and smart,
But hates the Formal Wooer.

Widow runs to the Window again, with her *Maid*.

Wid. Hold, hold, Sir *Frederick* ; what do you imagine
the Neighbours will think ?

Sir Fred. So ill, I hope, of thee, thou'l be forc'd to
think the better of me.

65 *Wid.* I am much beholden to you for the care you have
of my Reputation.

Sir Fred. Talk no more, but let the door be open'd ;
or else Fidlers——

70 *Wid.* Pray hold ; what security shall I have for your
good behaviour ?

Sir Fred. My Sobriety.

Wid. That's pawn'd at the Tavern from whence you
came.

Sir Fred. Thy own Honesty then ; is that engag'd ?

75 *Wid.* I think that will go nigh to secure me. Give 'em
entrance, *Betty*. [Ex. *Widow*, and her *Maid*.

Enter *Palmer*, with a *Link* before him.

Sir Fred. Ha ! who goes there ?

Palm. An humble Creature of yours, Sir.

80 *Sir Fred.* *Palmer* in a disguise ! what roguery hast thou
been about ?

Palm. Out of my loyal inclinations doing service to his
Majesty.

Sir Fred. What ? a plotting ?

Palm. How to destroy his enemies, Mr. Wheadle and I are very vigilant. 85

Sir Fred. In bubbling of some body, on my life.

Palm. We do not use to boast our services, nor do we seek Rewards ; good actions recompense themselves.

Sir Fred. Ho, the door opens ; farewell, Sirrah. Gentlemen, wait you without, and be ready when I call. Honest go Bell-man, drink this. [Gives the Bell-man money.

Bell-m. Thank you, Noble Master. [Exit Bell-man.

Sir Fred. entring. Here's something to stop thy mouth too. [The Maid shrieks.

Maid. Out upon you, Sir Frederick ; you'll never leave 95 your old tricks. [Exeunt.

SCEN. III.

Scene, The Widows House.

Enter Sir Frederick, leading the Widow, follow'd by her Maid.

Sir Fred. Little did I think I shou'd ever have been brought to this pass : Love never had the power to rob me of my rest before.

Wid. Alas, poor Gentleman ! he has not been us'd to these late hours. 5

Sir Fred. Widow, do not you be peevish now ; 'tis dangerous jesting with my affection ; 'tis in its infancy, and must be humour'd.

Wid. Pray teach me how, Sir.

Sir Fred. Why, with kisses, and such pretty little 10 dalliances ; thus, thus. [Kisses her.

Wid. Hold, hold, Sir ; if it be so froward, put it out to Nurse ; I am not so fond of it as you imagine ; pray how have you dispos'd of your brave Camerades ? Have you left them to the mercy of the Beadle ? 15

Sir Fred. No, you must be acquainted with their Virtues.
Enter, Gentlemen.

*Enter the Fidlers, and a Masque of the Link-boys, who are
Dancing-masters, disguis'd for the Frolick.*

Wid. These are men of skill. [After the Masque.]

Sir Fred. I disguis'd 'em for your entertainment.

20 *Wid.* Well, Sir, now I hope you'l leave me to my rest.

Sir Fred. Can you in conscience turn a young man out
of doors at this time o'th' night, Widow ? Fie, fie, the
very thought on't will keep you waking.

Wid. So pretty, so well-favour'd a young man ; one
25 that loves me.

Sir Fred. Ay, one that loves you.

Wid. Truly 'tis a very hard-hearted thing. [She sighs.]

Sir Fred. Come, come, be mollifi'd. You may go,
Gentlemen, and leave me here ; you may go.

[To the Masquers.]

30 *Wid.* You may stay, Gentlemen ; you may stay, and
take your Captain along with you : You'l find good
Quarters in some warm Hay-loft.

Sir Fred. Merciless Woman ! Do but lend me thy
Maid ; faith I'le use her very tenderly and lovingly, even
35 as I'd use thy self, dear Widow, if thou wou'dst but make
proof of my affection.

Wid. If the Constable carry your suspicious person to
the Compter, pray let me have notice of it ; I'le send my
Taylor to be your Bail.

40 *Sir Fred.* Go, go to bed, and be idle, Widow ; that's
worse then any misfortune I can meet with. Strike up,
and give notice of our coming. Farewell, Widow ; I
pity thy solitary condition. [Exeunt Fidlers playing.]

SCEN. IV.

Scene, Sir Frederick's Lodging.*Enter Dufoy, and Clark.*

Clark. I wonder Sir Frederick stays out so late.

Dufoy. Dis is noting ; six, seven a clock in de morning is ver good houre.

Clark. I hope he does not use these hours often.

Dufoy. Some six, seven time a veeke ; no oftiner.

5

Clark. My Lord commanded me to wait his coming.

Dufoy. Matré Clark, to divertise you, I vill tell you how I did get be acquainted vid dis Bedlam Matré. About two, tree year ago me had for my conveniance dischargé

[Enter a Foot-boy.

my self from attending as Matré D'ostel to a person of 10 Condition in *Parie* ; it hapen after de dispatch of my littel affairé—

Foot-b. That is, after h'ad spent his money, Sir.

Dufoy. Jan foutré de Lacque ; me vil have de Vip and de Belle vor your breeck, Rogue.

15

Foot-b. Sir, in a word, he was *Jack-pudding* to a Mountebank, and turn'd off for want of wit ; my Master pick'd him up before a Puppit-show, mumbling a half-penny Custard, to send him with a Letter to the Post.

Dufoy. Morbleu, see, see de insolance of de Foot-boy 20 English, Bogre Rascale, you lye, begar I vil cutté your troaté.

[Exit Foot-boy.

Clark. He's a Rogue ; on with your story, Monsieur.

Dufoy. Matré Clark, I am your ver humble Serviteur ; but begar me have no patience to be abusé. As I did say, 25 After de dispatché of my affairé, van day being Idelé, vich does producé de Mellanchollique, I did valké over de new Bridge in *Parie*, and to divertise de time, and my more serious toughté, me did look to see de Marrioneté and de *Jack-puddingé*, vich did play hundred pretty triké, 30 time de Collation vas come ; and vor I had no companie,

I vas unvilling to go to de Cabareté, but did buy a Darriolé, littel Custardé vich did satisfie my apetite ver vel : In dis time young Mounsieur de *Grandvil* (a Jentelman of ver 35 great Quallity, van dat vas my ver good Friendé, and has don me ver great and insignal faveure) come by in his Caroché, vid dis Sir *Frollick*, who did pention at de same Academy, to learn de Language, de bon mine, de great horse, and many oder triké ; Monsieur seeing me did make 40 de bowé, and did beken, beken me come to him ; he did tellé me dat de Englis Jentelman had de Letré vor de Posté, and did entreaté me (if I had de opportunity) to see de Letré deliver ; he did tellé me too, it vold be ver great obligation : de memory of de faveur I had receive 45 from his Famelyé, beside de inclination I naturally have to servé de strangeré, made me retourné de complemen vid ver great civility, and so I did take de Letré, and see it deliveré. Sir *Frollick* perceiving (by de managment of dis affairé) dat I vas man d'esprit, and of vitté, did 50 entreaté me to be his Serviteur ; me did take d'affection to his Personé, and vas contenté to live vid him, to counsel and to advisé him. You see now de lye of de Bougre dé Lacque Englishé, Morbleu.

Enter a Foot-man.

Foot-m. Monsieur, the Apothecary is without.

55 *Dujoy.* Dat news be no ver velcome, begar. Matré Clarke, go and sit you down ; I vil but swal my breakface, and be vid you again presant. Morbleu L'apothecaré.

[*Exeunt.*

SCEN. V.

Scene, A Field.

Enter Wheadle and Cully.

Cully. Dear *Wheadle*, this is too dangerous a testimony of thy kindness.

Whead. I shou'd be angry with you if you thought so :
What makes you so serious ?

Cul. I am sorry I did not provide for both our safeties. 5

Whead. How so ?

Cul. Colonel *Hewson* is my neighbour, and very good friend ; I might have acquainted him with the business, and got him with a File of Musketeers to secure us all.

Whead. But this wou'd not secure your Honour. What 10
wou'd the world have judg'd ?

Cul. Let the world have judg'd what it wou'd : Have we not had many presidents of late, and the world knows not what to judge ?

Whead. But you see there was no need to hazard your 15
Reputation ; here's no enemy appears.

Cul. We have done our duty, let's be going then.

Whead. We ought to waite a while.

Cul. The ayre is so bleak, I vow I can no longer endure it.

Whead. Have a little patience, methinks I see two making 20
towards us in the next Close.

Cul. Where, where ? 'tis them.

Whead. Bear up bravely now like a man.

Cul. I protest I am the worst dissembler in cases of
this nature. 25

Whead. Alon ; look like a man of resolution. Whither,
whither go you ?

Cul. But to the next house to make my Will, for fear
of the worst ; tell them I'l be here again presently.

Whead. By no means ; if you give 'em the least occa- 30
sion to suspect you, they'l appear like Lions.

Cul. Well, 'tis but giving security for the money ; that
will bring me off at last.

Enter Palmer and his Second.

Palm. I see you ride the Fore-horse, Gentlemen.

[All strip but Cully, who fumbles with his Doublet.

Whead. Good-morrow, Sir.

35

Sec. Come, Sir, let us match the swords. [To Wheadle.
Whead. With all my heart. [They match the Swords.

Palmer Sings.

He had and a good right Bilbo blade,
Wherewith he us'd to vapour ;
 40 *Full many a stubborn Foe had made*
To wince and cut a caper.

Sec. Here's your Sword, Sir. [To Palmer.

Palm. Come, Sir, are you ready for this sport ?

[To Cully.

Cul. By and by, Sir ; I will not rend the buttons from
 45 my Doublet for no mans pleasure.

Whead. Death, y'ave spoil'd all ; make haste.

Cul. Hang 'em, the Devil eggs 'em on ; they will fight.

Palm. What, will you never have done fumbling ?

Sec. This is a shame ; fight him with his Doublet on ;
 50 there's no foul play under it.

Palm. Come, Sir, have at you.

[Making to Cully.

Sec. Here, here, Sir.

[To Wheadle.

Whead. I am for you, Sir.

[Wheadle and the Second seem to fight.

Cul. Hold, hold, I beseech you, Mr. Palmer, hear me,
 55 hear me.

Whead. What's the matter ?

Cul. My Conscience will not let me fight in a wrong
 Cause ; I will pay the money, I have fairly lost it.

Whead. How contemptible is man, overcome by the
 60 worst of Passions, Fear ! it makes him as much below
 Beasts as Reason raises him above them. I will my self
 fight you both ; Come on, if you dare.—

Cul. Prethee, dear Wheadle, do but hear me.

Whead. I disown all the kindness I ever had for you :
 65 Where are these men of valour, which owe their Virtue
 to this man's Vice ? let me go, I will chastise their insolence
 my self. [Cully holds him.

Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, bear with the frailties of thy Friend.

Whead. Death, what wou'd you have me do? can I serve you with any thing more dear then my life? 70

Cul. Let us give them security.

Whead. Do you know what it is you wou'd do? have you consider'd what a thousand Pounds is? 'tis a Fortune for any one man.

Cul. I will pay it all; thou shalt be no loser. 75

Whead. Do you hear, Shepherd? how do you expect this money?

Palm. I expect such security for it as my friend shall advise.

Sec. A Warrant to confess a Judgment from you both. 80

Whead. You shall be damn'd first; you shall have nothing.

Palm. and *Sec.* We'l have your bloods.

[*They proffer to fight; Cully holds Wheadle.*

Whead. Let me go.

Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, let it be so. You shall have a Judgment, Gentlemen. 85

Whead. I will take care hereafter with whom I engage.

[*The Second pulls papers out of his pocket.*

What? you have your tackling about you.

Sec. We have Articles for Peace, as well as Weapons for War. 90

Whead. Dispatch, dispatch then, put me to no more torment with delays.

Sec. Come, Sir *Nicholas*, to the Book; you see we are favourable, we grant you the benefit of your Clergy.—

[*Cully subscribes on Palmer's back, and then Wheadle. Your helping hand, good Mr. Wheadle, to finish the work.* 95

Whead. Take that into the bargain. [Kicks him.

Palm. You shall have another, if you please, at the price.

Sec. We seldom quarrel under a thousand pounds.

Palm and Sec. We wish you merry, Gentlemen. 100

Palmer Sings.

*Come, let's to the Tavern scape,
And drink whilst we can stand ;
We thirst more for the blood o'th' Grape
Then for the blood of man.*

[*Exeunt Palmer and Second.*]

105 *Whead.* Do you see now what men of mighty prowess these are ?

Cul. I was to blame, indeed.

Whead. I am in such a passion I know not what to do : Let us not stand gazing here ; I wou'd not have this known for a Kingdom.

Cul. No, nor I neither.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCEN. VI.

Scene, The Lord Bevill's House.

Enter my Lord Bevil and Lovis.

Lovis. 'Tis yet within your pow'r, Sir, to maintain Our Honour, and prevent this threatning stain.

L. Bev. Forbear this wicked insolence : Once more I charge you think on your Obedience. [Exit *L. Bevill.*]

5 *Lovis.* Beauty, what art thou, we so much admire !

Thou art no real, but a seeming fire,
Which, like the glow-worm, only cast'st a light
To them whose Reason Passion does benight.

Thou art a Meteor, which but blazing dies,

10 Made of such vapours as from us arise.

Within thy guilty beams lurk cruel Fates,
To peaceful Families, and warring States.

Unhappy Friend, to doat on what we know—

[*Ent. a Servant.*]

Serv. Sir, Colonel *Bruce*, unexpectedly released from his 15 Imprisonment, is come to wait upon you. [Exit *Servant.*]

Lovis. What shall I do ! Ye Powers above be kind,
Some counsel give to my distracted mind :
Friendship and shame within me so contend,
I know not how to shun or meet my Friend.

Enter Bruce.

Bruce. Where is my gen'rous Friend ? Oh Noble Youth, 20
How long have I been rob'd of this content ?

[*They embrace.*]

Though deprivation be the greatest pain,
When Heav'n restores our happiness again,
It makes amends by our encrease of joy,
Perfecting that which it did once destroy. 25
Dear Friend, my love does now exact its due ;
Graciana must divide my heart with you :
Conduct me to your Sister, where I may
Make this my morn of Joy a glorious day.
What means this sad astonishment ! 30

Lovis. How can we chuse but with confusion greet,
When I your Joys with equal Sorrows meet ?

Bruce. O Heav'n ! must my afflictions have no end !
I scap'd my Foe, to perish by my Friend.
What strange disaster can produce this grief ! 35
Is *Graciana* dead ? Speak, speak ; be brief.

Lovis. She lives ; but I could wish her dead.
Bruce. Rash man ! why should your envy swell so high,
To wish the world this great calamity ?

Wish the whole frame of Nature were dissolv'd ; 40
That all things to a Chaos were revolv'd.
There is more charity in this desire ;
Since with our loss, our sorrows wou'd expire.

Enter Aurelia.

Lovis. Here comes *Aurelia*, sent for my relief ;
Heav'n knows her tongue can best express this grief : 45
Examine her, and you shall find ere long
I can revenge, though not relate your wrong.

Bruce. For pity haste, *Aurelia*, and declare

[*Kisses her hand.*]

The reasons of your Brothers frightening care :

50 *My soul is rack'd with doubts, until I know.* [After a pause.]

Your silence and your looks, *Aurelia*, show
As if your kindness made you bear a part
Of those great sorrows that afflict his heart.

Aurel. His passion is so noble and so just,
55 No gen'rous Soul can know it but it must

Lay claim unto a portion, as its due :
He can be thus concern'd for none but you.

Bruce. Kind Maid, reveal what my misfortunes are ;
Friendship must not engross them, though it share.

60 I wou'd not willingly my Love suspect ;
And yet I fear 'tis answer'd with neglect.

Aurel. My Sister, by unlucky stars misled,
From you and from her happiness is fled ;
Unskilful in the way, by passion press'd,
65 She has took shelter in another's breast.

Bruce. Fate, thou hast done thy worst, thy Tryumph
sing ;

Now thou hast stung so home, th'ast lost thy sting.
I have not power, *Graciana*, to exclaim [After a pause.]
Against your fault ; indeed you are to blame.

70 *Lovis.* Tell me, did she her promise plight, or give
Your love encouragement enough to live ?

Bruce. It was her pity sure, and not her Love,
That made her seem my passion to approve :
My story was unpleasant to her ear

75 At first ; but time had made her apt to hear
My Love : She told me that it grew her grief,
As much as mine, my pain found no relief ;
Then promis'd she'd endeavour the decrease
Of that in her which warr'd against my peace.

80 'Twas in this joyful spring of Love that I
Was ravish'd from her by our enemy :

My hopes grew strong, I banish'd all despair :
These glowing sparks I then left to the care
Of this fair maid, thinking she might inspire
My passion, and blow up the kindling fire.

85

Lovis. Alas ! she, to my knowledg, has been true ;
Sh'as spoke and sigh'd all that she cou'd for you.

Aurel. When you were forc'd to end, I did proceed,
And with success the catching fire did feed ;
Till Noble *Beaufort*, one unlucky day,
A visit to our Family did pay ;
Newly arriv'd from Forreign Courts, and Fraught
With all those Virtues that in Courts are taught :
He with his am'rous Tales so charm'd her ear,
That she of Love from none but him wou'd hear.

90

Bruce. That heart which I so long with toyl and pain
Besieg'd, and us'd all stratagems to gain,

95

[Enter a Servant, and whispers with *Lovis*.

Is now become within a trice we see
The Tryumph of another's Victory.
There is a fate in love, as well as war ;
Some though less careful more successful are.

100

Lovis. Do not this opportunity withstand ;
These Lovers now are walking hand in hand
I'th'Garden ; fight him there, and sacrifice
His heart to that false Womans cruel eyes :
If fate be so unjust to make thee fall,
His blood or mine shall wait thy Funeral.

105

Bruce. Young man, this rashness must have my
excuse,

Since 'tis your friendship does your fault produce ;
If Powers above did not this passion sway,
But that our Love our Reason did obey,
Your Sister I with Justice might accuse,
Nor wou'd I this occasion then refuse.

110

Lovis. Does *Bruce* resolve thus tamely to decline
His int'rest, and like foolish women pine ?

115

Can that great heart which in your breast does dwell
 Let your fond griefs above your courage swell ?

Bruce. My passions grow unruly, and I find
 Too soon they'l raise a Tempest in my mind.

120 *Graciana*, like fond Parents, y'are to blame
 You did not in its youth correct my flame ;
 'Tis now so head-strong, and so wild a fire,
 I fear to both our ruines 'twill conspire :
 I grow impatient, Friend, come lead me where

125 I may to her my injur'd Love declare.
Graciana, yet your heart shall be my Prize,
 Or else my heart shall be your Sacrifice.
 Despair's the issue of ignoble minds,
 And but with Cowards entertainment finds.

[*Exeunt Lovis and Bruce.*]

130 *Aurel.* Heav'n grant some moderation to this rage,
 That Reason their swel'd passions may asswage.
 Oh, *Bruce* ! thou little think'st the Fates in me
 Have to the full reveng'd thy injury.

[*Exit.*]

SCEN. VII.

Scene, A Garden belonging to my Lord Bevill's
House.

Enter Beaufort and Graciana.

Beauf. Madam, what you have told so much must move
 All that have sence of Honour or of Love,
 That for my Rival I cou'd shed a Tear,
 If grief had any pow'r when you are near.

5 *Grac.* Leave this discourse ; your Mistress you neglect,
 And to your Rival all your thoughts direct.

Enter Bruce and Lovis, and stand undiscover'd.

Beauf. Forgive me, dear *Graciana*, I have been
 By my compassion sooth'd into a sin.

The holiest man that to the Altar bows
With wand'ring thoughts too often stains his Vows. 10

Bruce. Graciana, you are alter'd much, I find ;

[Surprising her by the hand.]

Since I was here y'ave learn'd how to be kind.

The god of Love, which subt'lly let you sway,

Has stoln your heart, and taught it to obey.

Grac. Heav'ns ! what strange surprise is this ! 15

Bruce. Hither I'm come to make my lawful claim ;

You are my Mistress, and must own my flame.

Beauf. Forbear, bold man, and do not tempt thy fate ;

[Taking her by the other hand.]

Thou hast no right, her Love does right create :

Thy Claim must to my Title here give place ; 20

'Tis not who loves, but whom she's pleas'd to grace.

Grac. Hear me but speak ; Bruce, you divide my care ;

Though not my Love, you my Compassion share ;

My heart does double duty ; it does mourn

For you brave *Bruce* ; for you brave *Beaufort* burn. 25

Bruce. Your pity but destroys ; if you wou'd save, It is your Love, Graciana, I must have.

Beauf. Her Love is mine, she did it now declare ; Name it no more, but vanish and despair.

Bruce. Death, do you think to conjure me away ! 30

I am no Devil that am forc'd t' obey :

If y'are so good at that, here are such charms

[Laying his hand on his Sword.]

Can fright y' into the circle of her arms.

Beauf. Here is a Sword more fit for my defence ;

This is not courage, *Bruce*, but insolence. 35

[*Grac. takes Beauf. in her arms.*]

Graciana, let me go, my heart wants room.

Grac. My arms till now were ne're thought troublesom.

Bruce. Beaufort, I hope y'ave courage to appear,

Where sacred Sanctuary is not near.

40 I'le leave you now within that happy state
Which does provoke my fury and my hate.

[*Ex. Bru. and Lov.*]

Grac. You must not meet him in the field, to prove
A doubtful Combate for my certain Love.

45 Beside, your heart is mine ; will you expose
The heart you gave me to its raging foes ?
Those men want Honour who stake that at play
Which to their Friends their kindness gave away.

50 *Beauf.* *Graciana*, why did you confine me so
Within your arms ? you shou'd have let me go :

55 We soon had finish'd this our hot debate,
Which now must wait a longer time on Fate.

Grac. None, in combustions blame such as desire
To save their pretious Goods from raging fire.
Banish this passion now, my Lord, and prove

55 Your anger cannot overcloud your Love.

60 *Beauf.* Your glorious presence can this rage controul,
And make a calm in my tempestuous soul ;
But yet there must be time ; the Sun does bear
A while with the fierce tempests of the Air,
60 Before he make those stormy conflicts cease,

And with his conquering beams proclaims a Peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Lord Beaufort and Lovis.

Lovis. Farewell, my Lord, I'le to my Friend declare
How gen'rous you in your acceptance were.

65 *Beauf.* My Honour is as forward as my Love,
On equal wings of jealousie they move :
5 I to my Rival will in neither yield ;
I've won the Chamber, and will win the Field.

Lovis. Your Emulation, Sir, is swoln so high,
You may be worthy of his Victory :
You'l meet with Honour blown, not in the bud,
Whose Root was fed with vast expense of blood. 10

[*Ex. Lovis.*]

Enter Sir Frederick.

Sir Fred. What, my Lord, as studious as a Country
Vicar on a Saturday in the afternoon ? I thought you
had been ready for the Pulpit.

Beauf. I am not studying of speeches for my Mistress ;
'tis action that I now am thinking on, wherein there's 15
Honour to be gain'd ; and you, Cousin, are come luckily
to share it.

Sir Fred. On my life a Prize to be playd for your Mis-
tress : I had notice of your Quarrel, which brought me
hither so early with my Sword to serve you. But dares 20
so zealous a Lover as your Lordship break the command-
ment of your Mistress ? I heard, poor Lady, she wept,
and charg'd you to sleep in a whole skin ; but young
men never know when th'are well.

Beauf. Cousin, my love to her cannot make me forget 25
my duty to my Family.

Sir Fred. Pray whose body must I exercise my skill
upon ?

Beauf. You met the man ; *Graciana's* Brother.

Sir Fred. An expert Gentleman, and I have not fenc'd 30
of late, unless it were with my Widows Maids ; and they
are e'en too hard for me at my own weapon.

Beauf. Cousin, 'tis time we were preparing for the Field.

Sir Fred. I wait to serve you, Sir.

Beauf. But yet with grief, *Graciana*, I must go, 35
Since I your Brother there shall meet my Foe :
My fate too near resembles theirs where he
Did wound himself that hurt his Enemy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCEN. II.

Enter Wheadle, and Palmer dress'd like the Lord Bevil.

Whead. So, my *Proteus*, exactly dress'd ! Dexterous Rogue ! Is *Grace* ready in her Geers, and settl'd in my Lady *Dawbwells* house ?

Palm. Every trap is baited.

5 *Whead.* I'l warrant thee then we catch our *Cully* : He's gone to put himself into a fantastick garb, in imitation of Sir *Frederick Frollick* ; he's almost frantick with the very conceit of gaining the rich Widow. But heark, I hear him coming ; slip down the back way, and to your

10 charge.

[*Exit Palmer.*]

Enter Cully.

Sir Nich. *Wheadle*, and what think you of this Habit ? is it not very modish ?

Whead. As any man need wear : How did you furnish your self so suddenly ?

15 *Sir Nich.* Suddenly ? I protest I was at least at sixteen Broakers, before I cou'd put my self exactly into the fashion ; but now I defie Sir *Frederick* ; I am as fine as he, and will be as mad as he, if that will carry the Widow, I'l warrant thee.

20 *Whead.* Is it not better pushing thus for a Fortune, before your Reputation's blasted with the infamous names of Coward and Gamester ? and so become able to pay the thousand pounds without noise, then going into the Country, selling your Land, making a havock among 25 your Woods, or mortgaging your Estate to a scrupulous Scrivener, that will whisper it into the ears of the whole Town, by inquiring of your good behaviour ?

Sir Nich. Excellent *Wheadle* ! And will my Lord *Bevill* speak my commendations to his Sister ?

30 *Whead.* She is impatient till she see you, Sir ; for in my hearing, upon the account I gave him of you, he

told her you were the prettiest, wittiest, wildest Gentleman about the Town, and a Cavalier in your heart ; The only things that take her.

Sir Nich. Wheadle, come, I will go to the Tavern, and 35
swallow two whole quarts of Wine instantly, and when
I am drunk ride on a Drawers back to visit her.

Whead. Some less Frolick to begin with.

Sir Nich. I will cut three Drawers over the pate then,
and go with a Tavern-Lanthorn before me at noon-day. 40
Come away. [Exeunt, Cully singing.

SCEN. III.

Enter Palmer and Grace.

Palm. Do not I look like a very Reverend Lord, *Grace* ?

Grace. And I like a very fine Lady, *Mr. Palmer* ?

Palm. Yes in good faith, *Grace* ; what a rogue is that *Wheadle*, to have kept such a Treasure to himself, without communicating a little to his Friends ! [Offers to kiss her. 5

Grace. Forbear ; you'll be out in your Part, my Lord, when *Sir Nich'las* comes.

Palm. The truth is, my Lady, I am better prepar'd at this time to act a Lover then a Relation.

Grace. That grave dress is very amorous indeed. 10

Palm. My Virtues, like those of Plants in the Winter, are retir'd ; your warm Spring wou'd fetch 'em out with a vengeance.

Enter Jenny in haste.

Jenny. Mr. *Wheadle* and *Sir Nich'las* are come.

Palm. Away, away then, Sister ; expect your Kew. 15

Enter Wheadle, and Sir Nicholas, kicking a Tavern boy before him, who has three Bottles of Wine on a Roap hanging at his back.

Cul. singing. *Then march along, Boys ; valiant and strong, Boys.*

So, lay down the Bottles here.

Whead. My Lord, this is the worthy Gentleman that I told you was ambitious to be your Sisters Servant.

20 *Cul.* Hither I am come, my Lord, to drink your Sisters Health, without offence, I hope.

Palm. You are heartily welcome, Sir.

Cul. Here's a Brimmer then to her, and all the Fleas about her.

25 *Palm.* Sir, I'le call her self to pledg it.

Cul. Stay, stay, my Lord, that you may be able to tell her you have drunk it. [Palmer drinks and exit.

Cul. *Wheadle*, how do you like this? [Draws his Sword. Shall I break the Windows?

30 *Whead.* Hold, hold; you are not in a House of evil reputation.

Cul. Well admonish'd, Sir *Frederick Frollick*.

Enter Palmer and Grace.

Palm. This is Sir *Nich'las*, Sister.

Cul. I, Madam, I am Sir *Nich'las*, and how do you like me?

35 *Grace.* A pretty Gentleman. Pray, Sir, are you come a House-warming, that you bring your Wine with you?

Cul. If you ask such pert Questions, Madam, I can stop your mouth. [Kisses her.

Hither I am come to be drunk, that you may see me 40 drunk; and here's a Health to your Flanel Petticoat.

[Drinks.

Grace. Mr. *Wheadle*, my service to you; a Health to Sir *Nich'las*'s great Grand-father's Beard-brush.

[She drinks part.

Cul. Nay, pledg me; ha—

45 *Grace.* You are not quarrelsom in your drink, I hope, Sir.

Cul. No, faith; I am wond'rous loving. [Huggs her.

Grace. You are a very bold Lover.

Cul. Widow, let you and I go upon the ramble to night.

Grace. Do you take me for a Night-walker, Sir ?

Cul. Thou shalt be witness how many Constables staves 50
I'le break about the Watchmens ears ; how many Bell-
men I'le rob of their Verses, to furnish a little Apartment
in the back side of my Lodging.

Grace. I believe y'are an excellent man at Quarter-staff,
Sir.

Cul. The odds was on my head against any Warrener
in all our Country ; but I have left it off this two year.
My Lord, what say you, Do you think your Sister and I
shou'd not furnish a Bed-chamber as well as two soberer
people ? what think you, my Lord ? 60

Grace. I, and a Nursery too, I hope, Sir.

Cul. Well said, Widow, i'faith ; I will get upon thy
body a generation of wild Cats, children that shall Waw,
waw, scratch their Nurses, and be drunk with their
sucking-bottles. 65

Whead. Brave Sir Nich'las.

Cul. *Wheadle*, give me a Brimmer ; the Widow shall
drink it to our Progeny. [Exit Grace.

Where, where is she gone ?

Palm. You have frightened her hence, Sir.

Cul. I'le fright her worse, if I find her in a corner.
Ha, Widow, I'le follow you ; I'le follow you, ha. [Ex. Cul.

Whead. The Wine makes the Rogue witty ; he over-acts
the Part I gave him ; Sir Frederick is not half so mad : I
will keep him thus elevated till he has married *Grace*, and 75
we have the best part of his Estate at our mercy.

Palm. Most ingenious *Wheadle* !

Whead. I was not born to ease nor Acres ; Industry is
All my stock of living. [The women shriek within.

Palm. Hark, he puts them to the squeek.

Whead. We must go and take him off ; he's as fierce as
a Bandog that has newly broke his chain.

[*Exeunt laughing.*]

SCEN. IV.

Scene, A Field.

Enter Bruce and Lovis, and traverse the Stage.

Then enter four or five men in disguises.

1 *Man.* This way they went ; be sure you kill the Villain ;

Let pity be a stranger to your breasts.

2 *Man.* We have been bred, you know, unacquainted with Compassion.

5 3 *Man.* But why, Colonel, shou'd you so eagerly pursue his life ? he has the report of a gallant Man.

1 *Man.* He murder'd my Father.

3 *Man.* I have heard he kill'd him fairly in the Field at Nasby.

10 1 *Man.* He kill'd him, that's enough ; and I my self was witness : I accus'd him to the Protector, and stubborn'd Witness to have taken away his life by form of Law ; but my Plot was discover'd, and he yesterday releas'd ; since which I've watch'd an opportunity, without the help
15 of seeming Justice, for my Revenge. Strike home. —

3 *Man.* We are your hired slaves ; and since you'l have it so, we'l shed his blood, and never spare our own.

[*Exeunt, drawing their Swords.*]

Enter Beaufort and Sir Frederick, and traverse the Stage.

Enter Bruce and Lovis at another door.

Bruce. Your Friendship, noble Youth, 's too prodigal ;
For one already lost you venture all ;

20 Your present happiness, your future joy ;

You for the hopeless your great hopes destroy.

Lovis. What can I venture for so brave a friend ?

I have no hopes but what on you depend.

Shou'd I your Friendship and my Honour rate

25 Below the value of a poor Estate,

A heap of dirt ! Our Family has been
To blame, my blood must here atone the sin.

Enter the five Villains with drawn Swords.

Heav'ns ! what is there, an Ambuscado laid !
Draw, dearest Friend, I fear we are betray'd.

1 *Vill.* Bruce, look on me, and then prepare to die. 30

[*Pulling off his Vizard.*

Bruce. O Treacherous Villain !

1 *Vill.* Fall on, and sacrifice his blood to my Revenge.

Lovis. More hearts then one shall bleed, if he must die.

[*They fight.*

Enter Beaufort and Sir Frederick.

Beauf. Heav'ns ! what's this I see ! Sir Frederick, draw ;
Their blood's too good to grace such Villains Swords. 35
Courage, brave men ; now we can match their Force.

Lovis. We'l make you, slaves, repent this Treachery.

[*The Villains run.*

Beauf. So.

Bruce. They are not worth pursuit ; we'l let them go.
Brave men ! this action makes it well appear
'Tis Honour and not Envy brings you here.

Beauf. We come to conquer, Bruce, and not to see
Such Villains rob us of our Victory.

Your lives our fatal swords claim as their due ;
W'ad wrong'd our selves had we not righted you.

Bruce. Your gen'rous courage has oblig'd us so, 45
That to your succour we our safety owe.

Lovis. Y'ave done what men of Honour ought to do,
What in your cause we wou'd have done for you.

Beauf. You speak the truth, w'ave but our duty done ;
Prepare : Duty's no obligation. [He strips. 50

Bruce. My Honour is dis-satisfied ; I must,

[*Lovis and Sir Frederick strip.*

My Lord, consider whether it be just

To draw my Sword against that life which gave
Mine, but e'en now, protection from the grave.

55 *Beauf.* None come into the Field to weigh what's right ;
This is no place for Council, but for Fight.
Dispatch.

Bruce. I am resolv'd I will not fight.

Beauf. Did I come hither then only to fright
A company of fearful slaves away ?

60 My Courage stoops not at so mean a prey :
Know, *Bruce*, I hither come to shed thy blood.

Bruce. Open this bosom, and let out a flood.

Beauf. I come to Conquer bravely in the Field,
Not to take poor revenge on such as yield.

65 Has nothing pow'r, too backward man, to move
Thy Courage ? Think on thy neglected Love :
Think on the beauteous *Graciana's* Eyes ;
'Tis I have robb'd thee of that glorious prize.

Bruce. There are such charms in *Graciana's* Name,

[*Strips hastily.*]

70 My scrup'lous Honour must obey my Flame :
My lazy Courage I with shame condemn :
No thoughts have power streams of blood to stem.

Sir Fred. Come, Sir, out of kindness to our Friends, you
and I must pass a small complement on each other.

[*They all fight.*]

Beaufort after many Passes closes with *Bruce* ; they fall ;
Beaufort disarms him.

75 *Beauf.* Here, live. [Giving *Bruce* his Sword again.
Bruce. My Lord, y'ave gain'd a perfect Victory ;

Y'ave vanquish'd and oblig'd your enemy.

Beauf. Hold, gallant men.

[*Bruce and Beaufort part* *Lovis and Sir Fred.*]

Lovis. Before we bleed ! Do we here fight a Prize,
80 Where handsom proffers may for Wounds suffice ?

I am amaz'd ! What means this bloodless Field ?

Bruce. The stoutest heart must to his fortune yield.
Brave Youth ! here Honour did with Courage vie ;

[*To Beauf.*

And both agree to grace your Victory.

Heaven with such a Conquest favours few :

85

'Tis easier to destroy then to subdue.

Our bodies may by brutish force be kill'd ;

But noble Minds alone to Virtue yield.

My Lord, I've twice receiv'd my life from you ;

90

Much is to both those gen'rous actions due :

The noble Giver I must highly prize,

Though I the Gift, heav'n knows, as much despise.

Can I desire to live, when all the Joy

Of my poor life its Ransom does destroy !

No, no, *Graciana's* loss I'le ne'r survive ;

95

I pay too dear for this unsought Reprieve.

[*Falls on his Sword, and is desperately wounded.*

Beauf. Hold, gallant man ! Honour her self does bleed ;

[*Running to him, takes him in his arms.*

All gen'rous hearts are wounded by this deed.

Lovis. He does his blood for a lost Mistress spend ;

And shall not I bleed for so brave a Friend ?

100

[*Lovis offers to fall on his Sword, but is hindered by Sir Frederick.*

Sir Fred. Forbear, Sir ; the Frollick's not to go round, as I take it.

Beauf. 'Twere greater Friendship to assist me here :

I hope the wound's not mortal, though I fear——

Bruce. My Sword, I doubt, has fail'd in my relief ;

105

'T has made a vent for blood, but not for grief.

[*Bruce struggling, Lovis and Sir Fred. help to hold him.*

Let me once more the unkind Weapon try.

Will you prolong my pain ? oh cruelty !

Lovis. Ah, dearest *Bruce*, can you thus careless be

Of our great friendship, and your Loyalty !

110

Look on your Friend ; your drooping Country view ;

And think how much they both expect from you.
 You for a Mistress waste that precious blood
 Which shou'd be spent but for our Masters good.

115 *Sir Fred.* Expence of blood already makes him faint ;
 let's carry him to the next house, till we can procure a
 chair to convey him to my Lord Bevill's, the best place
 for accommodation. [They all take him up.

120 *Beauf.* Honour has plaid an after-game ; this Field
 The Conq'rour does unto the Conquer'd yield. [Exeunt.

SCEN. V.

Enter Graciana weeping.

Grac. Farewel all thoughts of happiness, farewell :
 My fears together with my sorrows swell :
 Whilst from my eyes there flows this Christal flood,
 From their brave hearts there flows such streams of blood.
 5 Here I am lost, while both for me contend ;
 With what success can this strange Combate end !
 Honour with Honour fights for Victory,
 And Love is made the common enemy.

Enter Lord Bevill.

L. Bevill weeping. Ah, Child !—

Grac. Kill me not with expectation, Sir.

10 *L. Bev.* The gen'rous *Bruce*
 Has kill'd himself for you : being disarm'd,
 And at his Rival's mercy, his Life and Sword
 Were given him by the noble Youth ; he made
 A brave acknowledgment for both ; but then
 15 Considering you were lost, he scorn'd to live ;
 And falling on his Sword, has giv'n himself
 A mortal wound. [Exit *L. Bevill.*

Enter Aurelia weeping.

Aurel. Cruel *Graciana*, Go but in and see
 The fatal Tryumph of your Victory.

The Noble *Bruce*, to your eternal shame, 20
With his own blood has quench'd his raging flame.

Grac. weeping. My carriage shall in these misfortunes
prove

That I have Honour too, as well as Love.

Aurel. aside. Thy sorrows, sad *Aurelia*, will declare
At once, I fear, thy Love and thy Despair : 25
These streams of grief straight to a flood will rise ;
I can command my Tongue, but not my eyes. [Exit. *Aurel.*

Grac. In what a Maze, *Graciana*, dost thou tread !
Which is the Path that doth to Honour lead ?
I in this Lab'rynth so resolve to move, 30
That none shall judg I am misled by Love.

Enter Beaufort.

Beauf. Here Conqu'rous must forget their Victories,
And homage pay to your victorious Eyes.

Graciana, hither your poor slave is come,
After his Conquest to receive his doom ; 35
Smile on his Vict'ry ; had he prov'd untrue
To Honour, he had then prov'd false to you.

Grac. Perfidious man, can you expect from me
An approbation of your Treacherie !
When I, distracted with prophetick fears, 40
Blasted with sighs, and almost drown'd in tears,
Begg'd you to moderate your Rage last night,
Did you not promise me you wou'd not fight ?
Go now and triumph in your Victory ;
Into the Field you went my Enemy, 45
And are return'd the only man I hate,
The wicked instrument of my sad fate.
My Love has but dissembled been to thee,
To try my gen'rous Lover's constancy. [Exit *Graciana*.

Beauf. Oh Heav'n ! how strange and cruel is my fate ! 50
Preserv'd by Love, to be destroy'd by Hate ! [Exit *Beaufort*.

SCEN. VI.

Scene, The Widows House.

Enter Betty and Lettice, *the two Chamber-maids,*
severally.

Betty. Oh, Lettice, we have staid for you.

Lett. What hast thou done to the French-man, Girl ?
 he lies yonder neither dead nor drunk ; no body knows
 what to make of him.

5 Betty. I sent for thee to help make sport with him ; he'll
 come to himself, never fear him : Have you not observ'd
 how scurvily h'as look'd of late ?

Lett. Yes ; and he protests it is for love of you.

10 Betty. Out upon him, for a dissembling Rascal ; h'as
 got the foul Disease ; our Coachman discover'd it by a
 Bottle of Diet Drink he brought and hid behind the stairs,
 into which I infus'd a little *Opium*.

Lett. What dost intend to do with him ?

Betty. You shall see.

*Enter Coach-man, with a Tub without a bottom, a shut at the
 top to be lock'd, and a hole to put ones head out
 at, made easie to be born on ones shoulders.*

15 Coach-m. Here's the Tub ; where's the French-man ?

Betty. He lies behind the stairs ; haste and bring him
 in, that he may take quiet possession of this wooden
 Tenement ; for 'tis neer his time of waking.

*The Coach-man and another Servant bring in Dufoy, and
 put him into the Tub.*

Is the Fidler at hand that us'd to ply at the blind Ale-
 20 house ?

Coach-m. He's ready.

Enter a Fidler.

Betty. Well, let's hear now what a horrible noise you can
 make to wake this Gentleman. [Fidler plays a Tune.

Lett. He wants a helping hand ; [Dufoy begins to wake. his eye-lids are seal'd up ; see how the wax sticks upon 25 'em. Let me help you, Monsieur.

Dufoy. Vat aré you ? Jernie ! vat is dis ! am I Jack in a boxé ? begar, who did putté me here ?

Betty. Good-morrow, Monsieur ; will you be pleas'd to take your Pills this morning ? 30

Dufoy. Noé ; but I vo'd have de diable take youé ; it vas youé dat did abusé me duss, vas it noté ? begar I vil killé ale de Shamber-maid in *Englandé*.

Lett. Will you be pleas'd to drink, Monsieur ? There's a Bottle of your Diet-drink within. 35

Dufoy. Are youé de littel diable come to tormenté mé ? Morbleu ! vas ever man afronté in dis naturé !

Betty. Me-thinks he has ferbon mine, Monsieur ; now if you please to make your little Addressé, and your amouré, you will not find me so coy. 40

Dufoy. Begar I vil no marié de cousin Germain of de diable.

Lett. What shou'd he do with a Wife ? he has not House-room for her.

Betty. Why do you not keep your head within doors, 45 Monsieur ?

Lett. Now there's such a storm abroad.

Dufoy. Why did not youé keep your Maiden-headé vid in dooré ? begar, tellé me daté.

Coach-m. Have you any fine French Commodities to sell, 50 Gloves and Ribbands ? y'ave got a very convenient shop, Monsieur.

Dufoy. I do hope you vil have de verié convenient halteré, begar. Jerny, Can I not taré dis tingé in de pieces ?

Betty. You begin to sweat, Monsieur ; the Tub is proper 55 for you.

Dufoy. I have no more patiencé ; I vil breaké dis prison, Or I vil breaké my neké, and ye shall alé be hangé.

[Struggles to get out.]

Lett. He begins to rave ; bless the poor man.

60 *Betty.* Some Musique quickly, to compose his mind.

[*The Musique plays ; and they Dance about him.*
How prettily the snail carries his Tenement on his back !

[*He walks with the Tub on his back.*
I'm sorry I am but his Mistress : If I had been your Wife,
Monsieur, I had made you a compleat snail ; your horns
shou'd have appear'd.

65 *Dufoy.* I vil have de patiencé, dere is no oder remedé ;
you be alé de Raskalé Whore ; de diable take you alé ;
and I vil say no more, begar.

Betty. This is a very fine Vessel, and wou'd swim well ;
let's to the Horse-pond with him.

70 *Lett.* Come, come, he looks as sullenly as a Hare in her
Form ; let's leave him.

Coach-m. Your Serviteur tres humble, Monsieur.

[*Exeunt all but Dufoy.*

Dufoy. Bougré, I canno hangé my selfé ; begar I canno
drowné my selfé ; I vil go hidé my selfé, and starvé to dyé ;
75 I vil no be de laughé for every Jackanapé Englishé.
Morbleu.

SCEN. VII.

*Sir Frederick is brought in upon a Bier, with a mourning
Cloth over him, attended by a Gentleman in a mourning
Cloak : Four Fidlers carry the Corps, with their Instruments tuck'd under their Cloaks.*

Enter the Widow weeping.

Mourner. Madam, you must expect a bloody consequence
When men of such prodigious courage fight.

The young Lord Beaufort was the first that fell,
After his Sword too deeply had engag'd

5 His Rival not to stay behind him long.

Sir Frederick with your Nephew bravely fought ;
Death long did keep his distance, as if he

Had fear'd excess of Valour ; but when they,
Overloaded with their wounds, began to faint,
He with his terrors did invade their breasts. 10
Fame soon brought many to the Tragick place,
Where I found my dearest Friend, Sir Fred'rick,
Almost as poor in breath as blood : he took
Me by the hand, and all the stock h'ad left
He spent, Madam, in calling upon you. 15
He first proclaim'd your Virtues, then his Love ;
And having charg'd me to convey his Corps
Hither to wait on you, his latest breath
Expir'd with the Command.

Wid. The World's too poor to recompense this loss. 20
Unhappy woman ! why shou'd I survive
The only man in whom my joys did live ?
My dreadful grief ! [The Fidlers prepare.]

Enter Dufoy in his Tub.

Dufroy. Oh my Matré, my Matré ; who has kill my
Matré ? Morbleu, I vil—

*[The Widow shrieks, and runs out : All the Fidlers 25
run out in a fright.]*

Oh, de diablé, de diablé !

[Sir Frederick starts up, which frights Dufoy.]

Sir Fred. What devilish accident is this ? or has the
Widow undermin'd me ?

Enter the Widow and her Maid laughing.

Sir Fred. I shall be laugh'd to death now indeed, by
Chamber-maids ; why, have you no pity, Widow ? 30

Wid. None at all for the living ; Ha, ha, ha. You see
w'are provided for your Frollick, Sir ; ha, ha.

Sir Fred. Laugh but one minute longer I will forswear
thy company, kill thy Tabby Cat, and make thee weep for
ever after. 35

Wid. Farewell, Sir ; expect at night to see the old man,
with his paper Lanthorn and crack'd Spectacles, singing

your woful Tragedy to Kitchin-maids and Coblers Prentices.

[*Widow offers to go, Sir Frederick holds her by the arm.*
40 *Sir Fred.* Hark you, hark you, Widow : By all those Devils that have hitherto possess'd thy Sex—

Wid. No swearing, good Sir *Fred'rick.*

Sir Fred. Set thy face then ; let me not see the remains of one poor smile : So, now I will kiss thee, and be friends.

[*Widow falls out a laughing.*

45 Not all thy wealth shall hire me to come within smell of thy breath again. Jealousie, and, which will be worse for thee, Widow, Impotence light upon me, if I stay one moment longer with thee. [*Offers to go.*

Wid. Do you hear, Sir ; can you be so angry with one 50 that loves you so passionately she cannot survive you ?

Sir Fred. Widow, May the desire of man keep thee waking till thou art as mad as I am. [*Exit Sir Frederick.*

Wid. How lucky was this accident ! How he wou'd have insulted over my weakness else !

55 *Sir Frederick,* since I've warning, you shall prove More subtil ways, before I owne my Love. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Scene, The Lord Bevill's House.

Enter Lovis, a Chyrurgion, Servants, carrying Bruce in a Chair.

Chyr. C Ourage, brave Sir ; do not mistrust my Art. *Bruce.* Tell me, didst thou e'er cure a wounded Thy skill, fond man, thou here employ'st in vain ; [heart ? The ease thou giv'st does but encrease my pain.

5 *Lovis.* Dear *Bruce*, my life does on your life depend ; Though you disdain to live, yet save your Friend.

Bruce. Do what you please ; but are not those unkind That ease the body, to afflict the mind ?

[*The Chirurgion dresses him.*

Oh cruel Love ! thou shoot'st with such strange skill,
The wounds thou mak'st will neither heal nor kill : 10
Thy flaming Arrows kindle such a fire
As will not waste thy Victims, nor expire !

Enter Aurelia.

Lovis. Is the Wound Mortal ? tell me ;

[*To the Chyrurgion.*]

Or may we cherish hopes of his Recovery ?

Chyr. The danger is not imminent ; yet my Prognostick 15
boads a sad event : For though there be no great Vessel
dissected, yet I have cause to fear that the Parenchyma
of the right lobe of the lungs, neer some large branch of
the *Aspera arteria*, is perforated.

Lovis. Tell me in English, will he live or die ? 20

Chyr. Truly I despair of his recovery.

[*Exit Chyrurgion.*]

Aurel. aside. Forgive me, Ladies, if excess of Love
Me beyond rules of Modesty does move,
And, against custom, makes me now reveal
Those flames my tortur'd breast did long conceal ; 25
'Tis some excuse, that I my Love declare
When there's no med'cine left to cure despair.

[*Weeps by the Chair side.*]

Bruce. Oh Heav'n ! can fair *Aurelia* weep for me !
This is some comfort to my misery.
Kind Maid, those eyes should only pity take 30
Of such as feel no wounds but what they make :
Who for another in your sight does mourn,
Deserves not your compassion, but your scorn.

Aurel. I come not here with tears to pity you ;
I for your pity with this passion sue. 35

Bruce. My pity ! tell me, what can be the grief,
That from the miserable hopes relief !

Aurel. Before you know this grief, you feel the pain.

Bruce. You cannot love, and not be lov'd again :

40 Where so much Beauty does with Love conspire,
No mortal can resist that double fire.

Aurel. When proud *Graciana* wounded your brave heart,
On poor *Aurelia*'s you reveng'd the smart :
Whilst you in vain did seek those wounds to cure,
45 With patience I their torture did endure.

Bruce. My happiness has been so long conceal'd,
That it becomes my misery reveal'd :

That which shou'd prove my joy, now proves my grief ;
And that brings pain, which, known, had brought relief.

50 *Aurelia*, why wou'd you not let me know,
Whilst I had pow'r to pay, the debt I owe ?
'Tis now too late ; yet all I can I'le do ;
I'll sigh away the breath I've left for you.

Aurel. You yet have pow'r to grant me all I crave ;
55 'Tis not your Love I court, I court your Grave.
I with my flame seek not to warm your breast,
But beg my ashes in your Urn may rest :
For since *Graciana*'s loss you scorn'd t'out-live,
I am resolv'd I'le not your death survive.

60 *Bruce.* Hold, you too gen'rous are ; yet I may live :
Heav'n for your sake may grant me a reprieve.

Aurel. Oh, no ; Heav'n has decree'd, alas, that we
Shou'd in our Fates, not in our Loves agree.

Bruce. Dear Friend, my rashness I too late repent ;
65 I ne're thought death till now a punishment. [To Lovis.

Enter Graciana.

Grac. Oh, do not talk of death ! the very sound
Once more will give my heart a mortal wound :
Here on my knees I've sinn'd I must confess
Against your Love, and my own happiness ;
70 I, like the child, whose folly proves his loss,
Refus'd the gold, and did accept the dross.

Bruce. You have in *Beaufort* made so good a choice,
His virtue's such, he has his Rival's voice ;

Graciana, none but his great Soul cou'd prove
Worthy to be the centre of your Love.

75

Grac. You to another wou'd such virtue give,
Brave Sir, as in your self does only live.
If to the most deserving I am due,
He must resign his weaker claim to you.

Bruce. This is but flatt'ry ; for I'me sure you can
Think none so worthy as that gen'rous man :
By honour you are his.

80

Grac. Yet, Sir, I know
How much I to your gen'rous passion owe ;
You bleed for me ; and if for me you die,
Your loss I'le mourn with vow'd Virginity.

85

Bruce. Can you be mindful of so small a debt,
And that which you to *Beaufort* owe forget ?
That will not Honour but Injustice be ;
Honour with Justice always does agree.
This gen'rous pity which for me you shew,
Is more then you to my misfortunes owe :
These tears, *Graciana*, which for me you shed,
Ore-prize the blood which I for you have bled :
But now I can no more—
My spirits faint within my wearied breast.

90

Lovis. Sister, 'tis fit you give him leave to rest.

Who waits ? [Enter Servants.]
With care convey him to his bed.

Bruce. Hold—

Dearest *Aurelia*, I will strive to live,
If you will but endeavour not to grieve.

95

Lovis. Brave man ! The wonder of this Age thou'l prove,
For matchless Gratitude, and gen'rous Love.

[*Exeunt all but Graciana.*]

Grac. How strangely is my soul perplex'd by fate !
The man I love I must pretend to hate ;
And with dissembled scorn his presence fly
Whose absence is my greatest misery !

105

Enter Beaufort.

Beauf. Hear me, upon my knees I beg you'l hear.
She's gone. [Exit Graciana.

There was no need, false woman, to encrease
110 My misery with hopes of happiness.

This scorn at first had to my Love and me
But Justice been ; now it is Cruelty.
Was there no way his constancy to prove,
But by your own inconstancy in Love ?

115 To try another's Virtue cou'd you be,
Graciana, to your own an enemy ?
Sure 'tis but passion which she thus does vent,
Blown up with anger and with discontent,
Because my Honour disobey'd her Will,
120 And *Bruce* for love of her his blood did spill.
I once more in her eyes will read my fate ;
I need no wound to kill me, if she hate.

SCEN. II.

*Enter Cully Drunk, with a blind Fellow led before him
playing on a Cymbal, follow'd by a number of
boys hollowing, and persecuting him.*

Cul. Villains, sons of unknown fathers, tempt me no more.

[The boys hout at him, he draws his Sword.

I will make a young generation of Cripples, to succeed
in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* and *Covent-Garden*. The barbarous
breeding of these *London-boys* !

[Frights the boys away.

5 *Boy that leads the Cymbal.* Whither do you intend to go,
Sir ?

Cul. To see the wealthy Widow, *Mrs. Rich.*

Boy. Where does she dwell, Sir ?

Cul. Hereabouts ; enquire ; I will Serenade her at
10 noon-day. [Exeunt.

Enter the Widow and her maid Betty.

Wid. Where is this poor Frenchman, Girl ? h'as done me good service.

Betty. The Butler has got him down into the Cellar, Madam, made him drunk, and laid him to sleep among his empty Casks. 15

Wid. Pray, when he wakes let him be releas'd of his Imprisonment ; *Betty*, you use your Servant too severely.

[*The Cimbal plays without.* Hark, what ridiculous noise is that ? It sets my teeth an edge worse then the scraping of Trenchers.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, a rude drunken fellow, with a Cimbal 20 before him, and his sword in his hand, is press'd into your House.

Enter Cully and Cimbal : The women shriek.

Cul. Sirrah, play me a bawdy Tune, to please the Widow ; have at thee, Widow.

Betty. 'Tis one of *Oliver's Knights*, Madam, Sir *Nicholas 25* *Cully* ; his Mother was my Grand-mother's Dairy maid.

Enter Servants ; they lay hands on him, and take away his Sword.

Cul. Let me go ; I am not so drunk but I can stand without your help, Gentlemen. Widow, here is Musique ; send for a Parson, and we will dance *Barnaby* within this half hour. 30

Wid. I will send for a Constable, Sir.

Cul. Hast a mind to see me beat him ? how those Rogues dread me ! Did not *Wheadle* tell thee upon what Conditions I wou'd condescend to make thee my Bed-fellow, Widow, speak ? 35

Wid. This is some drunken mistake ; away with him, thrust him out of door.

Enter a Servant: Clashing of Swords and noise without.

Serv. Help, help, for Sir Frederick.

Wid. What's the matter ?

40 *Serv.* He is fighting, Madam, with a Company of Bayliffs, that wou'd arrest him at the door.

Wid. Haste every one, and rescue him quickly.

[*Exeunt all but Cully.*]

Cul. Widow, come back, I say, Widow ; I will not stir one foot after thee : Come back, I say, Widow.

[*Falls down and sleeps.*]

Enter Dufoy.

45 *Dufoy.* Vat de diablé be de matré ? here is de ver strange varké in dis house ; de Vemen day do cry, ha, ha, ha ; de men day do run, day do take de Batton, de dung-vorké, and de vire-vorké : Vat is here, van killé ?

[*Looking on Cully.*]

Enter Betty.

Betty. You are a trusty Servant, indeed : here you are 50 lock'd up, while your poor Master is arrested, and dragg'd away by unmerciful Bayliffs.

Dufoy. My Matré ? Jernie ! Metres Bet, letté me go ; begar I vil kill allé de bogre de Baille, and recover my Matré. Bogre de Baille !

55 *Betty.* So, make all the haste you can.

[*She helps him out of the Tub.*]

Dufoy. Morbleu ! bogre de Baylié ! I vil go prepare to killé a tousand Baylié begar : Bogre de Baylié ! [Exit.]

Enter the Widow and Servant severally.

Wid. Well, what news ?

Serv. Madam, they have arrested him upon an Execution for Two hundred pounds, and carried him to a Bayliffs house hard by.

Wid. If that be all, *Betty*, take my key, and give him the money in Gold ; do you content the Bayliffs, but let

Sir Frederick know nothing of it ; and then let them bring him to my house as their Pris'ner : dispatch.

65

[*Exeunt Betty and Servant.*]

Enter a Foot-boy.

Foot-b. Pray, Madam, is there not a stray Gentleman here, misled by drink ?

Wid. There lies the beast you look for ; you had best remove him quickly, or I shall cause him to be put into the Pound.

[*Exit Widow.* 70]

Foot-b. If I do not get this fool clear off before he comes to himself, our plot is quite spoil'd : This Summer-Livery may chance to hover over my shivering limbs next Winter. Yonder sits honest *Palmer*, my poor Master, in a Coach, quaking for fear ; all that see him in that reverend disguise, will swear 75 he has got the Palsie. Ho, Sir *Nich'las*. [Pulls him.]

Cul. I will drink three Beer-glasses to the Widows health before I go.

Foot-b. The Widow stays for you, to wait upon her to the Exchange.

80

Cul. Let her go into her Bed-Chamber and meditate ; I am not drunk enough to be seen in her company.

Foot-b. I must carry him away upon my back ; but, since things may go ill, 'tis good to make sure of something ; I'le examine his pockets first : So, for this I thank 85 my own ingenuity ; in this way of plain dealing I can live without the help of my Master. [Enter a Servant.]

Pray, Sir, will you help me up with my burden ?

Serv. I am sure your Master has his load already.

[*They lift him up.*]

Cul. Carry me to my Widow, Boy : Where is my Musique ? 90

*Enter Sir Frederick with the Bayliffs, who are Fidlers dis-
guis'd, with their Fiddles under their Coats, at one
door ; and the Widow at another.*

Boy. There is no hopes now ; I'le shift for my self.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Sir Fred. Widow, these are old acquaintance of mine, bid them wellcome: I was coming to wait upon you before; but meeting them by the way, they press'd me to
 95 drink—— [Cully reels against Sir Frederick.]

Cul. Sir Frederick! Widow, bid him welcome; he is a very good friend of mine, and as mad a fellow as my self. Kiss, kiss the Widow, man; she has a plump Under-lip, and kisses smartly.

100 Sir Fred. What's here? *Cully* drunk, transform'd into a Gallant, and acquainted with the spring and proportion of the Widows lips!

Cul. I, I am drunk, Sir; am I not, Widow? I scorn to be soberer then your self, Sir; I will drink with you, swear
 105 with you, break windows with you, and so forth.

Sir Fred. Widow, is this your Champion?

Wid. You have no exceptions against him, I hope; he has challeng'd you at your own weapons.

Cul. Widow, Sir Frederick shall be one of our Bride-men; 110 I will have none but such mad fellows at our Wedding; but before I marry thee I will consider upon it.

[He sits down and sleeps.]

Sir Fred. Pray, Widow, how long have you been acquainted with this mirror of Knighthood?

Wid. Long enough, you hear, Sir, to treat of Marriage.

115 Sir Fred. What? You intend me for a reserve then? You will have two strings to your bow, Widow; I perceive your cunning; and faith I think I shall do the heartier service, if thou employ'st me by the by.

Wid. You are an excellent Gallant indeed; shake off these 120 lowsie Companions; come, carry your Mistress to the Park, and treat her at the Mulberry-garden this glorious Evening.

Sir Fred. Widow, I am a man of business; that ceremony's to be perform'd by idle fellows.

Wid. What wo'd you give to such a friend as sho'd 125 dispatch this business now, and make you one of those idle fellows?

Sir Fred. Faith, pick and chuse ; I carry all my wealth about me ; do it, and I am all at thy service, Widow.

Wid. Well, I have done it, Sir ; you are at liberty, and a leg now will satisfie me.

Sir Fred. Good faith, thou art too reasonable, dear Widow ; Modesty will wrong thee.

Wid. Are you satisfi'd ?

Fidl. Yes, Madam.

Enter Dufoy, with a Helmet on his head, and a great Sword in his hand.

Dufoy. Vare are de bougre de Baylié ? Tetibleu, bougre 135
Rogue. [He falls upon the Fidlers.

Fidl. Help, help, Sir Frederick, murder, murder ! alas, Sir, we are not Bayliffs ; you may see we are men of an honester Vocation. [They shew their Instruments.

Sir Fred. Hold, hold, thou mighty man at Arms. 140

Dufoy. Morbleu, de Fidler ! and is my Matré at liberty ? play me de Trichaté, or de Jegg Englishé, quicklie, or I vil make you all dance vidout your Fiddle ; quiké.

Wid. I am over-reach'd, I perceive.

[*Dufoy dances a Jegg.*

Sir Fred. Kind Widow, thank thee for this release. 145
[Shakes his pockets.

Laugh, Widow ; ha, ha, ha : where is your counterplot, Widow ? Ha, ha, ha. Laugh at her, *Dufoy*. Come, be not so melancholly ; we'l to the Park : I care not if I spend a piece or two upon thee in Tarts and Cheescakes. Pish, Widow, why so much out of humour ? 'Tis no 150 shame to love such a likely young Fellow.

Wid. I cou'd almost find in my heart to punish my self, to afflict thee, and marry that drunken Sott I never saw before.

Sir Fred. How came he hither ?

Wid. Enquire elsewhere ; I will not answer thee one 155 Question ; nor let thee see me out of a Mask any more this Fortnight.

Sir Fred. Go into thy Closet, look over thy old Receipts, and talk wantonly now and then with thy
 160 Chambermaid: I shall not trouble thee much till this is
 [Shakes his Pockets.]

Wid. spent; and by that time thy foolish Vow will be neer over.

Wid. I want patience to endure this insolence. Is my charity rewarded thus?

Sir Fred. Pious Widow, call you this Charity? 'twill
 165 get thee little hereafter; thou must answer for ev'ry sin
 it occasions: Here is Wine and Women in abundance.

[Shakes his Pockets.]

Wid. Avoid my house, and never more come neer me.

Sir Fred. But hark you, hark you, Widow; do you think this can last always?

170 *Wid.* Ungrateful man! [Exit Widow.]

Sir Fred. She's gone; impatience for these two hours possess her, and then I shall be pretty well reveng'd.

Dufoy. Begar, Matré, have you not de ver faithful Serviteur? you do never take notice of my merit.

175 *Sir Fred.* *Dufoy*, thou art a man of courage, and hast done bravely; I will cast off this Suit a week sooner then I intended, to reward thy service.

Dufoy. Begar I have several time given you ver dangerous testimonié of my affection.

Enter a Servant, and takes up Cully in his arms.

180 *Sir Fred.* Whither do you carry him?

Serv. Sir, there is an old Gentleman below in a Coach, very like my Lord Bevill, who, hearing what a condition Sir Nich'las was in, desired me to bring him to him in my arms.

Cul. Let me go; where is the Widow?

185 *Sir Fred.* What Widow?

Cul. Mistress Rich; she is to be my wife.

Sir Fred. But do you hear, Sir Nich'las? how long have you courted this Widow?

Cul. Mr. Wheadle can tell you: trouble me not with idle

Questions. Sir *Frederick*, you shall be welcom at any time ; 190
she loves men that will roar, and drink, and Serenade her.

Sir Fred. This is some strange mistake ; Sure *Wheadle*,
intending to chouse him, has shew'd him some counterfeit
Widow ; and he, being drunk, has been misguided to the
true Widow's house. The fellow in the Coach may dis-195
cover all ; I will step and see who it is : Hold him here,
Dufoy, till I return : Gentlemen, come you with me.

[*Exit Sir Frederick and Fidlers.*

Cul. Where is my Mistress ?

Dufoy. Vat Metres ?

Cul. The Widow.

200

Dufoy. She be de Metres of my Matré.

Cul. You lye, Sirrah.

Dufoy. Begar you be de Jackauape to tellé me I do lyea.

Cul. You are a French Rascal, and I will blow your
nose without a handkerchief. [*He pulls Dufoy by the nose.* 205

Dufoy. Helpé, helpé me ; Morbleu ! I vil beat you vid
my fisté and my footé, tellé you aské me de pardon ; take
dat and daté ; aské me de pardon.

[*Cully falls down, and Dufoy beats him.*

Cul. I ask you pardon, Sirrah ?

Dufoy. Sirrah ? Tettibleu !

[*Offers to strike.* 210

*Enter Sir Frederick and Fidlers, leading in Palmer
trembling.*

Sir Fred. Hold, hold, *Dufoy*.

Dufoy. Begar he do merite to be beaté ; he swaré he vil
marré youré Metres.

Palm. I beseech you, Sir *Frederick*.

Cul. My Lord *Bevill* !

215

Sir Fred. So, he takes him for my Lord *Bevill* ; now
the Plot will out. 'Tis fit this Rascal shou'd be cheated ;
but these Rogues will deal too unmercifully with him :
I'le take compassion upon him, and use him more favour-
ably my self.

220

Cul. My Lord, where is the mad Wench your Sister ?

[Sir Frederick pulls off Palmer's disguise.]

Sir Fred. Look you, Sir Nich'las, where is my Lord Bevill now ?

Cul. My merry Country-man, Mr. Palmer ! I thought
225 you had been in Buckingham-shire. [Sings.]

*And he took her by the Apron
To bring her to his beck.*

Never a Catch now, my merry Country-man ? Sir Frederick, I owe this Gentleman a thousand pounds.

230 *Sir Fred.* How so ?

Cul. He won it of me at Dice, Wheadle went my halfs ; and we have given him a Judgment for it.

Sir Fred. This was the roguery you had been about the other night, when I met you in disguise, Palmer : You'll 235 never leave your cheating and your robbing, how many Robberies do I know of your committing ?

Palm. The truth is, Sir, you know enough to hang me ; but you are a worthy Gentleman, and a lover of Ingenuity.

Sir Fred. This will not pass : Produce the Judgment.

240 *Palm.* Alas, Sir, Mr. Wheadle has it.

Sir Fred. Produce it, or——Fetch the Constable, Boy.

Palm. Sir Frederick, be merciful to a sorrowful Rascal : Here is a Copy of the Judgment, as it is entred.

Sir Fred. Well, who is this counterfeit Widow ? confess.

245 *Palm.* Truly 'twas Wheadle's contrivance ; a Pox on him : Never no good comes on't when men are so unconscionable in their Dealings.

Cul. What, am I cheated, Sir Frederick ? Sirrah, I will have you hang'd.

250 *Sir Fred.* Speak, who is this Widow ?

Palm. 'Tis Grace, Sir, Wheadle's Mistress, whom he has plac'd in my Lady Dawbwell's house : I am but a poor Instrument, abus'd by that Rascal.

Sir Fred. You see, Sir Nich'las, what Villains these are ;

they have cheated you of a thousand pounds, and wou'd 255
have married you to a Wench, had I not discover'd their
Villany.

Cul. I am beholden to you, Sir *Frederick*; they are
Rogues, villainous Rogues: But where is the Widow?

Sir Fred. Why, you saw the true Widow here a little 260
while ago.

Cul. The truth is, me-thoughts she was something
comlier than my Mistress: But will not this Widow marry
me?

Sir Fred. She is my Mistress.

265

Cul. I will have none of her then.

Sir Fred. Well, I have discovered this cheat, kept you
from marrying a Wench, and will save you the thousand
pounds too. Now, if you have a mind to marry, what
think you of my Sister? She is a plain brown Girl, and 270
has a good Portion; but not out twenty thousand pounds:
This offer proves I have a perfect kindness for you.

Cul. I have heard she is a very fine Gentlewoman; I
will marry her forthwith, and be your Brother-in-Law.

Sir Fred. Come then, I'l carry you where you may see 275
her, and ask her consent. *Palmer*, you must along with us,
and by the way assign this Judgment to me. Do you
guard him, Gentlemen.

[*To the Fidlers.*

Sir Fred. Come, Sir *Nich'las*.

280

Cul. How came I hither?

Sir Fred. You will be satisfied in that hereafter.

Palm. What cursed accident was this? what mischievous
Stars have the managing of my Fortune? Here's a
turn with all my heart, like an after-game at *Irish*!

Dufoy. Alon marché, Shentelman sheté; marché: You 285
make de mouthé of de honest Shentelmen: begar you vil
make de wry mouthé ven you be hangé.

[*Exeunt*

SCEN. III.

Scene, A Garden.

Enter Graciana and Letitia severally ; Letitia with a Nosegay in her Hand.

Grac. Letitia, what hast thou been doing here ?

Let. Cropping the beauty of the youthful year.

Grac. How innocently dost thou spend thy hours, Selecting from the crowd the choicest Flowers !

5 *Where is thy Mistress ?*

Let. Madam, she's with the wounded Colonel.

Grac. Come then into this Arbour, Girl, and there With thy sweet voice refresh my wearied soul.

[*They walk into an Arbour.*

[*Let. sings.*

SONG.

10

Ladies, though to your Conqu'ring eyes
Love owes his chiefest Victories,
And borrows those bright Arms from you
With which he does the world subdue ;
Yet you your selves are not above
The Empire nor the Griefs of Love.

15

Then wrack not Lovers with disdain,
Lest Love on you revenge their Pain ;
You are not free because y'are fair ;
The Boy did not his Mother spare.
Beauty's but an offensive dart ;
It is no Armour for the heart.

20

Grac. Dear Girl, thou art my little Confident ;
I oft to thee have breath'd my discontent ;
And thy sweet voice as oft has eas'd my care :
But now thy breath is like infectious Air ;

Enter Beaufort.

It feeds the secret cause of my disease, 25
And does enrage what it did use t'appease.

Beauf. starting. Hark, that was *Graciana's* Voice.

Grac. Oh *Beaufort*!

Beauf. She calls on me, and does advance this way ;
I will conceal my self within this Bower ; she may 30
The secret causes of my grief betray.

Beaufort goes into an *Arbou*r, and *Graciana* and *Letitia*
come upon the Stage.

Grac. Too rigidly my Honour I pursue ;
Sure somthing from me to my Love is due :
Within these private shades for him I'le mourn,
Whom I in Publique am oblig'd to scorn. 35

Let. Why shou'd you, Madam, thus indulge your grief ?
Love never yet in Sorrow found relief :
These Sighs, like Northern winds to th'early Spring,
Destruction to your blooming Beauty bring.

Grac. *Letitia*, peace ; my Beauty I despise : 40
Wou'd you have me preserve these fatal eyes ?

Let. Had you less beauteous been, y'ad known less care ;
Ladies are happiest moderately fair :
But now shou'd you your Beauty waste, which way
Cou'd you the debt it has contracted pay ? 45

Grac. *Beaufort*, didst thou but know I weep for thee,
Thou woud'st not blame my scorn, but pity me.

Let. When Honour first made you your Love decline,
You from the Centre drew a crooked line ;
You were to *Beaufort* too severe, I fear, 50
Lest to your Love you partial might appear.

Grac. I did what I in honour ought to do ;
I yet to *Beaufort* and my love am true ;
And if his Rival live, I'le be his Bride,
Joy shall unite whom Grief does now divide ; 55
But if for love of me brave *Bruce* does die,

I am contracted to his Memory.

Oh, *Beaufort* !

Beauf. Oh, *Graciana* ! here am I
(By what I've heard) fix'd in an extasie.

60 *Grac.* We are surpriz'd ; unlucky accident !
Fresh Sorrow's added to my discontent.

[*Exeunt Graciana and Letitia leasurely.*
Beaufort Enters.

Beauf. *Graciana*, stay, you can no more contend,
Since Fortune joyns with Love to be my Friend ;
There is no fear of *Bruce* his death ; the wound

65 By abler Chyr'gions is not mortal found.

She will not stay :

My Joys, like waters swell'd into a flood,
Bear down whate're their usual streams withstood.

[*Exit Beaufort.*

SCEN. IV.

Scene, *My Lady Dawbwell's House.*

Enter Wheadle and Grace.

Whead. I wonder we have yet no tidings of our Knight,
nor *Palmer*,—Fortune still crosses the industrious, Girl.
When we recover him you must begin to lye at a little
opener ward ; 'tis dangerous keeping the Fool too long at
5 bay, lest some old Wood-man drop in by chance, and dis-
cover th'art but a rascall Deer. I have counterfeited
half a dozen Mortgages, a dozen Bonds, and two Scriveners
to vouch all ; that will satisfie him in thy Estate : He has
sent into the Country for his Writings : But see, here he
10 comes.

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir *Nich'las*, I must chide you, indeed I must ; you neglect
your duty here : Nay, Madam, never blush ; faith I'll
reveal all. Y'are the happiest, the luckiest man—

Enter Sir Frederick.

W'are betray'd ; death, what makes him here ?

[To Sir Frederick.

Sir Frederick, your humble Servant ; y'are come in the 15
luckiest time for mirth ; will you but lend me your eare ?
do not you see Sir Nich'las and Grace yonder ? look, look.

Sir Fred. Yes.

Whead. I am perswading him to keep her ; she's a pretty
deserving Girl ; faith let us draw off a while, and laugh 20
among our selves, for fear of spoiling the poor Wenches
market ; let us, let us.

Sir Fred. With all my heart.

Bayliffs meet Wheadle at the door, and Arrest him.

Bayliffs. We arrest you, Sir.

Whead. Arrest me ? Sir Frederick, Sir Nicholas ! 25

Sir Fred. We are not provided for a Rescue at present, Sir.

Whead. At whose Suit ?

Bayliffs. At Sir Frederick Frollick's.

Whead. Sir Frederick Frollick's ? I owe him never a
farthing. 30

Sir Fred. Y'are mistaken, Sir ; you owe me a thousand
pounds : Look you, do you know Mr. Palmer's hand ? He
has assign'd such a small debt over to me.

Enter Palmer and Jenny.

Whead. How was I bewitch'd to trust such a villain !

Oh Rogue, Dog, Coward, Palmer ! 35

Palm. Oh thou unconscionable Wheadle ; a thousand
pounds was too small a bubble !

Sir Fred. Away with him, away with him.

Whead. Nay, Sir Frederick, 'tis punishment enough to
fall from my expectation : Do not ruine a young man. 40

Grace. I beseech you, Sir.

Sir Fred. Thou hast mov'd me, Grace ; do not tremble,
Chuck ; I love thy profession too well to harm thee. Look

you, Sir, what think you of a Rich Widow ?

[Proffering him the Whore.]

45 Was there no Lady to abuse, *Wheadle*, but my Mistress ?
No man to bubble but your Friend and Patron, Sir Nich'las ? But let this pass ; Sir Nich'las is satisfi'd ; take *Grace* here, marry her, we are all satisfied : She's a pretty deserving Girl, and a Fortune now in earnest ;
50 I'le give her a thousand pounds.

Whead. Pray, Sir, do but consider—

Sir Fred. No consideration ; dispatch, or to Limbo.

55 *Whead.* Was there ever such a Dilemma ? I shall rot in Prison. Come hither, *Grace* ; I did but make bold, like a young Heir, with his Estate, before it come into his hands : Little did I think, *Grace*, that this Pasty,

[Stroaking her belly.]

when we first cut it up, should have been preserv'd for my Wedding Feast.

60 *Sir Nich.* You are the happiest, the luckiest man, Mr. *Wheadle*.

Palm. Much joy, Mr. *Wheadle*, with your rich Widow.

65 *Whead.* Sir Frederick, shall that Rogue *Palmer* laugh at me ?

Sir Fred. No, no ; *Jenny*, come hither ; I'le make thee amends, as well as thy Mistress, for the injury I did thee th'other night : Here is a Husband for thee too : Mr. *Palmer*, where are you ?

Palm. Alas, Sir Frederick, I am not able to maintain her.

70 *Sir Fred.* She shall maintain you, Sir. Do not you understand the mystery of *Stiponie*, *Jenny* ?

Maid. I know how to make *Democuana*, Sir.

Sir Fred. Thou art richly endow'd, i'faith : Here, here, *Palmer* ; no shall I, shall I ; This or that, which you deserve better.

75 *Palm.* This is but a short Reprieve ; the Gallows will be my destiny.

Sir Fred. Sir Nich'las, now we must haste to a better

Solemnity; my Sister expects us. Gentlemen, meet us at the *Rose*; I'll bestow a Wedding Dinner upon you, and there release your Judgment, Mr. *Wheadle*. Bayliffs, so wait upon them thither.

Sir Nich. I wish you much joy with your fair Brides, Gentlemen.

Whead. A pox on your Assignment, *Palmer*.

Palm. A pox on your rich Widow, *Wheadle*: Come, 85 Spouse, come. [Exeunt.

SCEN. V.

Scene, The Lord *Bevill's* House.

Enter Lord *Bevill*, Bruce led in, *Lovis*, *Beaufort*, *Graciana* and *Aurelia*.

Bruce. *Graciana*, I have lost my claim to you, And now my Heart's become *Aurelia's* due; She all this while within her tender breast The flame of Love has carefully supprest, Courting for me, and striving to destroy 5 Her own Contentment, to advance my Joy.

Aurel. I did no more then Honour press'd me to; I wish I'd woo'd successfully for you.

Bruce. You so excel in Honour and in Love, You both my shame and admiration move. 10

Aurelia, here, accept that life from me, Which Heaven so kindly has preserv'd for thee. My Lord, I hope you will my choice allow, [To *L. Bevill*. And with your approbation seal our Vow.

Bevill. In gen'rous minds this to the world will prove 15 That Gratitude has pow'r to conquer Love. It were, brave Man, impiety in me Not to approve that which the Heavens decree.

Bruce. *Graciana*, on my gen'rous Rival you Must now bestow what to his Merit's due. 20

Grac. Since you recovering, *Bruce*, your claim decline,
To him with honour I my Heart resign.

Beauf. Such Honour and such Love as you have shown
Are not in the Records of Virtue known.

25 *My Lord*, you must assist us here once more ; [To *L. Bevill*.
The God of Love does your consent implore.

L. Bev. May Love in you still feed your mutual fire.

[*Joyning their hands.*]

Beauf. And may that flame but with our breaths expire.

Lovis. My Lord, our Quarrel now is at an end ;

30 *You are not Bruces Rival*, but his Friend.

Beauf. In this brave strife your Friendship soar'd above
The active flames of our aspiring Love.

Bruce. Dear Friend, thy merits Fame cannot express.

Lovis. They are rewarded in your happiness.

35 *Bruce.* Come all into my Arms before I rest ;

Let's breathe our Joys into each others breast :

Thus mariners rejoice when winds decrease,

And falling waves seem wearied into Peace.

*Enter Sir Frederick and Dufoy at one door, and the
Widow and Betty at another.*

Sir Fred. Haste, *Dufoy*, perform what I commanded you.

40 *Dufoy.* I vil be ver quick begar ; I am more den half
de *Mercurié*.

Sir Fred. Ho, Widow ! the noise of these Nuptials
brought you hither ; I perceive your mouth waters.

45 *Wid.* Were I in a longing condition I should be apt
enough to put my self upon you, Sir.

Sir Fred. Nay, I know th'art spiteful, and wou'dst fain
marry me in revenge ; but so long as I have these Guardian
Angels about me, I defie thee and all thy Charms : Do
skilful Faulkners thus reward their Hawks before they
50 fly the Quarry ?

Wid. When your gorge is empty you'l come to the
Lure again.

Sir Fred. After I have had a little more experience of the vanity of this world, in a melancholy humour I may be careless of my self.

55

Wid. And marry some distressed Lady, that has had no less experience of that vanity.

Sir Fred. Widow, I profess the contrary ; I wou'd not have the sin to answer for of debauching any from such worthy principles : Let me see ; if I shou'd be good natur'd 60 now, and consent to give thee a Title to thy own wealth again, you wou'd be stubborn, and not esteem the favour, Widow.

Wid. Is it possible you can have thoughts of gratitude ? Do you imagine me so foolish as your self, who often 65 venture all at play, to recover one inconsiderable parcel ?

Sir Fred. I told you how 'twou'd be, Widow : Less providence attend thee, else I shall do no good upon thee : Fare-well.

Wid. Stay, Sir ; let us shake hands at parting. 70

Sir Fred. Nay, if thou once art acquainted with my Constitution, thou't never let me go ; Widow, here, examine, examine. [Holding out his hand.

Bevill. Sister, I long have known your inclinations ; give me leave to serve you. *Sir Frederick*, here, take her ; 75 and may you make each other happy.

Wid. Now I have receiv'd you into my Family, I hope you will let my maids go quietly about their business, Sir.

Sir Fred. Upon condition there be no twits of the good man departed ; no prescription pleaded for evil customs 80 on the Wedding night. Widow, what old doings will be anon ! I have coupl'd no less then a pair-royal my self this day. My Lord, I hope you'l excuse the liberty I have taken to send for them ; the sight will much encrease your mirth this joyful day. 85

L. Bev. I shou'd have blam'd you, Sir, if you had restrain'd your humour here.

These must needs be pleasant Matches that are of his making.

Enter Dufoy.

Sir Fred. What, are they come ?

90 *Dufoy.* Day be all at de dooré, begar ; every man vid his pret Metres, Brid, Whore. Entré Jentelman, vid your Lady, entré vid your great Fortune : Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Sir Nicholas and his Bride, Wheadle and his Bride, Palmer and his Bride.

Sir Nich. Brother, do you see how sneakingly *Wheadle* looks yonder, with his rich Widow ?

95 *Wid.* Brother ! is this fellow your Brother ?

Sir Nich. Ay, that I am.

Sir Fred. No, no, Sir *Nicholas*.

Sir Nich. Did not I marry your Sister, Sir ?

100 *Sir Fred.* Fie, fie, Sir *Nich'las* ; I thought y'dad been a modester man.

Sir Nich. Is my wife no kin to you, Sir ?

Sir Fred. Not your Wife ; but your Son and Heir may, if it prove so. *Joy be with thee, old acquaintance.

[*To Lucy.

Widow, resolving to lead a virtuous life, and keep house 105 altogether with thee, I have dispos'd of my own household-stuff, my dear Mrs. *Lucy*, to this Gentleman.

Whead. & *Palm.* We wish you joy with your fair Bride, Sir *Nich'las*.

110 *Sir Nich.* I will go and complain, and have you all clap'd up for a plot immediately.

Sir Fred. Hold, hold, Sir *Nich'las* ; there are certain Catch-poles without ; you cannot 'scape, without y'ave a thousand pounds in your pocket : Carry her into the Country ; come, your Neighbours Wives will visit her, and 115 vow she's a virtuous well-bred Lady : And, give her her due, faith she was a very honest Wench to me, and I believe will make a very honest Wife to you.

Sir Nich. If I discover this I am lost ; I shall be ridiculous, even to our own Party.

Sir Fred. You are in the right : Come, take her, make 120 much of her, she shall save you a thousand pounds.

Sir Nich. Well, *Lucy*, if thou canst but deceive my old mother, and my neighbours in the Country, I shall bear my fortune patiently.

Sir Fred. I'le warrant you, Sir, Women so skil'd in Vice 125 can dissemble Virtue.

Dufoy. Fy, fy, maké de much of your Lady, Shentelmen ; begar you vil find dem ver civil.

Sir Fred. *Dufoy*, I had almost forgot thee.

Dufoy. Begar my merit is ver seldom in your Memorié. 130

Sir Fred. Now I will reward thy services ; here, enjoy thy Mistress.

Dufoy. Ver vel, begar ; you vill give me two tree oldé gowné vor all my diligence.

Betty. Marry come up ! Is that a despicable portion for 135 your greasie Pantaloons ?

Dufoy. Peace, peace, Metres *Bett* ; ve vil be ver good friend upon occasion ; but ve vil no marié : Dat be ver much beter, begar.

Sir Fred. Did you bring the Bayliffs with you ? 140

Dufoy. Day be vidout : Begar, Shentelmen, you have bin made ver sad ; and now you shall be made ver mer vid de Fidler.

Whead. Ha ! cozen'd with Fidlers for Bayliffs ! I durst have sworn false Dice might as soon have pass'd upon me. 145

Sir Fred. Bid them strike up ; we will have a Dance, Widow, to divert these melancholy Gentlemen.

[*They dance.*

L. Bev. Sir *Frederick*, you shall command my House this day ; [After the Dance.

Make all those welcom that are pleas'd to stay. 150

Sir Fred. Sir *Nicholas*, and Mr. *Wheadle*, I release you both of your Judgment, and will give it you under my

hand at any time. Widow, for all these bloody preparations, there will be no great massacre of Maiden-heads among us
155 here. Anon I will make you all laugh with the occasion of these Weddings.

On what small accidents depends our Fate,
Whilst Chance, not prudence, makes us fortunate.

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by the Widow.

*Sir Frederick, now I am reveng'd on you ;
For all your Frolick Wit, y'are couzen'd too :
I have made over all my Wealth to these
Honest Gentlemen ; they are my Trustees.
Yet, Gentlemen, if you are pleas'd, you may
Supply his wants, and not your Trust betray.*

Spoke by Wheadle.

*Poor Wheadle hopes h'as gi'n you all content ;
Here he protests 'tis that he only meant :
If y'are displeas'd w'are all cross-bit to day,
And he has wheadl'd us that writ the Play.*

THE EPILOGUE.

*Like Pris'ners, conscious of th' offended Law,
When Juries after th' Evidence withdraw ;
So waits our Author between hope and fear,
Until he does your doubtful Verdict hear.
Men are more civil then in former days ;
Few now in Publique hiss or rail at Plays ;
He bid me therefore mind your looks with care,
And told me I should read your Sentence there ;
But I, unskill'd in Faces, cannot guess
By this first view, what is the Plays success ;
Nor shall I ease the Author of his fear,
Till twice or thrice, at least, I've seen you here.*

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